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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SYDNEY



*WHO* is the girl with the crimson hat  
Laughing and brown and cool?  
She is always there with her midnight hair  
Down at the swimming-pool.

Who can she be with her roguish lips  
And eyes brimming over with fun?  
A mermaid's daughter loving the water  
And laughing in the sun! —F. DUNCAN-BROWN.

## AT THE BATHING POOL



## Four Striking Examples of the Small Hat Vogue



THE POPULARITY of the toque for the coming season is assured. This model is of red felt with figured cashmere swathings.

A STRIKING little felt cap which has its crown pulled to a peak at the front where a velvet bow rests on the curls.

THE VOGUE for ostrich feathers is exemplified in this little hat of rust red velvet and feathers and the accompanying ostrich feather fan.

A CLEVER little model from Louise Bourbon. Red rust and beige velour are ingeniously combined to make this attractive turban.

## WILL OUR Divorce Courts Ban "UNKNOWN WOMAN"?

### English Judges Frown on "Mrs. X" and Collusion

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London. By Air Mail.

An important change in English divorce law procedure has banned the "Unknown Woman," who has been cited as co-respondent in the divorce actions of so many wives in England.

No more will the mysterious "Mrs. X," as she is commonly referred to in the courts, be cited in a matrimonial causes suit.

This procedure of citing an unknown and unnamed woman has long been criticised in Australia also, as tending to make easy the path to divorce by facilitating collusion between the parties.

ENGLISH judges banished the "Unknown woman" last term when they gave warning that they would in all future divorce actions insist on the name of every co-respondent being revealed so that the truth

of the sometimes rather flimsy "hotel evidence" could be queried and substantiated.

Under Australian divorce laws, a petitioning wife may obtain a divorce from her husband on proving misconduct with a woman unknown to her, but where it appears from the evidence that she is

hiding the identity of the other woman, the courts refuse to grant her a divorce until the name is divulged and the case proved.

Notice must then be given to the "other woman," so as to give her an opportunity of defending herself by intervening in the suit.

There is no way in which she can be punished, even if she does not appear. While the utmost vigilance is exercised by the judges in cases where an unknown woman is cited, there is still the possibility that divorces may be obtained by collusion between the parties.

Until all divorce judges insist on the identity of every person joined in the suit being divulged, this danger of collusion cannot be entirely eliminated.

### Not So Easy!

THE English judges have set an example which will no doubt be seriously considered by divorce authorities in Australia.

A tightening up of divorce laws has long been urged in many quarters in view of the growing number of decrees.

There is no doubt that the banning of the "unknown" or "mystery woman" in our courts would make more difficult for many people the matter of obtaining a divorce, and thus possibly reduce the divorce figures.

While the latest divorce figures for the Commonwealth are not yet available,

the figures for N.S.W., which are a fair index of the whole, show that since 1929 there has been an increase of 24 per cent. per annum in the number of decrees absolute granted. In 1935, 921 decrees were granted, while last year the figure increased to 1124, which is the record since the Divorce Courts were established.

The new legal term in England has just begun, with the hearing of 465 decrees nisi—all to be made absolute. This is the largest number that has ever confronted the Court, and people are beginning to get really perturbed about the state of marriage in England.

"Tighten up the procedure. Make divorce more difficult," say the judges.

"Loosen the bonds of matrimony so that they are less irksome," say the new moralists.

"Alter the laws completely," is the idea of Mr. A. P. Herbert, novelist and poet, and now member of Parliament for the Universities. "Let's have more

freedom and more sanity about divorce. Why stigmatise either partner as the guilty party? Just because two people don't get on?" In his "divorce reform" ideas he has a tremendous following.

A well-known London solicitor voiced his opinion about the ever-increasing numbers of divorces.

"A great many of the troubles in married life arise from money differences," he told me surprisingly. "Young couples to-day don't, in my opinion, love each other any less than did their grandparents of Victorian days, when divorce was almost unknown. It's just that the women of the twentieth century control their own money, whether it be an inherited fortune or a marriage settlement, and they certainly regard finance from an angle so entirely different from their husbands' point of view that they can never agree. I have found that the happiest marriages are those in which money plays no part."

## LATE KING'S WILL

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Beam Wireless.

It is believed that King George leaves a personal estate of nearly £1,000,000, which mostly goes to the Queen. It is believed also that the Duke of Gloucester and the baby Prince of the Duke of Kent inherit substantially.

The King's will is kept in a special strongroom at Somerset House, and will not be admitted to the ordinary probate procedure. Royal wills have not been made public since 1688.

## FASHION EXCITEMENTS in PARIS!

### Spring Previews Reveal Lots of Intriguing Nonsense

From OLIVE CALEY-SMITH. By Air Mail from Paris.

The hush that heralds the rise of the curtain: the atmosphere of subdued excitement that always attends the launching of something new: the whispers and the knowing prognostications—that's what we are going through now, here in Paris and in London.

WHATEVER secrets the dress designers have up their sleeves will not be known for several weeks, but at least it is possible to forecast some of them. Especially if, like me, you have been privileged to see a few of the advance models.

Hats, of course, are like the first shy spring flowers. Long before one begins to think of suits and frocks and dresses they appear, turning our thoughts (and perhaps our hands!) to new colors, new silhouettes, new beginnings.

Crowns are of primary importance. They are high, and often very narrow, tucked into one-sided shapes or pulled up into a peak. Or they are squared across the front, sloping downwards at the back.

The brims themselves are reasonably shady, dug down over one eye in the most debaucher manner. In fact, some of the newest sports hats have more than a suggestion of cowboy swagger about them.

Agnes derives all her inspiration from

old prints of the French navy. You know the sort of shallow little hats that sailors wore in the days when they were perched aloft a stiff pigtail? We're going to wear those.

They have the tiniest brims of pleated grosgrain ribbon, with crowns that are only about an inch high. White on black, encircled with a scarlet cord. Or grey on blue, trimmed with jade. Wicked little hats that take a good deal of living up to. Her berets are easier. These are small and exactly like a French sailor's, but instead of a scarlet pom-pom on the top she crowns them with cut-out flowers, like a waterlily.

### Pillbox Toques

TOQUES, too, will stay awhile. Of the pillbox persuasion, they have masses of vari-colored flowers across the front, interspersed with ostrich-feather fronds, and kept flat by a wide-meshed veil which just covers the eyes and hangs evenly all round.

During the day we shall see numbers of excessively simple light wool

frocks, the necklines high and usually pointed, the waist in the natural place, and the skirts slender.

Worn with them are jackets that hang straight from the shoulder, and just reach the tip of the hipbone. A feature of these is the patch pockets set on so that the hand slides into the side of them—like a man's trouser pocket.

Afternoon suits have feminine-looking blouses in white broderie anglaise, with a large matching flower below one shoulder, and a skirt which flares at the hem just sufficiently to reveal a glimpse of a white petticoat. Most attractive.

### Slim Lines

IN the evening, long, slim frocks in heavy crepes, worn with a jacket tailored as immaculately as a man's. A scarf at the throat, a diamond and emerald clip in the rever, pearl ear-rings in costume colors, the size of a marble, with a finger ring decorated with two such pearls in different hues—and one can go anywhere.

Those of us who feel that it is sufficient to be tailored all day long will be able to choose slender dresses with flared hems set on in points, and made in a contrasting material, balanced by curved shoulder capes that also contrast. For instance, a dull black crepe frock with a hem of crumpled cloque taffeta, the cape also made in the taffeta.

The smartest ornament of the moment is a large ladybird, enamelled, with jewels set in the head. Or if you like your luck in small doses (for they are supposed to be very lucky) you can have a whole family fastened round the neck of a plain dress or clustering on the corsage.

MARILYN.

**SWEET DECEIVER**... creates the loveliest illusion about her complexion. It's not really so divinely satiny and youthful at all, but her precious Revelry face powder makes it look that way... adorable!

**Revelry**  
that artful, flattering Face Powder  
2/6 Box — at all Chemists and Stores  
Also Revelry Face Creams, Revelry Talc and Revelry Perfume... echoing the same exciting fragrance.

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# LET'S Talk About—



MANY YEARS IN RADIO

MR. J. C. DRAFFIN, who is now in charge of the commercial engineering department of Amalgamated Wireless, was engaged in radio in 1916, when he was attached to the large Telefunken station, Bifapaka, Rabaul, not long after it had been captured from the Germans. Four years later he controlled all stations in the mandated territory.

Mr. Draffin has investigated higher radio technique in England. He visited the principal stations before returning to Australia to take charge of beam transmitters at Flakville, Victoria, where the direct beam wireless service with England and Canada is conducted.

Mr. Draffin has taken part in experiments and tests in across-the-world telephony, and participated in work which resulted in the inauguration of the A.W.A. picturegram service between Australia and England.



—Brent studio.

## GONE TO THE EAST

DR. A. C. V. MELBOURNE, of the Queensland University, has sailed for the East to explore the possibility of interchange of staff and students between the Universities of China and Japan and the Universities of Australia. Dr. Melbourne visited the East in 1931 and 1932 and inquired into the trade relations of Australia. The senate was gratified with his results, and feels confident that his present trip will do a great deal to further strengthen the good relations between Australia and the countries of the East.

Dr. Melbourne will lecture at the important Universities of China and Japan with the aim of establishing contact with academic opinion in both countries.



## QUITE OPTIMISTIC

DANIEL C. ROPER, who is Secretary of Commerce in U.S.A., might be cast in Hollywood as a business man. Actually since he left South Carolina for Washington in the 'thirties he has concentrated on politics and government, tariff and taxes, prohibition and Methodism.

"Business no longer needs to feel any uncertainty as to what may come in the future with respect to governmental measures. . . . As long as we maintain our present capitalistic system, and it will be maintained, no obstructions or deterrents must be permanently set up to prevent fair and reasonable profits."

Secretary Roper voiced these sentiments recently before the Associated Grocery Manufacturers of America meeting in New York.

# IN DIRECT Line for the THRONE

How March of Events Affects Duke and Duchess of York



A DELIGHTFUL STUDY of Princess Elizabeth and her sister, Princess Margaret Rose. Simple and natural youngsters, the Empire finds them Royal and unspoiled.

With the Duke of York Heir Apparent to the British Throne by the accession of his bachelor brother, Edward VIII, the smiling Duchess of York and her delightful children, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, are now in the first line of succession to the Throne.

SHOULD His Majesty remain unmarried, subsequent history may give us another Elizabeth of England. While the line of succession as it exists to-day may be altered by future events, at the present time a tremendous duty devolves on the Duchess as the mother and guardian of a possible future Queen of England. None is better fitted for the task.

The Empire fell in love with her when she, as Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, became affianced to the Duke of York. The British people were delighted when the Duke went to Scotland for a bride, an example followed subsequently by his younger brother, the Duke of Gloucester.

When the Duchess of York was married at Westminster in April, 1923, and took her place as the first daughter-

in-law of the late King George, the people were quick to see the real woman behind the trappings of Royalty.

The gracious little lady who is Duchess of York found fresh fields to conquer when she came to Australia in 1937 with her husband, who represented the King at the opening of the Federal Capital at Canberra.

Australians were soon to realise that she was a genuine helpmeet to her husband during the arduous Royal tour of Australia. No matter how tedious the ceremonial occasion she was always by his side.

One little human touch Australia will always remember. The occasion was the conferring of the Doctorate of Laws upon the Duke by an Australian University. His Royal Highness in his early youth suffered from a speech impediment, which he had almost completely conquered. Only under stress did it



A NEW RESPONSIBILITY has come to the Duke and Duchess of York, pictured here. Their home now shelters the Heiress Presumptive to the Throne—Princess Elizabeth.

make its reappearance. During his speech in reply to the Chancellor and Senate of the University, he mislaid his notes. A slight halt in his speech was the only indication of his growing embarrassment.

Suddenly, but unobtrusively, the fingers of the Duchess closed over the hand of her husband resting on the table. Not many saw the reassuring and encouraging gesture, and the Duke's speech flowed on with renewed strength.

## Queen's Example

ON her return to the seat of Empire, Australians watched the development of the Duchess' career. She slipped unobtrusively into her place in the Royal Family, and it was noted with delight that she had modelled herself on the pattern of Queen Mary—a tremendous force in Empire affairs, but first and foremost the exemplar of the womanly

virtues. The years have mellowed the young Scots girl who came to London as the bride of a King's son. The smiling Duchess has become the mother of the little Princesses, and she basks to-day—a little more withdrawn than formerly—in the kindly light of world-wide interest which beats upon these simple, natural, and eminently lovable children.

More and more she has during the past years merged herself into the role of deputy for the Queen in the tremendous round of social and welfare work that falls to the lot of Royalty.

As wife and mother she has been an outstanding success. Now called to the arduous task of custodian of the life and welfare of a possible future Queen of England in the person of her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, she will discharge these higher duties with the happy charm and efficiency which are so fortunately hers.

## 750 TRIAL STRENGTH

COURSES to be sent to all "WEEKLY" Readers



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Australia's Leading Physical Director  
Director and Founder of "Health and Physical Culture" Magazine

### THESE MEN STARTED BY SENDING THIS COUPON—

"I feel great benefit. Really, I did not think that your course was such a wonderful thing."—D. D. B. "L."

"Your system is indeed wonderful and it has developed my body beyond my wildest dreams in such a short time."—E. O. J. "C."

"My fellow workmen are amazed at my muscular development. Your course, Mr. Britton, has made a new man of me."—A. T. H. "C."

"I cannot express my accomplishment and pleasure, but you can take it from me I am more than satisfied. Why, after the first few days I noticed with wonder the improvement of my body."—A. L. "H."

"After the first month I have gained 13 inches all round in development and am feeling 100 per cent. Thank you again for a marvelous course."—T. B. "D."

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THAT is what awaits you, when you get this Great Trial Offer. If you have dreamed for abounding health, if you have been sick and want to be well, if you desire muscles, strength, development—then NOW is your chance. The opportunity that you have waited for is HERE! The Coupon below is primed for your special benefit, it's yours to post to-day, and by return you will get the pleasant surprise of your life!

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8/2/36



# THESE OLD Shades —and a NEW TENANT

## Furbishing-up Admiralty House: Ghosts who will Greet Gov.-Gen.

After having been closed for almost five years, Sydney's most picturesque harbor home—historic Admiralty House—will shortly once again become the centre of the most brilliant social functions of this State.

For half a century prior to its being handed over to the State Government in 1931, Admiralty House was noted for the splendor and social importance of its Vice-Regal gatherings.

**A**N army of workmen is now making the old home ready for the residence of the Governor-General, Lord Gowrie, and Lady Gowrie during their periodical visits to Sydney.

All the beauty and society of Australia have at one time or other been entertained within the hospitable portals of Admiralty House—Governors, Prime Ministers, distinguished visitors from

overseas, political personalities, army, navy, and society leaders.

If these old shades could be invited to the reopening, what a wonderful galaxy of fair women and brave men they would make!

A galvanised-iron gateway of uncertain years and dilapidated appearance now leans at the entrance against two imposing pillars of stone with the Crown of State adorning their tops. Here at a glance is a symbol of the general contra-

ditions in beauty and shabbiness of the present state of the house.

The whole building is in a state of upheaval. Walls are being pulled down, floors ripped up, and fittings demolished in readiness for the decorators who will furnish the house according to the taste of the incoming Vice-Regal occupants.



**MINE HOSTESS** of Ye Olde Plow Inn, Isabel MacDonald (right), daughter of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, has established herself as an innkeeper in Buckinghamshire, and her ambition is to bring back the tradition and social contact which used to belong to English inns. She is shown with her sister, Sheila.

### Let me tempt you!



Who can resist a nice cup of Bushells, the tea of flavor? Certainly no one who loves quality tea.

Rich bud-leaves from a Bushells Blue Label packet have a freshness and fragrance all their own.

For enough of these fragrant, full-of-flavor young leaves to give you a pound of Bushells Blue Label, four whole tea plants must be carefully picked! That's why the flavor is so fine.

The Tea of Flavor



The ground floor is undergoing alterations to make it much more convenient for domestic arrangements. The dining-room will be within easy reach of the kitchen and servery, and all the main rooms will open into a large hall from which the imposing cedar staircase of a bygone age and style winds upstairs. Directly to the right of the entrance hall is the former billiard room which is being converted into a bathroom.

Parquet flooring of Australian woods is to be put down and a new door is being put in for greater convenience.

Very imposing in size is the new drawing-room. Two rooms have been knocked into one for the purpose and many doors open onto the verandah which commands such a very lovely view of the harbor. A little further along the hall is to be the new Governor-General's study. This also has been enlarged by demolishing a wall.

The walls are all to be texture finished, but the color schemes have not yet been decided upon. Since the time of its last renovations, the cycle of furnishing fashion has, to some extent, come back to the same era.

Quite a number of the bedrooms have been papered in white or cream and, as to say, the lovely old cedar doors and fittings have been painted over to tone with the general color scheme.

The polish of the cedar that remains untouched is much too brilliant for present-day tastes. This woodwork will be re-done in a duller tone.

Blue prints of all shapes and sizes at present clutter up a massive cedar desk in what was once the Admiral's office. From this vantage point the heads of

room, which commands a magnificent view of the harbor side with its balconies on two sides. "Karraba" is at present cluttered up with the remains of an enormous white woodwork canopy, mantelpiece, and inglenook chairs. Other rooms in the suites are named "Milton," "Denison," "Sirius" and "Macquarie."

In six weeks' time it is expected that all signs of present chaos will have disappeared and once more the grandeur of Admiralty House will be a matter of pride to the citizens of New South Wales, who go down to the sea in ferries.

The home is reputed to have been laid down originally by G. A. Lloyd, a Sydney merchant, somewhere in the 'forties. It was then named Wotonga and rented by Lloyd to a Mr. Lassiter. The land was part of a Crown grant to a private soldier, Robert Ryan, who came out with Governor Phillip.

### Admirals : Governors

**W**HEN in 1885 the Government decided to provide an official residence for the admirals of the Royal Navy in Australia, this house was purchased from the then owner, a Mr. Cadell, for four or five thousand pounds.

It was occupied in succession by eleven British admirals until 1914, when it became the residence of the Governor-General, Lord Denham. Lord Stonehaven afterwards lived there. In 1931 the property reverted to the State Government.

The naval chiefs whose official residence gave the house its name were: Rear-Admiral Sir George Tryon—1884-1887.

## Our Wonderful Book—"Beauty"

**T**HOUSANDS of applications have already been received for "Beauty," our latest book offer. Luxuriously bound and beautifully printed, "Beauty" is a book which should be in every woman's hands.

For full details of how to secure it, see pages 41, 42, and 43.

the British squadron stationed here could watch with ease the movements of their ships, their comings and goings upon their lawful occasions.

For such a big house, consisting as it does of eighteen rooms on the ground floor, seventeen on the first floor, and six in the basement, the kitchen is surprisingly small. But the gas ovens with six roasting compartments give some idea of the extent of the cooking once done there. This room is now to be refitted entirely, and decorated and fitted with the latest installations and modern conveniences.

A spacious wine cellar, cool and dark, is having the old trap door through which casks of wine and beer used to be lowered bricked up. There is another entrance by way of extremely steep steps. These of course were no worry to the former sailor inhabitants of the house.

Judged by modern standards the bathrooms and plumbing generally are extremely antiquated. A new electric hot and cold water installation throughout the house will soon rectify this matter.

Very intriguing are the names in black lettering adorning each door of the main suite of bedrooms. "Kirrihill" is the name on what is to be Lady Gowrie's

Rear-Admiral Henry Fairfax—1887-1889.

Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Scott—1889-1891.

Rear-Admiral N. Bowden Smith—1891-1894.

Rear-Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge—1894-1897.

Rear-Admiral H. Lewis Pearson—1897-1900.

Rear-Admiral Lewis A. Beaumont—1900-1902.

Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Panchawee—1902-1905.

Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Poore—1905-1907.

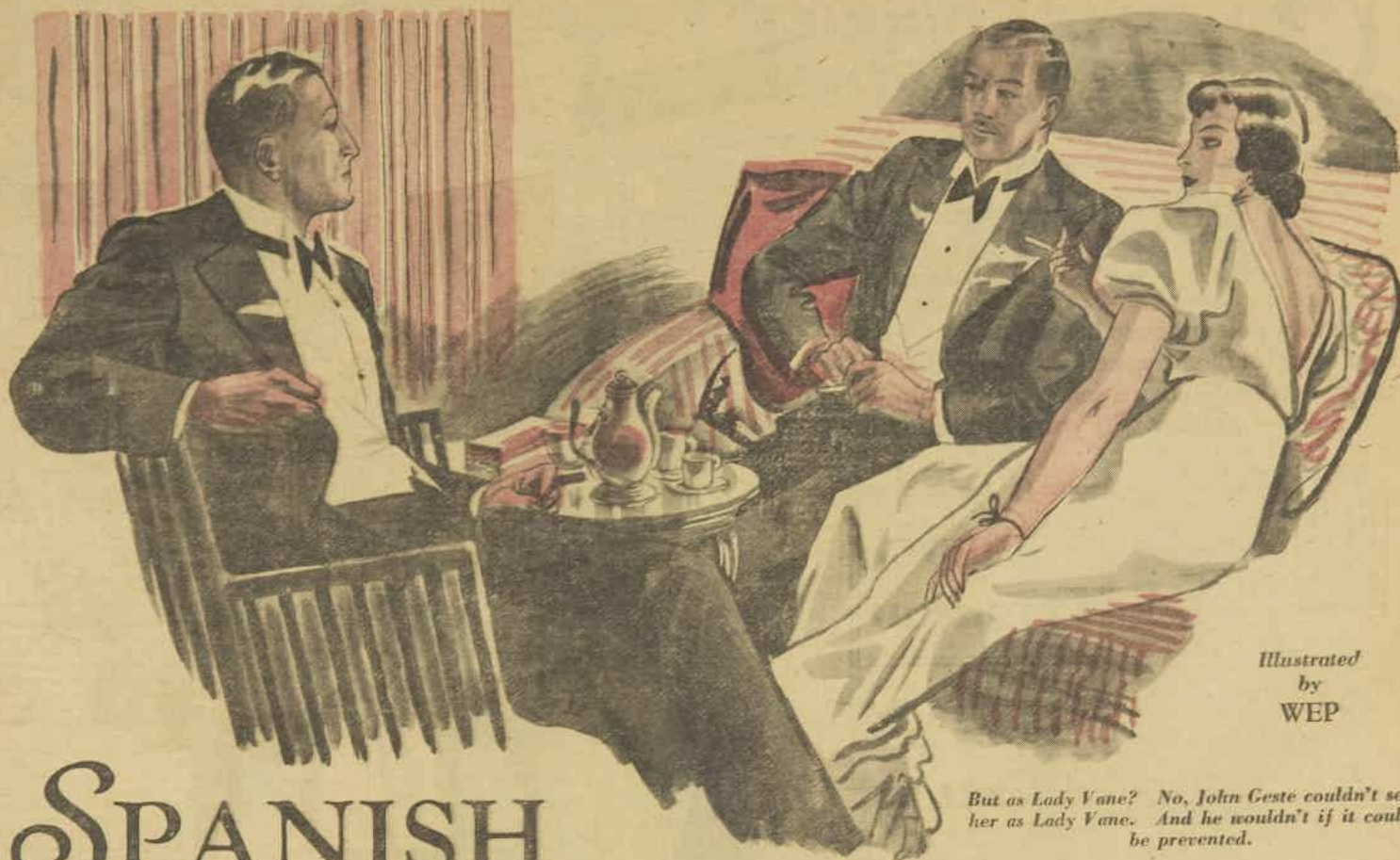
Vice-Admiral Sir Wilmot H. Pawken—1907-1910.

Vice-Admiral Sir George K. Hall—1910-1913.

Sir George E. Patey, then Rear-Admiral of the Australian Navy, lived there for a time in 1913.

These are the ghosts of the memories of the Senior Service who will be there to welcome their soldier successor, Lord Gowrie, V.C., when he takes over in the first quarter of the current year, and a tradition of the Empire service comes again to life under the roof-timbers of the historic old home.





Illustrated  
by  
WEP

But as Lady Vane? No, John Geste couldn't see her as Lady Vane. And he wouldn't if it could be prevented.

# SPANISH Maine

THREE MEN — the lover, the brother, and the friend — fighting for a girl's happiness.



CONSUELLA, the beautiful half-sister of Otis Vanbrugh, a wealthy American, finds her happiness threatened by Manuel Maine (known as Spanish Maine), because of the secrets of her past life.

Sir Harry Vane is in love with Consuella, but as he belongs to one of the oldest and richest families in England Consuella realises sadly that there must not be even the breath of suspicion against the future mistress of Vane Court.

None knows this better than Spanish Maine, and from the minute he hears the host on which Consuella and Otis are travelling he makes his preposterous demands. Otis tells him that blackmail is an ugly word, but Maine retorts that exposure would be worse for Consuella. To complicate matters further, Maine had been in love with Consuella when she was a dancing girl in Algiers, and she fled from him, so that revenge is also part of his plan.

Maine is deaf to all pleas, and knowing that Consuella is going to Brandon Abbas, the home of John Geste, he gets himself invited to Vane Court by Lady Devilla, mother of Sir Harry Vane. There he further his plan of blackmail, while at Brandon Abbas Otis Vanbrugh decides to tell John Geste the full story of Consuella, and seek his aid in dealing with the blackmailer. Now read on:

OTIS VANBRUGH filled his glass, lit a cigar, and settled down to tell John Geste the story of the metamorphosis of Zaza Blanchefleur, into Consuella Vanbrugh.

Dimly, very vaguely indeed, John Geste in his Foreign Legion days had a faint, elusive memory of a girl in the camp of Sheikh Yussuf ben Amir. But until Vanbrugh now spoke of her, he had entirely forgotten the incident, and, in any case, had no memory of her face.

The story finished, John Geste sat silent, almost incredulous, too astonished to speak, as he marvelled at the conduct respectively of the father and the son; that of the one whose lapse from grace, from loud-mouthed piety and profession of religion, had brought about this tragic and terrible situation; that of the other, whose fine sense of duty, self-respect, honor, altruism, had driven him to the work of mitigating, as far as was humanly possible, the harm that had been done.

"NOW, John," said Vanbrugh, breaking a lengthy silence. "There's the whole story; and I've told it as fully and as truthfully as I know how. I believe you are in possession of absolutely all the facts. Would you like to sleep on it, and tell me to-morrow what you think, what you advise, and what you yourself would do in my place?"

"I shouldn't sleep," replied John Geste. "Let's thrash it out between us now. Then we can sleep on it—perhaps."

"Good. I was hoping you'd say that, John, for I'm about at the end of my tether. I've bottled it up too long, and I've got to do something. Now take your time, old chap, and tell me what you think. Think out loud if you'd rather. It might be a help—to both of us."

"That's a good idea, Otis," replied John Geste. "Think out loud, and fumble towards a conclusion. Best way to find out what one really does think. Thought, I mean, apart from feeling. What I suppose the learned would call rationalization unvisited by emotion. It isn't easy, though. My blood boils when I think of this poisonous retine, Maine—the cold-blooded scoundrel. And then, again, words fail me when I think of you and your—"

"Well, don't think of me at all, John. Let's think about Consuella, and the best thing to do for her."

## The Characters...

CONSUELLA, the beautiful heroine of this story, is being blackmailed by a man who knows the secrets of her past life.

SPANISH MAINE is no ordinary man, and he seeks only money and revenge.

SIR HARRY VANE is madly in love with Consuella, and he knows nothing of her past.

OTIS VANBRUGH, half-brother to Consuella, who knows her sad story, is the bulwark on which she leans.

"Yes," agreed John Geste, "that's the point. Well, she was—what she was—through no fault of her own, let's say; and now she is not what she was. She left that life behind from the day you went back to her at Bouen. From that day to this she has lived the ordinary life of a normal young woman travelling with her favorite brother to whom she is greatly attached, and who is equally fond of her. . . . You are fond of her aren't you, Otis, or are you still acting purely from pity and a sense of duty?"

"I'm extremely fond of her, John. I don't think it's any exaggeration at all to say that I love her very much indeed, in a brotherly sort of way. It's a good love, too, because it has grown out of strong dislike. If not hatred, Consuella began by terrifying me, and then she bored and bothered me, almost disgusted me, by developing an unrequited passion. Then I pitied her and sympathized with her."

"Before long I began to like her, and could not help admiring certain traits in her character. As I came to understand her, I

daub, a dark, filthy blotch with a frame round it, into a beautiful girl, young, fresh, engaging, attractive, yes and innocent-looking I tell you. Innocent—what does it show—what does it indicate? I say it shows a genuine fundamental innocence, innocence of soul."

"Well, now, I had given her my solemn promise that I would go back to her, before I knew that she was my sister. When I did know, I determined to make it my life's work to get hold of her, get her away from Bouen, save her, reclaim her, give her a chance in life—decent life. Having nothing else to do, I might well do that, and what better thing could I do than that? Until this friend from Hell came on the scene I hadn't told a soul, not even my brother, about her past. I wanted no one in the wide world but myself to know. And no one ever would have known if the most devilish ill-luck had not brought this hound, Maine, across our path. She'd never have gone near Algeria or France again, and this man would never have come to England except to amuse some dog into some port, hand it over to the consignee, and clear out again. She'd have married Vane and settled down in peace and security in Devonshire."

Silence.

"Damn it, John, it's I who am doing the thinking out loud. Forgive me."

"Not at all," was the reply. "Think out loud all night long if it'll help, or give you any relief. It will certainly help me to make up my mind. At present I'm all emotion, all feeling, and incapable of detached thought. I don't know what to say, and God knows I want to say something useful helpful."

"Look here, Otis, let's try to think about it calmly and with detachment, and as far as possible, from the point of view of the three other people besides ourselves. I don't say besides

guard; she admits the validity of his accusation by paying him not to utter it; and she enters on a life of anxiety, fear, and distress."

"Once she has admitted his power, and submitted to it, he'll put the screw on—and with increasing pressure."

"How does she know that he'll stop?"

"What is to prevent him raising his price to what he considers the utmost limit of what she can pay or raise?"

"AND suppose she tried to compound with him for a lump sum—bought him out, paid him off—is it likely he won't return?"

"It isn't as though he'd got letters that she could buy and destroy. Why, God help us, if the fellow died he could bequeath the secret to some other devil as bad as himself."

"That's my opinion, old chap, and I can't see myself changing it in any circumstances whatsoever. Consuella mustn't pay a farthing of blackmail or allow you or anybody else to do so."

"Now, about Maine. Couldn't we frighten him off?"

"No," replied Vanbrugh. "We couldn't. To give the skunk his due, he has the pluck of the devil as well as the wickedness. I don't think the man is alive who could frighten Spanish Maine. He simply isn't afraid of man, beast, devil or God. I should say he doesn't know what fear is."

"Well, you know him better than I do," was the reply, "but I think you are wrong. I think a man who's done years of penal servitude in Africa and French Guiana does know what fear is—the fear of prison. And that was what I meant when I said, 'Couldn't we frighten him?' I wasn't thinking physical violence for a moment. If we cannot put the fear of God in him, we might put the fear of the English police, mightn't we?"

"He knows we couldn't, and wouldn't invoke the police," said Otis Vanbrugh.

"He knows perfectly well we should never dream of invoking the law on the matter of blackmail, as the truth would inevitably come out. He knows, as well as we do, that Sir Harry Vane and his whole circle, the whole county, in fact, would know who Mr. X is—or, in this case, Miss X, which is far worse—and how the opportunity for blackmail arose. No, we can't frighten him, either with the law or with violence."

"And apart from his being a courageous devil, he's a vindictive one. Having messed up his life by his own folly and villainy, he blames Fate, the world, life, people, especially people, anything and anybody but himself. He is particularly vindictive against any woman whom he has pursued and through whom he has come a cropper."

Please turn to Page 28

By P.C. Wren Author of "Beau Geste"

liked and admired her very much, realising that she was a thousand times more stinned against than himself. The more I saw of her, the fonder I got of her; and any early indignation that I had had against her was now indignation for her, indignation against those who'd made her what she was; those whose fault it was that she was born and bred to . . . to . . . to the Street of Bouen. You know, John, once she'd got away from it all, and was leading a normal life, she changed, as it were, before one's eyes.

"Have you ever cleaned a dirty picture, or seen one cleaned? Imagine a dirty, grimy smudge, that may or may not be the picture of a woman, and imagine it turning from a croute, a

yourself because I want you to feel that I am as concerned in this as you are."

"Let's look at it from the point of view of Consuella, Maine, and . . . Sir Harry Vane."

"Now, as for Consuella."

"You sprang this on me so suddenly that I've not had time to think about it, but I'm absolutely against the idea of her submitting to blackmail; and if I think about it for a month or a year I'm quite sure I shall be of the same opinion still."

"She simply must not do it, nor let you do it for her."

"Don't you see, she puts herself completely into the hands of this black-



# Gilding the Lily

"What do you suppose beauty parlors were invented for?" she asked. "Put yourself in my hands, and in five weeks you won't know yourself — neither will your young man!"



THE letter lay on Helen's plate on the hotel breakfast table, and the moment she saw it she felt the queerest shiver run down her back and a feeling of being excited and thrilled and terrified all at once, which was very odd and silly, because the envelope was addressed in Malcolm's handwriting, and she was engaged to Malcolm, and he hadn't missed a single mail in five years since he sailed away to Malaya to work on a plantation and make a home and enough money to marry Helen.

There was surely nothing unusual about getting an extra letter from him by air-mail only two days after her ordinary mail letter. All the same, Helen felt her heart thudding and her appetite simply vanishing away as she slid into her seat and slipped the letter into her jersey pocket.

She wasn't going to open it here under the curious eyes of twenty inquisitive girls, who were all vastly interested in anyone's fiancé.

At least, Helen thought, with a flicker of satisfaction, the foreign envelope, with its sprawling, masculine handwriting and dashing blue air-mail stamps, would tantalise them and convince them that there was a fiancé!

It was quite possible that half of them thought he was a myth, for in the five years that Helen had lived in the hotel and worked as head typist in the big publisher's office, he had never been back to England, and there had been no talk of getting married. Other girls who got engaged in the hotel duly flourished patterns of wedding dress material and wallpaper, and got married and perhaps invited hotel friends out to see their little homes, and, in due course, their babies—but never Helen.

Her engagement seemed destined to be a lifelong business, and really, sometimes, in spite of Malcolm's weekly let-

## "Debtor!"

Life, 'hou art in debt to me!  
All my years of misery  
I have written to thy name,  
Covered thee in guilt and shame,  
I demand a recompense

For thy innocent pretence,  
Life, thou art a shallow thing  
Passed in days of sorrowing,  
What hast thou to compensate  
For thy fickleness, O fate?

Life, thou art in debt to me!  
All my years of misery,  
Thou shalt give in fullest  
measure  
Payment for thy wilful pleasure!

—Yvonne Webb.

ters and his photo on her dressing-table, she found herself thinking of herself as an old maid.

It wasn't Malcolm's fault that rubber had slumped so badly that the company had only just been able to keep him on its staff at a much reduced pay, so that marriage until things got better was an absolute impossibility. But she had never felt like this about one of Malcolm's letters, even his other air-mail ones.

Hurriedly she fiddled with some over-fried bacon and toast, swallowed some hot tea, and got up.

"Pancy not reading your letter at once!" Brenda Sloane, who was sallow and soggy-eyed, said with a sharp look. "It isn't bad news, do you think?"

There was a sort of smirk and a leer in her close-set eyes, and Helen felt herself flushing brightly, and

By  
**Margaret  
Ferguson**

heard herself saying in a calm, cold voice:

"Of course not; on the contrary, it's very exciting and pleasant news, I expect, telling me the date my fiancé is sailing."

"Sailing!" gasped an incredulous chorus. "Is he coming home—at last?"

Helen's lips tightened a trifle, and her hand clenched on the letter in her pocket, but she answered recklessly:

"Of course he'll be home quite soon now. I must fly."

With an abrupt movement she fled out of the stuffy room. As a matter of fact, she was early, and had several minutes before she need start out for her bus. She had time to read her letter, but for the moment she had almost forgotten it, she was so busy thinking of what she had said to Brenda.

WHAT had possessed her to tell such a deliberate and whacking fib? Now she would be pelted with questions all day long. The hotel girls swooped like hungry birds upon any crumbs of romance. The mere thought of a homecoming fiancé and a future wedding would set them all twittering and gossiping like fury, and if there was one thing she had always tried to dodge it was being gossiped about. To shove herself firmly—and falsely—into the limelight like that—she must have taken leave of her senses! And then the letter, the mysterious, out-of-turn letter from Malcolm—with unsteady fingers she tore it open and unfolded the thin sheet of notepaper.

"Helen, darling—I can't believe it—and neither will you! I'm sailing on the fourteenth—that's in a week—and Helen, I've been made manager out here. Things are much better. The salary is—you won't believe it, darling!—seven hundred a year, with free passages. I'm taking one of them right now. I think I deserve it; and Helen, the moment I arrive I'm going to get a special licence and tickets for Madeira—for two. Darling, I'm not going to wait a second longer now—"

Slowly the letter slid out of Helen's slim fingers and lay on the carpet, and suddenly she dropped her soft, beech-brown head on the pillow and burst into tears, silly weak tears of mingled relief, happiness and fright.

Malcolm was coming home—really. That fantastic lie she had blurted out in front of the whole dining-room was the truth. Malcolm was coming home to marry her—after five years. Dear, solid, nut-brown Malcolm, with the sea-blue eyes and slightly dented chin and square, white teeth. He hadn't changed a bit in five years. He had sent her a snapshot of himself only the other day—and suddenly Helen sat bolt upright, and her cheeks were white, and her soft, smoky blue eyes frightened. She flung herself off the bed, rushed to the little mirror, and stood staring at herself, panic-stricken.

"I can't bear it," she said aloud. "I'm frightened to meet him. It's five years—and I'm twenty-five instead of twenty-four. I've changed—and I'm frightened."



Illustrated by  
**FISCHER**

"Helen!" cried Malcolm. "I—I didn't know you for a moment."

Lunch time found Helen sharing a small, secluded table in "Margot's" Soho restaurant, with Lita Dorney, who had once lived at the hotel, but had long ago graduated to a much more exciting, expensive and successful life. Lita was, in fact, one of the head assistants in the Bond Street salon of a very famous and exclusive beauty specialist, "Sylvaine." Lita looked the part to perfection, with her massed silver blonde curls, her alabaster complexion, wickedly tilted black eyebrows, silken lashes, scarlet mouth and willow-slim figure. Helen couldn't help looking at her with faint awe and wonder, because she distinctly remembered Lita having rosy cheeks and quite abundant curves.

staying like that, I'm afraid. I just didn't bother, and now I'm sorry—and I'm scared about it."

Mechanically she began to eat her egg, and a tear slid down the side of her small, straight nose on to the plate. Lita leaned across the table and patted her hand with a little comforting smile.

"Darling, what do you think beauty parlors were invented for? Just for careless, silly, worried people like you. Look at me! Did I look like this a year ago? No, I did not—I don't mind admitting it to you. Because if I could be changed like that—well, so can you. Of course, you haven't a whole year for it—only four or five weeks, I suppose—but I can guarantee to do quite a lot in five weeks if you

little sitting-room, and there was rather a long pause.

Lita glanced at her watch, and tapped one arched foot on the ground. "It's getting late," she thought. "I wonder if she's lost her nerve."

A faint smile curved her orange-red lips. "Poor old Helen! It's going to take her a bit of time to get used to herself. But I'm rather proud of her. Think I'll go up and see what she's doing."

SHE ran lightly upstairs and tapped on the door of No. 28.

A rather tremulous voice invited her to come in, and she opened the door with a flourish and marched in.

Helen stood in front of the small mirror, staring at herself, and as Lita came in she turned round and said in a nervous, jerky voice:

"Am I all right, Lita? I did it all last night, exercises, mud-pack, steam bath, lee rub. It took me hours, and I feel so funny—as though it's not me at all, but somebody else!"

And, in fact, it was somebody else. Lita thought complacently as she eyed her. This wasn't the rounded, curved, untidy, brown-haired, ordinary-faced, twenty-nine-year-old Helen.

This was a ravishing creature with piled curls as silvery gold and tight as her own; with alabaster pale skin, petal-pink over the cheek-bones, a bowed, flame-red mouth, lustrous, curling dark lashes, eyebrows arched in the thinnest of dark curves, and a slim, flat-topped figure. Her finger-nails matched her mouth and the hollows of her eyelids were filled with delicate blue eye shadows; in fact, there was nothing left of the original Helen, but the wide, startled eyes, the color of a changeable April sky, now blue, now green, now grey.

Please turn to Page 16

## A Complete Short Story!

But in a second her thoughts came back to her own worries, and her eyes clouded over, and she sat staring at the scrambled egg on toast without much desire to eat it, until Lita pushed over the salt-cellar and said briskly:

"Well, I must say you don't look like the rapturous bride-to-be, Helen. Or are you stunned with joy? I suppose you've got so used to being just engaged with no prospect of getting married that the idea's quite a shock! Pass the butter, darling!"

Helen passed it mechanically and said slowly: "It isn't that, Lita. It's—well, I'm frightened. No, not of Malcolm, but of myself. Lita—it's five years since he went away. I was only twenty-four—ever so much younger and fresher—and prettier. I haven't bothered very much about

put yourself absolutely in my hands! So cheer up and let me think."

Helen stared at her with incredulous round eyes and parted lips.

"Do you mean," she said slowly, "that you think you can make me look—different, more like I used to be? I'd do anything, Lita—"

"Right you are, darling," Lita said casually. "I'll attend to you myself, and if either you or your young man recognise you when I've finished with you—well, I'll be very surprised! And to begin with, no cakes, no potatoes, and nothing to drink with your meals. You've got to work hard to get rid of some of those curves in six weeks!"

Five weeks later to the day the front door bell of the hotel rang, and Lita inquired for Miss Munro. She was asked to wait in the decidedly dingy



# The UGLY DUCKLING

**CINDY** was hardly a Cinderella—but she married her true Prince • Charming!

Illustrated by  
BOOTHROYD



STRICTLY speaking it is wholly unjust to refer to the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neely Barton Lawrence as an ugly duckling. For Lucinda, at twenty, was an appealing little thing.

Lucinda's sisters were: Evelyn, aged twenty-eight, radiantly fair, a pocket Venus, successfully married, more successfully divorced, and not discouraged; Janet, aged twenty-six, engaged to be married for the third time, and coming to the conclusion that it would take; and Margot, neither married, divorced, nor engaged to be either. She was still looking round in an exceptionally blithe fashion.

The mother of these likely and likeable young women was almost as youthful in appearance, quite as smart, and, from a distance, every bit as handsome as they.

Evelyn's husband had been—and still was—a gentleman of convivial habits and an inherited, fairly good title. Evelyn was still Lady Howell; and the fact that she enjoyed it may account for her reluctance to choose his successor from the several ardent aspirants.

Janet's current fiance was young Tommy Jennings, a personable young man of whom it was said that Janet could not do better.

As to Margot, she had so many young men that she didn't know what to do.

## COMING—

'Sackcloth into Silk'  
by  
Warwick Deeping

THE greatest human interest novel by this world-famous author since "Sorrell and Son."

The Australian Women's Weekly has secured the Australian rights, and the novel will be published in extra long instalments, as in the case of our present serial. LOOK OUT FOR THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

MR. AND MRS. LAWRENCE and the three unmarried girls occupied a large, expensive house in Mayfair. Evelyn had her own flat, just round the corner. And they visited, now and then, the country house in Sussex and various fashionable resorts and the Continent.

This, therefore, was the family situation when Mrs. Lawrence elected to stay at home and open the country house with its ten bedrooms.

It appeared that Janet had made up her mind to marry young Jennings in the autumn. It was indicated that Sussex had been the environment chosen for the pre-nuptial festivities, and in late September, Janet, her mother, and probably Lucinda, could run over to Paris and pick up a little trousseau.

Evelyn had wished to take Lucinda to America with her, but there had been objections. Janet, with her wedding in the offing, couldn't spare Lucinda—and, for no specified reason, neither could Margot nor Mrs. Lawrence. So Lucinda stayed at home and comforted the absent Evelyn by writing the good, old-fashioned, newsy, gossipy, never malicious but always entertaining letters of local news, which, more than anything else, gladden the heart of the traveller. And therefore to Lucinda, and Lucinda alone, did

"Cindy, what is it?" And Lucinda said quickly, gasping a little with exertion: "Nothing much, only a silly touch of cramp—Jerry brought me in."

Evelyn confide in a modish scrawl upon thick, creamy notepaper.

"Darling, I have met the most fascinating man in the world. You've seen him a thousand times. Jerry Devlin! He's forty times better-looking off the screen than on. He's so darned beautiful that it hurts to look at him. Not effeminate, understand. Virile and all that, with the most thrilling eyes and voice.

"I've scarcely had a word alone with him, although I see him every day. He's idly run after. They arrive in Hollywood by carloads just to get a look at him. His fan mail comes in a lorry. But from the little I've talked to him, he seems quite human. Complimentary, etc. He wants to come to England. He's taking a holiday. I've suggested a visit to us at Dunchouse."

WHEN she had read this letter Lucinda folded it up thoughtfully, and her eminently kissable mouth took to tilting at the corners. Evelyn, Lady Howell—and Jerry Devlin—Devlin, of whom it was variously said that every woman who saw him on the screen wished either to marry or mother him, according to her age and susceptibilities; that he was so vain that his Beverly Hills palace was lined with mirrors; and that he was so modest that he never looked in a glass save in the exigencies of his work.

"Take your choice," murmured Lucinda. Evelyn, Lady Howell, and Jerry Devlin! Well, why not? She was conscious of an accelerated heartbeat. She had been brought up in an atmosphere of beauty worship. She was as accustomed to beauty as you and I are accustomed to eggs and bacon for breakfast. But, unlike you and I, who are apt, say, to demand fish or kidneys to break the monotony, she had never become surfeited or bored. She loved beauty achingly in all its manifestations, in her own family, or out of it. She was a devout priestess

at the shrine of the most unjust and sardonic goddess in the world. And she had, as Evelyn had remarked, seen Jerry Devlin dozens of times. In all his pictures brushing aside the silly stories of glided romance in which he acted—and had acted none too remarkably—all for the sake of just sitting there and looking at him.

Now it appeared that she would probably have the pleasure of sitting and looking at him across her own breakfast table—if he came down to breakfast, which, somehow, she doubted. She was so used to beauty in a boudoir cap surveying hand-painted trays and silver jugs of coffee. Not that Mr. Devlin would wear boudoir caps—

JULY came to Sussex, all blue and gold, with a deceptively mild sea, and a shore strewn

Margot, coming in with her tennis racket under her arm, contributed a heartfelt "How perfectly marvellous!"—and let it go at that.

Evelyn arrived. Jerry Devlin arrived. He had with him a great quantity of luggage and the sort of manservant employed by Monsieur Menjou in his lighter dramas. And he apologised for not bringing a couple of cars as well. He'd wanted to send one on, but Evelyn had dissuaded him. Awfully nice of Mrs. Lawrence to take him in, he said, and smiled at her.

"He is really too wonderful-looking," thought Lucinda, in a sort of fright-

rather near. The others were some distance away. And after a momentary and silent struggle Jerry Devlin muttered something—something that would have been censured had it flashed upon the screen.

"What's the matter?" asked Lucinda instantly.

"Cramp," replied the famous cinema star briefly.

LUCINDA swam very near. "Put your hand on my shoulder," she ordered, "and we'll manage."

Now Mr. Devlin was in severe pain. But he had time to think of the headlines. He placed his hand upon the firm, sun-warm, sea-wet little shoulder which was offered to him and commented naively, if feebly:

"This won't look well in the papers."

"That's all right. We'll manage it somehow. You'll be all right before we get in. Follow my lead."

He was all right before they got in. But people had noticed their closeness, noticed, too, that when they came into shallow water Lucinda Lawrence was clinging to Mr. Devlin's beautifully muscled arm.

As they reached the beach, Lucinda's sisters came running.

"Cindy, what is it?"

"Was anything wrong, Lamb?"

And Lucinda said quickly, gasping a little with exertion:

"Nothing much, only a silly touch of cramp—Jerry brought me in."

Please turn to Page 20

## By Faith Baldwin

with bright bathing outfits. And came, too, a wire from Evelyn stating abruptly the day of her imminent arrival and the name of the guest she was bringing with her.

And—  
"How very like Evelyn," murmured her mother.

And—  
"Jerry Devlin?" asked Janet on an inquiring note. "How long will the creature stay? Tommy hates film actors. I wonder if he's as good-looking off the screen as—"

And—  
"Good Heavens!" breathed Mr. Lawrence piously, jarred out of his customary serenity.

ened despair—"It isn't quite fair."

The county was aghast and agog.

"Have you heard?"

"My dear, I wonder if Netta Lawrence would bring him?"

"Just a simple little party—not more than forty or fifty."

"A film actor—too vulgar, really—yet-of course people have let down the bars—I wonder if I could coax him to—"

To Lucinda he wasn't particularly anything—not devoted or attentive or courtly—he was just rather nice to her.

Until that seeming mild day when he swam rather far out and had cramp in his very beautiful leg.

Lucinda happened to be swimming



# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,  
sketched by Petrov

## COLORFEST for Autumn!

Fashion Searches the  
Spectrum for Tone  
Riches

THE keynote of the new autumn and winter clothes is color. Bold, brilliant colors are contrasted with each other; soft, subtle shades and deep, rich tones are flung together as on an artist's palette.

To mix colors successfully requires skill and more trouble than many women will take, but there is no surer way of adding to the beauty of your frocking.

In the French autumn collections there was scarcely a dress or ensemble that was all one color; everything was composed of two or three entirely different shades.

There was a lot of black. Black for day wear was probably the most popular color—but never black alone. Black and citron-yellow is the last word in chic; a black dress with yellow gloves and belt, or yellow blouse.

Cyclamen, coral, orange, vivid blue, gold, red, violet, tan and strawberry are other colors that are worn with black. A black suit with a cyclamen or strawberry-pink blouse, a black dress

**FOR** years you have probably not worn colors such as grey, green, or yellow, having some idea in your head that they—as well as lots of other colors—do not suit you. This year, throw caution to the winds. Try something new.

with a vivid royal-blue hat, a black skirt with a coral jacket, black skirt and three-quarter coat with a ginger velveteen blouse, black dress, slate-blue gloves and scarf.

### Tan and Black

TAN and black are two colors you have probably not seen put together before. Black suits have light brown fur and brown suits black fur.

Black is even being used for sports wear—large black and white check tweed worn with a sweater in a vivid color.

Gold—the last word in costume jewellery—is worn with black for day wear and with white for night. Gold mesh belts, gold chain bracelets, gold buttons, massive gold necklaces and brooches and clips.

Italian renaissance colors—the colors of stained glass cathedral windows—you will surely wear: ruby-red, vivid royal-blue, clear yellow, brilliant greens.

You will be tempted by saffron-yellow, ink-blue, sage-green, wine-red, blue-green, blue-purple and pink-purple, all the greens, bright emerald, almond, sage, olive, leaf and bottle to pale yellow and lime-green. All the browns from light tan to deepest mahogany and nigger, orange, military-red, burgundy, grey, bright navy and coral are other important shades.

To combine two or three of these colors into a harmonious ensemble might take time and trouble, but the result will be well worth it.



• SKETCHED at the top of the page are a black crepe dress with red velvet ribbon laced through eyelets and ending in bows, and a black crepe dress with emerald coat, and belt.

• IN the centre is a frock of sheer black wool, which has a scarf of yellow crepe set into the bodice and finishing in a belt. The skirt is gathered in front.

• AT the bottom of the page is a black sheer wool dress with white pique touches; also a black dress with smart, white cord lacings, four-gored skirt, and full sleeves.

## IN TOWN and Country!

New Color Schemes  
Spell Zestful  
Frocking

WHETHER you are concerned with clothes for city occasions or are pondering the problems of rural smartness, color is of prime importance.

For town wear here are some charming offerings:

Sage-green, with strawberry gloves. Almond-green suit, with a burnt-orange blouse, or a raspberry sweater. Emerald-green, with black.

Leaf-green wool skirt, copper-brown velveteen jacket. Bottle-green dress, henna velveteen scarf and belt.

Green-blue suit, with a dark red blouse. Dark green and pale green together in one dress. Moss-green jacket, claret skirt.

Bright blue between royal and slate is good combined with black, a blue coat over a black dress. A dull green skirt and bright blue jacket.

This blue combines well with burgundy, burgundy jacket, blue skirt; and with emerald-green, blue suit, green blouse. Royal blue dress, black velvet trimming, and accessories.

Over black wear a yellow coat. Over

**SCHIAPARELLI** shows a grey dress, with a yellow scarf and belt. There is scarlet and royal-blue, bright orange with brown, purple and mauve, deep red and turquoise, dark blue and cerise. There are gold lames and floral brocades in pale, misty tones. Color, color everywhere.

a fuchsia dress a dark blue coat. Under a black coat a red, emerald, or yellow dress.

### Smart Suits

GREY and brown—especially pearl-grey and tan—are smart for suits. All the browns, greens, and orange tones mix well. An oatmeal dress with a dull orange belt and scarf and nigger-brown hat and shoes.

Dark brown suit, henna blouse. Tan dress, green jacket. Green dress, ginger-brown coat. Green skirt, copper jacket. Brown dress, rust jacket, almond-green scarf. Mustard jacket, brown skirt.

Ink-blue and bright navy go best with raspberry, vivid military red, and with yellow.

Dark dresses have colored hats and scarves of velveteen or velvet, vivid belts and jackets.

### For the Country

THERE is a mad rush of color to country clothes. Skirts with contrasting jackets and another color for the sweater. Tweeds and plain woollens are full of vibrating color. A plum-and-blue plaid skirt, a sky-blue sweater, and plum jacket. A green skirt, yellow sweater, brown-and-yellow plaid jacket. Brown skirt, orange sweater, string color coat.

By night you will again wear vivid colors, but black and white will lead. All white, or white with gold. All black, or black with gold, with cerise, with royal-blue. Next come the dark luxurious colors, such as dark brown, bottle-greens, purple-black, navy-blue, burgundy, purple, deep sapphire-blue. Two colors are smart for evening, too.



# In Restful Mood

## ... Negligee Takes on New Airs and Graces



• **LYDIA MOSS** designed this delightful rest-gown, which, with its hood, strikes a new note in lingerie wear. It recalls the sari which Schiaparelli made fashionable in evening gowns. The hood certainly has advantages in a rest-gown, as it gives the wearer a welcome opportunity to make adjustments in the "set" of her coiffure. The gown is made of soft, Marina-green dull-surfaced satin. It features a comfortable three-quarter sleeve and slim-fitting lines.



• **ABOVE** is an elegant tea-gown, made of lace embroidery, which is now much favored for this luxurious type of rest-gown.

• **AT the right** is a swagger lounge pyjama suit, made of Regency cloth and satin.

• **NEW** quilting makes the tailored dressing-gown on the left. The fabric is a heavy satin, and the lining of crepe-de-chine.

## Famous Dress Designers Feature Lingerie Creations

### Tailored & Sumptuous Standards

By OLIVE CALEY-SMITH, Our Special London Fashion Expert.

**N**EW styles in lingerie are as important these days as new frock fashions, and the great Paris and London designers now give fashion parades for soft, glamorous under-garments such as every woman craves for!

Lydia Moss, of Bond St., London, has just celebrated her first birthday as designer and creator of lovely lingerie, and beautiful young film stars acted as her mannequins at a charming birthday party.

Pleated chiffon and smoked, high-necked and long-sleeved nightgowns were seen side by side with delicately-tinted satin gowns, trimmed lavishly with lace and embroidery, all cut on the new lines which we are following in dresses for more formal occasions.

Hooded silk nightgowns are new and charming. Lace is used in elaborate profusion in a peach-colored crepe-de-chine tea-gown with large, gathered sleeves, also lace-enriched, while for the colder English winter Miss Moss designs a charming pyjama suit with long, Regency coat—note particularly the huge revers—in canary-yellow face-cloth with a high-necked satin blouse to match. A lined and hooded satin rest-robe is

quilted in waffle pattern, which is its only adornment.

Joan Sandlands, a young society girl who has her Paris-London shop in Berkeley Square, makes delicious scantie sets for the debutante dancer.

A wisp of chiffon, with appliques of hearts, diamonds, clubs, or spades in either black, red, or bright green, makes cunning little panties, while the brasieres which finish the set are cut in the shape of card designs and cleverly reinforced to give the fashionable "uplift" effect.

Here again we see pleated chiffon nightgowns with long pleated sleeves and velvet sashes, too elaborate for mere sleeping purposes, but ideal under matching velvet negligees softly lined with angora, for cold winter mornings, or that late and final cup of tea retiring.

### Long Sleeves

**MANY** of the newest nightgowns have long sleeves and high necks. Walpoles have a charming model in soft shell-pink, with a flat, round collar, close to the throat, and a plastron front, hand-embroidered. The long full sleeves are gathered into a narrow band at the wrist, while the skirt is cut on the cross

PHOTOGRAPHS shown on this page are all Lydia Moss models. They were selected in London by Olive Caley-Smith, our London fashion expert, and sent by Air Mail.

to give plenty of movement and it is all finished with a narrow darker pink satin ribbon belt. This is a good example of these new and very demure night-dresses.

Helene Yrlande, in Paris, who made some of the lovely trousseau of the Duchess of Kent, makes charming pleated chiffon or nylon nightgowns with little rounded necks, sometimes edged with lace, a belt curved very high, and long pleated skirts which are distinctly Empire in cut and style.

Sleeves play a most important part in her hostess gowns and rest gowns. They are invariably large, fancifully worked or embroidered, and often in contrast to the color and fabric of the gown. A soft purple negligee, simply cut on figure-moulding lines, has enormous sleeves of crimson satin embroidered in gold, while a Chartreuse-green satin gown has sage-green sleeves and a wide belt tying in a bow at one side.

Some of the French and English lingerie designers are also showing soft brown chiffon cami-knickers—darker than café au lait—trimmed with ecru lace; deep purple chiffon slips edged with white or shell-pink lace; and black, very sheer and fine, is shown both for cami-knickers, chemises, and nightgowns, usually unrelieved by color and relying on fine embroidery for their charm.



## Travel and Fashion

WHEN the last steamer breaks and the great ship with friends aboard leaves on her journey abroad, you've wondered perhaps whether you could ever afford such a trip—the expense of travel and of the fashions that are required for the varied life of shipboard, changing climates, and strange countries.

There is a way—Prudential Life Assurance. It is simple. It is safe. It can be adapted to your means, and it will provide adequately for travel and fashion—or for any other cherished purpose you may have in mind.

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# An Editorial

FEBRUARY 8, 1936.

## SOLVING A PROBLEM



**H**OUSEWIVES all over the Commonwealth are now confronted with the problem: What to do now that the children have gone back to school. They are finding themselves alone in their homes with at least an hour or so of added leisure.

The super-industrious housewife, of course, will always find a job of work about the place. But even she, in these days of labor-saving devices, is hard put to it honestly and usefully to put sixty minutes of duty done into the lagging hour. In the cities and the larger provincial areas, electrical household appliances are now a commonplace.

Even in the preparation of meals there has been a tremendous simplification of methods, quite apart from the food manufacturers' pandering to the laziness of the "tin-opener" cook. So small a matter as having hand-grips on the sides of a bed mattress is a calculable saving of time every day in any home.

Thus it is, that as in the case with the mechanisation of labor outside the home, that vast army of workers whose field of employment lies between the front verandah and the back door is faced with a definite problem: What shall we do with our leisure?

It does not require an H. G. Wells to envisage a rapidly nearing future when our main concern will not be to find employment at labor, but devise employment at rest.

With characteristic initiative bands of women in the several States are devising a way out in the shape of sport. The married woman between the ages of thirty and forty, and even up to the fifties, has again taken up the sports of her early girlhood, or ventured into those fields for the first time. And with a keenness that is amazing.

A trip by motor through the suburban highways and byways any day of any week in any populous centre will reveal literally thousands of middle-aged women engaged in active outdoor pastimes.

Already in New South Wales and Victoria there are women's organisations specially built up to cater for this age group. The woman who in grand-mamma's days in her "hours of ease" was "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," these times is hard at it improving her tennis by fifteen, or taking off fifteen from her golf handicap—and her waist-line.

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## Good Work

**W**HEN an Englishman is disgusted to find nothing to complain about in the weather, he picks on the B.B.C. Here in Australia it is becoming the fashion, whatever the weather, to pick on the A.B.C. and on broadcasting stations generally.

It must be admitted, however, that during the last fortnight, when one and all these stations were called upon to meet a situation unprecedented in their history, they rose to the occasion nobly. Mediums of pure entertainment and attractively-disguised advertising were in a brief minute turned over to services of national information, and rich musical consolation.

Few people before this occasion could have realised the immense wealth of this present generation's musical heritage. Few other programme directors could have so employed that heritage.

## A Word of Thanks

**F**ROM a male aesthete: "Congratulations to the retail soft-goodsmen for the new models of the female form divine in their shop windows."

"As a matter of fact they have become a bit too real. I raised my hat to one the other morning as I caught a passing glimpse of her between the heads of the living crowd. She was the image of a girl who lives down the street from us. My wife refers to her as 'that ginger-headed hussy.'"

"But now, definitely, I am going to look in the shop windows. Last year's figurines, with one curl and half an eye by way of headpiece, and those other atrocities that were a cross between the ideas of Epstein in one of his madder moments, and those of a frenzied vorlicist were just a pain in the neck to me—due to desperate efforts not to look at them."

## A Live Cert?

**H**ENRI'S CHOICE, the English hurdler who broke his neck nine months ago, has to thank a woman for his restoration to health.

Mrs. Warner, wife of the owner, pleaded with her husband to try to save it, and saved it was, though veterinary experts say that the accident would have been fatal in 1929 out of 1000 cases.

Now he is being trained for further races. And why not? Already he has won the hardest race on the calendar—by a neck.

## Safety First

**L**ONDON'S latest "ally season" topic is: "Can you answer your children's questions?"

Australian parents are not worried by this problem. They get in first and ask their children.

## All That's Left.

**W**E thought we had done with examinations when we had read the school Intermediate and Leaving Certificates, the pages of University faculty and degree results, the many, many columns of Technical College and Conservatorium of Music diplomas.

But we hadn't. Hot-foot on all these came a few more yards of results of the Railway and Tramway Institute tests. Apparently the only thing to wait for now is to see how all the examiners got on at the examinations by the Examining Board of Examiners.

## On the Low C's.

**B**ITAIN'S latest prodigy is a four-year-old boy with a bass-baritone voice. When he plays in the street passers-by stop and listen in amazement.

It's the forty-year-old bass-baritone on the wireless who cause the amazement in Australia.

## King of All Creeds

**O**FTIMES it is in some tiny side issue that a major truth is best revealed.

The day of the Royal Funeral was marked by the celebration of solemn services by all the major creeds within the Empire. Cathedrals and Synagogues, churches and conventicles were thronged with their devout. Yet without derogation of their witness of faith and service, one heartens at the act of a handful of Chinese and Japanese tendering their tribute to the shape of a home-made wreath placed at the foot of the Darwin soldiers' memorial.

## Success for Our Girls

**A**USTRALIAN girls are in the newspaper headlines in three capitals at the moment. A tribute to the pluck and perseverance of our native-born actresses and singers. Miss Marjorie Lawrence, after a triumphant opera season



**WOULD YOU LIKE HER JOB?** Miss Ann Flashman, of Sydney, who has recently been appointed veterinary officer to an animal hospital in Melbourne. (See story column four.)

at New York, has returned to Paris as leading singer at the famous opera house of the French capital. In London, film circles have been thrown into a flutter by the announcement that Miss Betty Stockfield, another Australian, has been chosen by Maurice Chevalier as his leading lady in both the English and French versions of his latest picture. New York to-day is acclaiming Merle Oberon as the most popular screen actress of the moment. Yet only a few years ago she was a poorly-paid cabaret singer in London, where she had gone from her native Tasmania to seek fame and fortune.

## The Next Step

**E**VEN thus far into the new year the daily papers are printing main news items concerning the shortage of typists and stenographers.

Business colleges, we are told, are hard put to it to supply firms with competent graduates—which is good news. A new typist means new business to be attended to, possibly a new machine, and a host of other less obvious industrial progress.

At the same time we shall know more definitely that we are in process of turning that famous corner when we learn that industry is hungering after those hundreds of thousands of youths whom the schools have just passed out to fend for themselves.

# If You Don't Like Your Present Job, Try Another

By ADELE SHELTON-SMITH

"I wish I had your job," says the shopgirl to the typist, or vice-versa. "It must be nice to earn your living," says the home-girl to the business-girl, and "It must be nice to have nothing to do," says the business-girl to the home-girl.

**T**HOUSANDS of girls and women cast covetous eyes on the careers of outstanding women, but few of them have the courage to make their dreams of a career a reality. A girl who might have been a great fashion-designer will spend years and years clamping tops on tomato sauce bottles because she lacks the initiative to go out after the job she wants.

Women's conservatism or her nervousness has made her turn automatically to orthodox jobs—there are thousands of shop girls, typists, nurses and factory workers. Man has encouraged her in this orthodoxy. He applauds when we settle into a safe office job, whether the work suits us or not, and whether we shall the job or not.

But a few brave pioneers have started us on an independent way of thinking, and each census reveals an increasing number of women in unusual careers.

In the last census there were 19,633 women in agricultural, pastoral and dairying work. While the bulk of these were in butter and cheese factories, there were nine women who branched out as pig-farmers, five horse-breeders, 2 hop-growers and 27 cotton-growers.

In forestry 114 women are engaged, and 14 are in the shipbuilding industry. On the other hand, 107,130 women are engaged in Public administration and the professions, and 101,512 in commerce—and of these two totals a big majority are typists.

Personal and domestic service employs 190,024 women, but housewives still search for the perfect housemaid, and housemaids for the perfect employer, and the great mass of women still lack the courage and initiative to tackle a problem that is their very own—to evolve a scheme for better conditions, better status, and better training for houseworkers and their employers.

## Wide Choice

**T**HOUGH some girls begin their working days in orthodox jobs, some of them soon come out of their small corner to make a big career for themselves. Many shop assistants become overseas buyers or designers, and typists become company secretaries or managers.

Women have proved that they have the necessary qualifications for professions as widely differing as tourist agency hostesses, police-women, teachers, used car agencies, dietitians, theatrical designers, aviators and engineers, but there are still many worlds to conquer.

So many women have entered the medical legal and other professions that Australia ceases to be excited when a new woman barrister or solicitor is admitted to the bar, or a new woman doctor begins practice, but there is still an enormous field of specialised work for women doctors, and there is still the perfect home to be evolved by a woman architect.

A number of women are doing unique work in Australia because they had the courage and tenacity of purpose to do what they felt best fitted for, though no woman had ever attempted it before.

Miss J. Hale felt she had more capabilities than she could use as secretary to a timber firm, and is now a timber broker, probably the only feminine one in Australia.

Miss Lorna Alford, an Australian girl, gave up a safe job in a film-casting bureau to launch out in a wholesale tea business in London.

Miss Nancy Lewis was a schoolteacher, but felt that her spare-time hobby, gardening, was the work she was best fitted for. She gave up teaching, and after six years' study of all branches of gardening became director and secretary of a nursery.

## Runs Station

**O**UT in the backblocks of Queensland, Pauline Jordan found that being a lady of leisure on a cattle station made her discontented so she runs a flock of 200 merino sheep, and does her own shearing and wool-clasping.

Miss Ann Flashman, of Sydney, broke through the door of another man-guarded profession when she was appointed veterinary officer to an animal hospital in Melbourne.

Miss Lucy Symes was a member of the nursing profession, but found a career more useful to the world as an occupational therapist at a mental hospital.

Miss Irene Crepin began her career modestly as assistant in the Commonwealth Palaeontological Department, and after seven years' work is now Commonwealth Palaeontologist, a job that is probably unique in the world.

Miss Agnes O'Keefe might have remained in the ranks of company and private secretaries if she had not taken an interest in codes, studied them, and become a code compiler.





# HE PLUNGED UNDER the OCEAN WAVES

## To Salvage His Love from the Drowning Deep

### THE WILD PNEUMONIAL BOY

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist. Illustrated by WEP

See that mad drawing of Wep's? It's supposed to be a challenge to your Uncle Lennie. The dog of an artist flung his work of art in front of me and said, "Wrap a story around that!" He then walked away, chuckling sinisterly.

Well, once upon a time, there was an unemployed gas-pipe manufacturer from Oklahoma, who married the daughter of a Newfoundland salvage expert so he could borrow money from her brother.

THE names of these people were (note this carefully or you'll get mixed up):

Nathan Wilberforce, the salvage expert.

Sydney Gregory, the unemployed gas-pipe manufacturer.

Maud Jones, the salvage expert's daughter (he was married a second time).

Fred Coolidge, the brother of Maud Jones.

Now Sydney Gregory was very handy about the house, and Maud was also clever with her needle. She used to knit cane chairs out of spaghetti for Italian restaurants, the only trouble being that, after a couple of days, most of the customers in the restaurant had to stand up to their meals.

However, this was good for

trade. The young couple prospered and Sydney spent many hours borrowing money from Maud's brother while Nathan was away salvaging.

But this happy scene was soon to be disturbed. A snake in the grass, by the name of Joseph reared his ugly head, and life for Sydney Gregory turned to ashes in his mouth.

Joseph was not handsome, but he used to play very soulfully on the Jew's harp, and Maud, who was extremely fond of music, as she was born in a bandstand while her mother was away singing in an eisteddfod, used to listen to him and sigh so gustily that occasionally she blew the Jew's harp right out of Joseph's hand.

When this happened he would

rise and bow gracefully, retrieve his instrument, and resume playing "The Wild Pneumonial Boy."

Driven to despair, Sydney Gregory decided to end it all and drown himself. For this purpose he bought a diving suit (won't be long now) and requested his father-in-law, Nathan, to act as head air-pumper.

#### Too Much Air

NOW Nathan had had a lot of experience pumping the organ at the village kirk, but he was not so hot in the diving department. The result was that while Sydney was beneath the sea trying to drown in comfort Nathan was furiously over-pumping on top.

This meant that Sydney was getting about eight weeks' supply of air every five minutes and had to breathe like an asthmatic bulldog to catch up. Unable to stand this any longer, Sydney climbed up his windpipe (Wrong! Wrong!) climbed up his airpipe and spoke to his father-in-law the following words:

"You!" he rapped. "You are in league with that snake in the grass, Joseph. I don't mind you giving me the air, but this is too much. I wash my hands of you!"

He then washed his hands. Unfortunately, he had forgotten to take his diving-helmet off while saying all this so he was really talking to himself, and Nathan never heard a word. Which was just as well, because the next day while salvaging a rubber duck which had sunk at sea the old gentleman was seized with a fit of mania and passed away before anyone could come to his aid.

#### They Eloped

ON the very day the old man died, Joseph and Maud decided to elope on a lugger. Sydney was just wading up on the beach after his usual daily attempt to get drowned when he espied the lugger tacking to windward on the binnacle with the fore top's reefed to the keel shaft belay yo ho.

Those are all nautical terms and just slung in to give atmosphere to the story. He dashed back into the raging sea and started to run after them. Brushing mullet and lobsters and things aside, he pursued his relentless way until he at last found himself beneath the lugger. Jealousy, the green-eyed monster, had him in its grip.

Unfastening his bag of tools (Just a moment. I want to show you how we craftsmen work. You may have noticed that I mentioned before that Sydney was very handy about the house. That implies that he had a lot of tools. Naturally he wasn't going to leave them in the house for Joseph to muck about with, so he took them with him wherever he went. That's why he had a bag of tools at this particular time. Well, that's settled).

Selecting a hacksaw, he inflated himself and rose until he touched the keel of the lugger, and then started to saw a hole in it.

Meanwhile, aboard the lugger, Maud had made the horrifying discovery that the only tune Joseph could play on his Jew's harp was "The Wild Pneumonial Boy." A wild scene ensued during which the Jew's harp went overboard.

Cursing loudly beneath his breath, Joseph went in after it. Just then the lugger sank. Maud sank with it.

Luckily, both Joseph and Maud were in bathing costumes. They were reunited on the bed of the



They were reunited on the bed of the ocean. Imagine Sydney's chagrin when he discovered them.

ocean, and imagine Sydney's chagrin when he discovered them together!

It was a tense moment. Listen! I'm going on holidays this week, and all my creditors are buying bloodhounds. I think I'll spend my few weeks in the

attic at the Income Tax Department. Nobody would think of looking for me there. But before I go I'd like you to give three hearty cheers for Wep, the man who learnt to draw with a white-wash brush on the fowl-house. 'Blong.



## Malanda Branch in 1914

Malanda, 83 miles S.W. of Cairns, was surrounded by dense tropical scrub when the Bank of New South Wales established a branch there in 1914.

Today, the Malanda district is one of the best dairying areas in Australia, selling its butter throughout Australia and exporting its surplus to London.

Malanda provides one of the hundreds of examples of the service rendered by the Bank of New South Wales to the pioneers developing virgin country.

Deposits lodged with this Bank in more settled areas are utilised to promote development out-back. Thus settlement is extended and production increased.

## Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)

233 Branches throughout Australia, New Zealand, Pacific Islands, and London.

1970 1936

## How does she keep her YOUTHFUL FIGURE

SHE looks a perfect picture in a surf costume, not an ounce of surplus fat anywhere, thanks to that regular nightly dose of Bile Beans. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system, ensure internal health, and melt away all surplus fat.

Don't forget the surf costume is the supreme test for your figure, so make sure of looking your best on the beach this Summer by commencing now with Bile Beans regularly each night.

# BILE BEANS

1/3 & 3/- EVERYWHERE



"As I lost 4lbs. in the first fortnight I kept on with my nightly Bile Beans. In a few months I had reduced my weight from over 11st. to 9st. 4lbs. When my costumer measured me recently I was four inches less in bust, waist and hips. My health too is improved in every way."

—Mrs. L.D.

"I am delighted with Bile Beans. Since taking them nightly, they have removed all my surplus fat. I am now twenty pounds lighter than I was 16 months ago and wonderfully better in health."

—Mrs. O.S.





"Like most terrible things,  
pyorrhea seemed very far away."  
(from me personally)"

**M**OST PEOPLE "know all about" Pyorrhea. It is a disease some other men and women have! It seems very far away from their own lives. Their own teeth are brushed and cleaned so carefully!

But these careful tooth-brushers are often the very people whose gums become undermined by Pyorrhea. It is not a question of cleanliness. When a tooth is lost through Pyorrhea it is likely to be a sound, healthy tooth so far as the eye can see.

That is why Pyorrhea, when it does come, seems to come from nowhere, without warning, like a lightning bolt. Only a Dentist can diagnose Pyorrhea during that preliminary stage when it is working beneath the surface. Give your Dentist a chance at prevention, real prevention.

As a professional man he would much prefer it to repair work. Another thing: your Dentist is thoroughly experienced in Pyorrhea, because more than half of the losses of adult teeth are due to the ravages of this lurking disease of the gums.

Preserve your own natural teeth. Don't wait for bleeding gums or other warnings—they may come too late. See your Dentist twice a year, and put the whole family on a twice-a-day schedule of Forhan's. A supremely fine Dentifrice with a big protection-plus. Read the directions for both teeth and gums on the big brown tube.

It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for 26 years specialised in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It contains the unique benefits of an ethical preparation which he developed, and which is used by Dentists in the treatment of this dread disease.

Adopt Forhan's as your Dentifrice to-day.

Price 2/-; extra-large tube 3/-.

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**Forhan's**  
for the gums



Why shoes  
look best  
with a  
**'NUGGET'**  
shine



A 'Nugget' shine every morning keeps shoes thoroughly fit for their day's work. All day long they retain their morning freshness, shining with a smooth brilliance which makes shoes look their best. 'Nugget' feeds the leather, keeps it waterproof and ensures a suppleness that means greater shoe comfort.



In Black,  
Dark Tan, White,  
various shades  
of Brown,  
and White.

**NUGGET**  
BLACKER AND BRIGHTER

## NEW BOOKS

### Vivid Picture of the English Scene in New Gibbs Novel

Reviewed by LESLIE HAYLEN

When one reads Sir Philip Gibbs' latest novel, "England Speaks," it gives rise to the speculation that the novel of fictitious characters is outmoded as a vehicle for romance, and unnecessary as a reflection of life.

Gibbs always preferred to write of life as he saw it in motley procession, and in his latest book he has given us romance, truth, and beauty in an always faithful picture of the English scene.

**F**OR his subject he has taken England to-day, and London of the late King's Jubilee, and its attendant pageantry.

He has also given us the London of the crossing-sweeper and the down-and-out; the man on the dole; and the middle-class Mr. Britlings of the contemporary scene triumphant over a war and a depression, but by no means unscathed. He has discovered Old England again, unchanged and unchangeable in exterior, but immeasurably different in outlook from the post-war years.

So that his picture may not be a dreary monotone he gives us, too, the leafy lanes of England; its coppices and its fields. But he shows us a different type of person tramping the roads to-day; the thousands of hikers with their Youth Hostels, and the never-ending cavalcade of men from the Midlands and the Tyne-side, flocking to London in search of work.

There are other thousands at home waiting to take the road, but held up by the hope that a war in Ethiopia might set the shipwrights' hammers tapping or the looms spinning again.

#### Authentic Picture

THE picture he presents is an honest one, since the people of England with whom he talked are really the writers of his tale, and he has contented himself with the role of a conscientious narrator. There is much of beauty in the story, and more than a touch of sadness, with here and there a sense of frustration which has slipped unconsciously from the author's pen.

He talks with what Victorian writers used to call the "lower orders" are de-



SIR PHILIP GIBBS, eminent English author.

lightful in their friendly sincerity. For instance, there is the crossing-sweeper, "The Royal Family," said the sweeper, "is a very respectable lot. The King's a nice fellow. We like him, and he likes us. That's all there is to it." Which, in its way, is a magnificent tribute, an explanation, and a fine gesture of loyalty.

And so the conversations go on—among waitresses, barbers, hostel attendants, and the men and women in touch with the undercurrents of life.

The author is not so fortunate when talking to the middle-class folk. In fact, most of their utterances seem very



### SHORT REVIEWS



"SELINA IS OLDER." Sheila Kaye Smith. Stories by grown-ups about children are sometimes boring, depicting, as they do, an adult opinion of a child. In that case this native becomes precocious; and its untutored actions self-conscious posturing. Sheila Kaye Smith has not made this mistake with the lovable Selina.

Here is a real child thinking and acting as a child should. So cleverly has the author treated the subject that the chubby figure of Selina becomes a symbol of a "regular kid." Her conduct stirs long-sleeping memories of our own half-forgotten childhood, and her delicious frankness and honesty are lovable characteristics.

No prig this Selina, as witness her manifold task of eating five buns for tea so that the rather superior Clifford children would hail her as "Five Buns Selina." She has many adventures both grave and gay, and it is a triumph for the author that she remains to the end the infant of eager questioning, with the inquisitive nose of childhood pressed to the window pane of life. (Cassell, 7/6.)

"THE INSOLENCE OF YOUTH." E. W. Savil. A good character study of a self-willed girl of seventeen, who despite all her sophistication, still held in the deepest regard the advice and teaching of a parent, whom she loved devotedly. For an only child brought up in luxurious surroundings in India the change to poverty and dependence on relations was an overwhelming one for Jennifer Jenn. But an even greater problem was the love she felt for a man already married. The subject in the hands of a less capable writer would be a sordid one, but the author has written it intelligently and interestingly. (Hutchinson, 7/6.)

"BITTERBOOT TRAIL." J. W. Johnson. Here is an adventure tale boldly labelled a book by a man about men, and for that reason most women will want to read it, that is if they like a good Western story. There is the usual complement of honest-to-goodness cowmen and gentlemen quick on the draw, but these characters have a rugged fascination about them which makes the book interesting.

Gold-mining days in the American

of the '80's is the setting of the novel, and mining types and gang leaders of that robust era are fully and faithfully represented. The hero, "Pokerface" Bob Bainbridge, fits well into the picture. His beautiful sister has been murdered and he seeks vengeance. How he accomplishes it is vividly told with the bold strokes of a real storyteller. A good Western with excitement well sustained. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 3/6.)

"FATE CRIES OUT." Clemence Dane. The author of this book is well known as a novelist and dramatist, and in these short stories of mystery she handles the material with the true sense of the dramatist, getting her climax in a few terse lines.

She has taken the rather ingenious method of telling the story of people at the moment when "fate cried out" in their lives. No wonder the essential material is so dramatic and so real. Of these stories perhaps "The Valiant Little Tailor" is the best. (Heinemann, 7/6.)

"DEATH FLIES HIGH." Kailton Belden. This is a story of the war in Egypt and Palestine, and the activities of the secret service men in that part of the world when outwitting Johnny Turk was one of the essentials of life—and living. There is no record that the author is Australian, but if he is not he has been remarkably successful in his creation of the two devil-may-care Australians "Spider" Stockwell and "Nugget" Willis, who are the heroes of this story.

They are real blokes—true to life and the broad Australianism they typify. "They treated soldiering as they would a day's work and claimed the intervals as their own to live as they liked."

The story is racy and well told, with adventure aplenty. Night flights over the desert with the dreadful "sirocco" blowing, and moves to checkmate enemy spies keep up an undiminished interest. There is a strong love interest supplied by Marie, the French girl, who hates France for the cruelties inflicted on her father at "Devil's Island," but her love for Stockwell wins her to the side of the Allies. A rattling good tale of courage and adventure. (John Long, 7/6.)



self-conscious and stilted. They wish to talk of Hitler and Mussolini, of Abyssinia and the League of Nations, and disarmament.

Gone is the easy philosophy of the crossing-sweeper, to be replaced by someone who talks like the current leaders in the London dailies.

The only unsatisfactory part of a fine book is where the conversational peacocks begin strutting and quiet acceptance of the greatness of England finds expression in rather stilted and unconvincing platitudes.

#### Great Men

WHEN Sir Philip Gibbs turns to the men of England he is particularly happy. Forbes Robertson, Sir John Jarvis, Conno Hamilton (the author's brother) are vivid little sketches. His picture of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a masterpiece. Truly, England speaks from every page of this interesting and impartial story. (Heinemann, 9/6.)

GARY COOPER

PICKS THE

Honest Lips

IN INTERESTING TEST.



HERE'S WHAT GARY COOPER SAW



Popular  
Screen Star  
tells why  
he prefers  
Tangee lips



"Honest lips!" That's Gary Cooper's forthright, masculine way of putting it. And lips that are painted don't look honest to men, Tangee doesn't paint your lips. It can't because it isn't paint. Instead, it makes them soft, rosy, appealing. Based on the magic Tangee color-change principle, it merely intensifies the natural color of your lips. As you apply it, it changes to the one shade of rose that is your own best color. Try Tangee.

For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical.

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THEY SAY THAT PAINTED LOOKS



**TANGEE FACE POWDER**

Tangee, Dept. C, Box 18102, 612 N. Milwaukee, Chicago, Ill. Send 10c for sample of Tangee Face Powder, for which I enclose 60c stamp. Supply limited. Send at once.

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#### If Your Ears Ring with Head Noises

If you have catarrhal deafness or head noises, go to your chemist and get one ounce of Parment (Double Strength) and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a tablespoonful four times a day. This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy, and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has catarrhal deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.



# The Share Pusher

Complete Short Story

Another Story of The Three Just Men



THE man whom Raymond Polecart ushered into the presence of Manfred was to all appearances a smart, military-looking gentleman approaching the fifties. He was faultlessly dressed and had the carriage and presence of a soldier. A retired general, thought Manfred; but he saw something else than the outward personation of manner revealed. This man was broken. There was a certain imponderable expression in his face, a tense anguish which this, the shrewdest of the Three Just Men, instantly interpreted.

"My name is Polecart—Major-General Sir Charles Polecart," said the visitor, as Polecart placed a chair for him and discreetly withdrew.

"And you have come to see me about Mr. Bonser True," said Manfred instantly, and when the other started nervously he laughed. "No, I am not being very clever," said Manfred gently. "So many people have seen me about Mr. Bonser True. And I think I can anticipate your story. You have been investing in one of his oil concerns and you have lost a considerable sum of money. Was it oil?"

"Tin," said the other. "Inter-Niger-

By...  
**Edgar  
Wallace**

went on, as he raised his trembling hands to his lips, "but, Mr. Manfred, I have a daughter, a brilliant young girl who has, in my opinion, a wonderful future. If she had been a man she would have been a strategist. I hoped to have left her amply provided for, but this means ruin—ruin! Can nothing be done to bring this criminal to justice?"

Manfred did not reply immediately. "I wonder if you realise, General, that you are the twelfth person who has come to us in the past three months. Mr. True is so well protected by the law and by his letters that it is almost impossible to catch him. There was a time—he smiled faintly—"when my friends and I would have taken the most drastic steps to deal



PRINCESSES AT PLAY. The Empire's third lady, Princess Elizabeth, and her sister, Princess Margaret Rose, snapped at a garden fete in aid of the Parish Church which they attend when they are in Scotland. Princess Elizabeth is having a tug-of-war with a piece of heather which she is selling in aid of the funds, and her sister has a tussle with the tent ropes.

ian Tin. You have heard about my misfortune?"

Manfred shook his head. "I have heard about the misfortunes of so many people who have trusted Mr. True. How much have you lost?"

The old man drew a long breath. "Twenty-five thousand pounds," he said, "every penny I possess. I have consulted the police, but they say there is no remedy for me. The tin mine actually existed, and no misrepresentation was made by True in any letter he sent to me."

Manfred nodded.

"Yours is a typical case, General," he said. "True never brings himself within the reach of the law. All his misrepresentations are made over a luncheon table, when there is no other witness, and I presume that in his letters to you he pointed out the speculative nature of your investment and warned you that you were not putting your money into gilt-edged securities. 'It was at dinner,' said the General. 'I had some doubt on the matter and he asked me to dine with him at the Winkley Hotel. He told me that immense quantities of tin were in sight, and that while he could not, in justice to his partners, broadcast the exact amount of profit the company would make, he assured me that my money would be doubled in six months. I wouldn't mind so much,' the old man

with this gentleman, and I think our method would have been effective; but now—he shrugged his shoulders—"we are a little restricted. Who introduced you to this gentleman?"

"Mrs. Clifford Green. I met the lady at a dinner of a mutual friend, and she asked me to dine with her at her house in Hanover Mansions."

Manfred nodded again. He was not at all surprised by this intelligence.

"I am afraid I can promise you very little," he said. "The only thing I would ask is that you should keep in touch with me. Where are you living?"

His visitor was at the moment living in a little house near Truro. Manfred noted the address, and a few minutes later was standing by the window watching the weary old man walking slowly down Curzon Street.

Polecart came in.

"I know nothing of this gentleman's business," he said, "but I have a feeling that it concerns our friend True. George, we ought to be able to catch that man. Leon was saying at breakfast this morning that there is a deep pond in the New Forest, where a man suitably anchored by chains and weights might lie without discovery for a hundred years. Personally, I am never in favor of drowning."

Please turn to Page 14

## REDUCE to Normal WEIGHT!

Drink EL-HERBA TEA and be as FIT AS A FIDDLE!



You may now lose up to 3lbs. in a week, 14lbs. in a month! Overfat men and women everywhere are astounded at the marvellously successful results of this inexpensive, beautiful HERBAL TEA to dispel fat and win back youthful slenderness, health and energy.

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You can use EL-HERBA TEA for 10 days at our risk and expense. We invite you to reduce your weight in this easy, pleasant, inexpensive way—to cast off that excess burden of fat, to expel bodily poisons, to clear and refresh your skin and to have a slim, trim figure.

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"When, through some upsetting of the gastric processes, the stomach secretes excess acid, it sets up sourness, a searing, burning inflammation. Then gas generates, with painful bloating and pressure on the heart. Fermented food is followed by putrefaction in the intestines, creating poisons which steadily but stealthily sap our strength—tear us down physically and mentally."

If you want quick, positive and lasting relief from after-eating distress, get a few ounces of pure Salix Magnesia from your chemist's. Take a teaspoonful in half a glass of hot water after meals, and you'll feel "good" almost immediately. Salix Magnesia contains no artificial digestants, but is prepared specially to eliminate—dissolve—stomach gas and blot out the excess acids.

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# The SHARE PUSHER

GEORGE MANFRED

laughed. "Ware the law, my good friend," he said. "There will be no killing, though a man who has systematically robbed the new poor deserves something with boiling lead in it."

Nor could Leon Gonzalez offer any solution when he was consulted that afternoon.

"The curious thing is that True has no money in this country. He runs two bank accounts and is generally overdrawn on both. I should not be surprised if he had a cache somewhere, in which case the matter would be simple—I've been watching him for the greater part of a year, and he never goes abroad, and I have searched his modest Westminster flat so often that I could go blindfolded to the place where he keeps his dress ties."

All this occurred in the spring of 1923, and no further complaints came about this fraudulent share pusher. The Three were no nearer a solution of their problem when came the rather remarkable disappearance of Margaret Lein.

Margaret Lein was not a very important person. She was by all social standards an outcast, a person as one would be likely to meet in a stroll through the West End of London. She occupied the position of maid to the Hon. Mrs. Calford Green, and she had gone out one evening to the chemist to buy a bottle of anelling salts for her mistress, and had never come back.

SHE was pretty. Her age was nineteen. She had no friends in London, being (so she said) an orphan. And, as far as was known, she had no attachments in the accepted sense of the word. But, as the police pointed out, it was extremely unlikely that a rather pretty maid, well-spoken and with charming manners, in addition to her physical perfection, could spend a year in London without having acquired something in the shape of a "fellower."

Mrs. Calford Green, not satisfied with the police inquiries, had called



A NEW STUDY from London of Miss Liza Maughan, the attractive only child of Mr. Somerset Maughan, the famous writer.

the Three Just Men to her aid. It was a week after the disappearance of Margaret Lein that a well-known lawyer crossed the polished dancing floor of the Letter Club to greet the man who sat aloof and alone at a very small table near the floor's edge.

"Why, Mr. Gonzalez!" he beamed. "This is the last place in the world I should have expected to find you! In Limehouse, yes; prowling in the haunts of the underworld, yes; but at Letter's Club... really I have mistaken your character."

Leon smiled faintly, poured a little more Rhine wine into his long-stemmed glass and sipped it.

"Mr. dear Mr. Thurles" he drawled, "this is my underworld. That fat gentleman puffing gallantly with that stout lady is Bill Sikes. It is true he does not break into houses, nor carry a life-preserver, but he sells dud shares to thrifty and gullible widows, and has grown fat on the proceeds. Some day I shall take that gentleman and break his heart."

The red-faced Thurles chuckled as he sat down by the other's side.

"That will be difficult. Mr. Bonser True is too rich a man to pull down, however much a blackguard he may be."

Leon fixed a cigarette in a long amber tube and seemed wholly absorbed in the operation, which he performed with great care.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have made that horrible threat," he said. "True is a friend of your client's, isn't he?" "Mrs. Green?" Thurles was genuinely surprised. "I wasn't aware of the fact."

Continued from Page 13

"I must have been mistaken," said Leon, and changed the subject.

He knew right well that he was not mistaken. That stout share plugger had been the tete-a-tete guest of Mrs. Green on the night Margaret Lein had disappeared from human ken, and the curious circumstance was that neither to the police nor to the triangle had Mrs. Green mentioned this interesting fact.

She lived in a modest flat near Hanover Court—a rather pretty, hard-faced young widow, whose source of income was believed to be a legacy

## A "Real Lady"... On the Phone

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The contest was conducted by the British Post Office, and courtesy, patience and charm were the attributes necessary to earn the honor. The girls were unanimous that Lady Asquith was the most reasonable, tactful and considerate subscriber in a huge network. In fact, she was a "real lady."

lent by her late husband, Leon, a very inquisitive man, had made the most careful inquiries without discovering either that she had had a husband or that he had died. All he knew was that she took frequent trips abroad, sometimes to out-of-the-way places like Rumania; that she was invariably accompanied by the missing Margaret; that she spent money, not freely, but lavishly; gave magnificent entertainments in Prague, Budapest, and once in Warsaw, and seemed quite content to return from a life which must have cost her at least £150 a week to the modest establishment near Hanover Court, where her rent was £150 per annum, and her household bills did not exceed £7 a week.

Leon watched the dancing for a little longer, beckoned a waiter, and paid his bill. The lawyer had gone back to his party. He saw Mr. Bonser True, the centre of a gay table, and smiled to himself, and wondered whether the share plugger would be as cheerful if he knew that in the right hand inside pocket of Leon Gonzalez's dress coat was a copy of a marriage certificate that he had dug out that morning.

Please turn to Page 30

## NEW PLASMIC

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Actual Photo (Unouched). Mrs. Marion Bellinger, Age 52, Darlington Road, Taken Dec. 16, 1935.

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# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be overgreen."



DISGUSTED DINER: I have tasted considerably better steaks than this, waiter. WAITER: Not here, sir, you 'aven't—not here.



"Have you ever had your photograph taken, Aunty?" "Yes, my boy." "Why? Aunty."



WIFE TO MOTORIST (who has knocked man down): The brandy must be doing him good, he's starting to sing.



ABSENT-MINDED YOUNG CONSTABLE, newly transferred to mobile squad: Warm enough, dearest?



PASSER-BY: Horrible! Horrible! STREET MUSICIAN: All right! You drink twenty beers and see if you can do better.



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### Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened; joints, ankles, toes, and feet are made easy and you can again walk and wear shoes in comfort. Start now on this sure way to foot health. It only takes a few minutes each night, but the result is wonderful.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & Stores

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A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"DID Clare enjoy her date with the wrestling champion at that swag-gery cafe?"

"She was never so embarrassed in her life. When he started on his soup, five couples got up and began dancing."

"WERE those sandwiches you sold me this morning freshly-cut?"

"Yes. To keep them fresh, each one was wrapped in transparent cellophane."

"I wish I'd known!"

DOCTOR: What you need is more exercise.

Heavy Cigarette Smoker: I have been taking more exercise lately. I've been rolling my own cigarettes.

"AND so they have made up their quarrel?"

"Oh, yes. As soon as she saw she was wrong she decided to accept his apology."

INSURANCE AGENT: Your side-shows are all good. You ought to take out a fire insurance.

Showman: Why? I have a fire-eater on the premises.

"TED, darling," said the sweet young thing who had been taken to see her first football match, "how long does a man have to be a half-back before they make him a full-back?"

A MATEUR SPORTSMAN: What is the name of that species I have just shot?

Guide: He says his name is Jones.

## "All pain in my Back and Kidneys has disappeared"

Writes H. N. Clough, 10 Castlereagh St., Sydney. The Proprietors, Junipah Mineral Spring Salts, SYDNEY.

Dear Sirs, I desire to express my happy relief and benefit which I have obtained through taking one carton of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts. I am a retired soldier suffering the effects of T.B. and as a result, my kidneys, bladder and blood were affected.

I had severe pains in the back, neck and lower limbs, and a sharp, stabbing pain in the region of the kidneys. Now that I have finished one carton of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts all pain in my back and kidneys has disappeared. I now have a feeling of well-being, which is appreciable after so much discomfort.

I shall strongly recommend Junipah Mineral Spring Salts to all whom I know are afflicted in the same way. (Signed) H. Newcome Clough.

This is an extract from one of the many unnumbered testimonials on our files. Write for a copy of one in your neighbourhood (enclose stamp).

Be Sure You Get

## JUNIPAH MINERAL SPRING SALTS

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GIVE HIM **BARKO**  
CONDITION POWDERS

**T**HERE is only one way to give your dog a beautiful coat and that is by cleansing his blood and toning up his system. A dog's coat derives its nourishment from his blood. If the blood which should feed it is impure and unhealthy, the coat will be starved and will rapidly grow dull and shabby. Many owners think that a dense, glossy coat is produced entirely by frequent brushing. This is incorrect. Brushing will temporarily improve the appearance of the coat but not its quality. Your dog's coat is a sure indication of the state of his health. It reflects his condition—or want of condition—with unfailing accuracy. A dog will never possess a really handsome coat, no matter how much brushing he receives, if his blood is not kept clean and healthy by regular conditioning. Give your dog Barko Condition Powders regularly every week. They purify the blood, tone up the system and produce a beautiful coat.



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When a dog's blood is out of order he suffers an intense irritation under his skin. He scratches himself in a frantic effort to get relief. Scratching is not just a habit. It is a sign that your dog's blood is laden with poisons and needs purifying immediately. A dog cannot purify his blood by perspiring because there are no pores in his skin. The one sure way to get rid of impurities in his blood and so relieve him from the itching sensation that is causing him to scratch himself continually is to give him a course of Barko Condition Powders. He will quickly stop scratching and his coat will regain that beautiful "bloom" which is the unfailing sign of a healthy dog.

**BARKO**  
CONDITION POWDERS  
Price—1/6 per Box of 20 Powders.  
At all Chemists. 1/10

## GILDING the LILY

Continued from Page 6

LITA half closed her eyes and nodded approvingly. Her soft hands made one or two alterations, reset a curl, dusted the powder-puff over the short nose, brushed up the lashes with a moistened finger, and then she held out the hat that lay on the bed, an absurd green wisp of a beret-shaped thing, with one white camellia pinned rakishly on top.

"Put it on and don't fiddle any more. You're looking just right. You haven't too much time, either, so hurry. Good luck to you, and don't forget your new personality—the match the new face!"

One minute later a taxi was whirling a palpitating and terrified Helen across London towards Victoria. She wanted to cry, but if she did her eyelashes would come off. She wanted to wipe her nose, but if she did the powder would come off. She wanted to moisten her dry lips, but that would disturb her Cupid's bow. So she just sat still, feeling very queer and tight inside, because in about a quarter of an hour she was going to meet Malcolm.

The train came hissing in cheerfully. Doors were flung open, people opened windows and shouted and waved. The platform was a seething mass of passengers alighting and greeting their friends. Helen stood in the middle of it, her heart thumping defiantly, her eyes so blurred with excitement that she could hardly see anyone.

Where was Malcolm? Could it be that after so long they wouldn't recognise each other? And then she saw him, almost beside her, his head thrust well above everyone else's, his deep-set blue eyes searching the crowd anxiously.

How brown and strong and healthy he looked! And how much she loved him, even after five years of separation. Loved him so much that she felt quite weak and dizzy. And then he looked at her, quite casually and blankly, and she pushed towards him, hands outstretched.

"Malcolm! Malcolm, darling—you looked right at me! Oh, Malcolm, it's wonderful!"

Malcolm looked down at her, his eyes still blank and puzzled, only Helen was so excited she really didn't notice it. A light suddenly dawned in his eyes and he caught sight of her left hand and the turquoise and diamond ring she wore on it—his ring! He gave a sort of gasp.

"Helen! I—I didn't know you for a moment!"

"Oh, Malcolm, how horrid of you!" Helen said, half-laughing, half-crying with excitement, and she held up her face for his kiss.

It was rather a quiet, grave one, and she knew he had smudged her lipstick, but what did it matter? Malcolm was home, and how could she ever have imagined being shy and awkward with him? It was just as though he had never been away at all.

With her arm through his, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining, Helen went with him to collect his very shabby and battered-looking luggage and then out to a taxi. As they drove off, Malcolm sat back and looked at her with that faintly puzzled expression again. "Do you know, darling, that you've changed?" he said. "I mean—you look quite different, your hair isn't the same—"

"I should hope not, after all the trouble I've taken!" Helen said, with a self-conscious little laugh. "Darling, I got a bit tired of my old self, and, besides—well, one doesn't want to get old and dull. Don't you like me—different?"

"Yes—rather!" Malcolm said, not very convincingly, and changed the subject quickly. "Where shall we go to-night? My first in London for five years!" A look of bliss spread over his brown face.

Helen had her suggestions all ready—supplied by Lita, who had said: "He'll want to make whoopee a bit, so mind you join in. Help him have a really cheery time and blue some money. That's what all young men want to do when they first get home." So, obediently, Helen proposed dinner, the lively musical comedy at the Hippodrome and then supper, and the show at the Cafe de Montmartre, London's newest, smartest dance place.

Malcolm looked a trifle alarmed. "I say," he said, "my dancing is five years old, you know, and it was pretty bad then! I'm not up to exhibition form, and these places are pretty smart, aren't they?"

Helen laughed and hugged his arm closer. "Don't you worry, my dear. I'll show you what to do—and you'll be the best-looking man in the room! Don't look so scared!"

**A**T seven o'clock that evening, Helen, who had moved into the little spare room of Lita's flat that afternoon, because she really couldn't stand the gawling eyes of the hotel girls, was ready and dressed for the evening. Standing in front of Lita's long mirror she inspected herself critically. The frock—of Lita's choosing—was light, steel-colored satin, severely cut, entirely backless and unadorned. Her new curls, combed firmly back from forehead and ears, were piled on the top of her head. Long, barbaric metal earrings swung from her ears. Her make-up was a shade more marked.

"Well," she thought, "I hope my frock doesn't fall off altogether, and these earrings hurt like mad. However, I look all right!"

Then the flat bell rang, and she went to open the door, and there was Malcolm in his rather shabby dress clothes, but looking so nice that she wanted to hug him, but, of course, couldn't.

"By Jove!" he said, after he had kissed her very carefully, "you look pretty grand. I hope—I hope I can live up to you, darling. I feel a bit moth-y—"

"Idiot!" Helen slipped into her new short, silvery grey fur coat. "I'm proud of you."

At half-past two next morning she undressed wearily and crept into bed, feeling tired and chilled. That bare-backed frock was distinctly draughty, and her feet ached.

But the evening had been a great success—from her point of view. Really, she thought sleepily, she ought to have been an actress, she seemed so good at playing a part. Never once in the whole evening had she been the old Helen, quiet, shy-eyed, rather bashful and inclined to blush and hide herself behind people. No, she had presented the new Helen, smart, glittering, metallically beautiful, gay, full of tireless chatter and laughter.

They had dined, gone to a show, danced, supped and made plans for next day. From Lita, Helen had got a list of the best shows and liveliest dancing places. She would work through them steadily, and always she would be the new, amusing, alluring Helen. Last night as she looked round the restaurant at all the lovely, wealthy, sophisticated darlings of social London, she had thought with a thrill of pride and excitement. "You really couldn't tell me from any of them. I look exactly the same!"

Please turn to Page 18

## CORNS



One Drop Only of Amazing Anesthetic.

**A**CTUALLY . . . in 3 to 4 seconds from the moment one (1) drop of this new amazing scientific liquid touches an aching corn—ALL PAIN STOPS! Even tight new shoes don't bother any more. The new Safe FROZOL-ICE works that fast every time. Soon after, corns withers up, weches so loose in its socket you can lift it off with finger tips and throw it away. Easily and painlessly. For stopping pain and for getting rid of hard and soft corns, callouses and warts there is absolutely nothing to equal Safe, Quick FROZOL-ICE. Doctors urge it for safety—no dangers of blood-poisoning, no danger for them. Famous doctors, doctors, etc., demand it—no pain-provoking "2-day" plasters for them. Get the new, quick Safe FROZOL-ICE at your favourite chemist on its makers' guarantee to delight or money back. Use it to-night, and walk in comfort, in your smallest, daintiest shoes, to-morrow.



## NEW FACE POWDER FASHION

TAKES PARIS BY STORM

### The Season's Sensation

Paris

The latest fashion adopted by smart French women is a face powder which gives a perfect "matte" complexion free from shine all day long, even when out in wind and rain.



This latest development in face powder is due to a new ingredient called 'Mousse de Cream'. Now Tokalon has patented the Mousse de Cream process. Thus Poudre Tokalon now offers you the advantages hitherto enjoyed only by the fortunate few who do not care how much they pay for their powder.

Poudre Tokalon now not only gives an exquisitely beautiful complexion but one that stays fresh and lovely all day long whatever you are doing. Not even perspiration from the most vigorous outdoor sports or a long evening's dancing can spoil the rose petal loveliness it gives. Because Poudre Tokalon is the only powder with the 'Mousse de Cream' secret. Only 1/6 a box (including Sales Tax), in spite of the cost of the 'Mousse de Cream' process.

**Poudre Tokalon**  
Mousse de Cream Face Powder

## WHY BACKACHE IS SERIOUS

Every man and woman should know how quickly a simple backache can become serious if neglected. If your kidneys are disordered, uric acid will gradually undermine your health; if the bladder is weak, your sufferings may become acute. Don't risk complications! You need something more than relief. The remedy you need—the most effective medicine you can take—is Harrison's Pills. Harrison's Pills are specially devised for the successful treatment of Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Complications. Safe, safe and prompt, these famous pills restore disordered and weakened kidneys, bladder and urinary organs to real health, and they quickly rid your system of harmful uric poison. Regain your early vigor, morbid and anastomosing without delay. Go to your nearest chemist or storekeeper and ask for Harrison's Pills. Sold in all sizes: 18 pills 2/-, 22 pills 3/- or 48 pills 5/-. Genuine, worth while benefit from the first bottle, or money back guaranteed.

# I'LL SEND YOU FREE INSTANT RELIEF FROM CATARRH

**W**HETHER Catarrh in your nose is of recent or long standing, whether merely clogged nasal passages or recurring sore throats, catarrhal headaches or head noises, you are invited to try, without cost or obligation, the British-Eupathy Course, which gives IMMEDIATE relief and is so remarkably successful in definitely conquering Catarrh.

## Accept this FREE OFFER

Every reader of this announcement who forwards the Coupon will receive:

1. A full five days' trial supply of the powerful new Eupathy Fume Distillate, which, though perfectly harmless, bland and pleasant, will give INSTANT RELIEF in every case, however severe or troublesome.
2. A five days' trial supply of Eupathy Mucosolvent and Memorex Tablets to purify the system and bring about a lasting condition of internal health and cleanliness.
3. We shall also send, FREE, a specially informative new health hand-book, "THE TRUTH ABOUT CATARRH" explaining the cause and effects of Catarrh, and the proper means to adopt to cure:
  - (1) The joy of easy breathing.
  - (2) No more unpleasant mucus in the throat.
  - (3) Nose congestion cleared.
  - (4) Sneezing, sniffing, and constant blowing ended.
  - (5) Noises in head banished.
  - (6) Breathing and appetite improved.
  - (7) Freedom from hay fever, coughs, colds and unusual tiredness and languor.



E. N. DAVIS, Ph.C.,  
Supervising Chemist,  
The Eupathy Co., Aust

Fill in the Coupon immediately and prove for yourself, without financial risk, what Eupathy will do for you. This FREE INSTANT RELIEF OUT-LET will cost you nothing but the effort of sending for it, yet it may be worth pounds to you. Sending the Coupon is the first step to glorious new health and freedom from an annoying complaint which may lead to dangerous and even deadly consequences, if neglected.

## Absolute Freedom from CATARRH

Catarrh is not a trifling ailment. It is a Bacteric Disease, manifested in foul breath, an evil taste, and particularly through the objectionable contaminations that you notice in your nose and throat upon rising.

Constant blowing of the nose enlarges the arteries, irritates the nerves and sets up a continuous inflammation that furthers the deadly purpose of Catarrh, frequently resulting in either a temporary or permanent loss of the valuable and protective sense of smell and sometimes the sense of taste.

No matter where the trouble is located—in the passages of the head, throat, chest, in the stomach or intestines—the British-Eupathy Course most effectively banishes it right out of the system. Catarrhal discharges stop, the blood is purified, throat and lungs are strengthened, breathing and appetite improve, health is restored.

## INSTANT RELIEF FOR CATARRH SUFFERERS

### FREE COUPON

To E. N. DAVIS, Ph.C.,  
THE EUPATHY COMPANY,  
Box 2508 E.E.,  
254 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY.

Please send me FREE, INSTANT RELIEF Sample of Eupathy Fume Distillate and Eupathy Tablets for Catarrh, together with full information of your offer to banish the trouble.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

(Please write clearly and enclose 1/- in stamps for postage.)



# Can You Tell One Quin from Another?



"Hey! this basket's a bit crowded," complains Yvonne Dionne, standing up (top). "It was just the thing eighteen months ago, but we're not so slim now. And say, can you tell one quin from another? It's one of the new games in America. If you can't, I'll tell you how we're placed in the top picture. That's



Cecile on the left, next comes Emelie, Marie, and Annette, with yours truly standing. Now who are the two in the lower pictures? Ah! tricked you again. That's Emelie and Marie, demonstrating what the well-dressed young quin will wear these sunshiny days."



## Captivating CLAUDETTE COLBERT

uses  
Max Factor's—  
Why?



Claudette Colbert, Paramount Star, enhances her beauty by using Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up. This same make-up is available to you! Fill in the coupon below and send for Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of rouge. You'll be thrilled at the way this marvellous make-up heightens your appeal.

Sold at leading stores.

### Max Factor's

OF HOLLYWOOD

JAMES & ANDERSON, Representatives for Australia  
Sydney Shop: C4, The Promenade, Her Majesty's Arcade

**FREE** Please send me Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of rouge in my shade, also 48-page instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose stamps in stamps in correct postage and handling. Print name and address and post to MAX FACTOR'S, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney. Fill in chart below with a ✓

NAME	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
A.E.	Fair	Blue	BLONDE	Dry
	Creamy	Grey	Light	Only
ADDRESS	Medium	Brown	BROWNETTE	Normal
	Ruddy	Black	BRUNETTE	LIPS
CITY	Olive	Light	REDHEAD	Day
	STATE	Sun Tan	Dark	Light



...AND YET ONLY A MONTH AGO MY SKIN LOOKED SO PIMPLY AND BLOTCHY I WAS ASHAMED!

## Clear Healthy Skin

Don't envy the girl whose clear skin and complexion make her so attractive.

Try this method for two weeks:—(1) Cleanse the skin twice a day with Cuticura Soap; (2) Use Cuticura Ointment in conjunction with the soap. The luxuriant mildly antiseptic lather of Cuticura Soap cleanses the skin to the very depths of the pores, washes away deeply

is not a question of Luck

embedded dust and grime, clears and softens the skin. And to rid the skin of pimples, enlarged pores, ugly red coarse patches, irritating spots, apply Cuticura Ointment direct on the affected skin a few moments before washing with the soap.

These gentle soothing emollients, are all you require to make your skin clear and healthy, your complexion smooth, lovely and attractive.

## Cuticura

For Clear Healthy Skin

At all Chemists and Stores. Ask for Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. And for powder use Cuticura Talcum—exceptionally fine and pure, exquisitely perfumed.

**TO MOTHERS.** To keep your baby happy and contented use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum regularly. Safest for baby's tender skin—prevents chafing, soreness, rashes and irritations.

**Falieres PHOSPHATINE FOOD**  
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS  
SOLD BY CHEMISTS, GROCERS AND STORES  
Send 3d. stamp for FREE SAMPLE TIN of PHOSPHATINE FOOD to JOUBERT & JOUBERT Pty. Ltd., 312-314 Bourke Street, Melbourne  
The Food that makes the Baby grow!



THE ROUGH GOING for the new truck on the bad roads of Ethiopia is shown in this picture. Mr. H. R. Knickerbocker, who has been responsible for graphic dispatches from Abyssinia to The Australian Women's Weekly, is seen leaning over the windshield of the truck.

## GILDING the LILY

Continued from Page 16

AND that was what Malcolm was thinking as, before he went to bed, he unearthed from his untidy old trunk a photograph—of a girl with a sweet, round-chinned face, a fresh young mouth, clear eyes set under wide, curved dark brows, and waves of soft brown hair parted in the center; a girl who looked shy, fresh-skinned, sincere, and rather sweetly unusual.

"Now she looks exactly like all the others," he thought gloomily.

It was ten days later, ten whole, hectic and expensive days and nights later, and Helen sat up in bed and drowsily sipped tea and noticed that she badly needed a new manicure—the geranium varnish was chipping horribly off her nails. But she felt too limp and weak to bother now. All these late nights and large suppers and feverishly rushing about—well, she wasn't used to them, and it needed all Lila's cunning art to hide the dark shadows under her eyes and the increasing thinness of her face.

And this morning she wondered blankly whether it was all worth it, the money she had spent, the endless, unnatural effort, the tiredness.

Why didn't Malcolm suggest getting married and settling down to a quiet, normal life? How much longer did he want to keep up this hectic pace? And was he beginning to notice that her vivacity was a bit labored, her laughter forced, her sparkle dimmed? Last night he had been oddly quiet and grave all the time. Could it be that, in spite of all her efforts, Malcolm was getting bored with her, finding her dull and uninteresting? And she had worked so hard, too!

She blinked away the tears hastily, because they would make her eyes puffy. If only Malcolm would say: "Darling, I've got that marriage licence. What about it?" But he hadn't yet—and he didn't give any sign that he was going to. Well, she must just try and keep it up, put on a little more rouge and lipstick, get herself a mild tonic, perhaps, to brace her up.

That evening Malcolm brought a pal of his to dine with them. They dined, as usual, till late, and then Malcolm drove her home, with Roger Heslop in the back of the car.

Helen liked him. He was Malcolm's type, quiet and sunburnt, with a crooked, slow smile and observant, very blue eyes. Helen had made a real effort to be at her best, her gayest and cheeriest, to impress him. But she wondered if she had succeeded. He had looked at her in such a funny way as she came out of the cloak-room, her lips fresh reddened, her coat wrapped tightly round her slenderness.

"Good night, darling," she said sleepily, kissed Malcolm almost mechanically, and went wearily upstairs.

The night was stuffy, and her head ached. She had a great longing for fresh air and the cool restfulness of darkness. So, without switching on the light she went to the window opening on to the little sitting-room balcony, opened it and leaned out, breathing in the cool, mild air.

Down below Malcolm's car was still at the kerb edge, and the two men were standing beside it, smoking and having a final chat before Roger Heslop walked on to his hotel just round the corner. Helen was just on the point of calling down to them, attracting their attention, when a snatch of their conversation floated up to her and stopped her dead. It was the end of Roger's sentence:

"...dashed attractive. When's the

wedding to be, old man? Give me plenty of notice."

There was a little pause before Malcolm answered.

"I don't quite know," he was saying slowly.

The oddness of his tone seemed to strike Helen, too, for he asked quickly: "Is anything wrong? I mean—I'm not trying to pry."

"I know that. Yes, something's wrong—pretty well everything, I think." The two men began to pace slowly up and down the pavement. "It's Helen. Five years ago when I fell in love with her she was a sweet, natural, real person. You felt she'd stand by you in trouble, that she had tremendous courage and understanding and—depth. But now—well, she's lovely and shifty and hard as nails. Everything about her is artificial—hair, complexion, eyelashes, manner."

But Helen didn't wait to hear any more. Drawing noiselessly back, she shut the window and tiptoed to her own room. There she turned on the light and went and stared into the mirror at her own face.

Suddenly grabbing a towel, she began scrubbing her face, rubbing off the layers of powder, cream, make-up, eye-shadow, lipstick. There at last was her own skin, pale and fine and the natural shape of her own softly pink lips. Setting her teeth she unstuck the absurd, inches long, false eyelashes, and then picking up a comb ran it fiercely through the stiff-set curls until they fluffed up about her head. She could be Helen again, the Helen Malcolm loved—or had she killed that love by her silliness? A cold stone weight of fear lay on her heart as she crept into bed.

## NEXT morning,

Lila was up and away early and Helen slept late, to wake up feeling dazed and heavy-eyed. But a tepid bath, fragrant with salts, washed the sleepiness away and a bright-eyed softly pink-cheeked face smiled back at her in the mirror. At twelve Malcolm was coming to take her out to lunch and a matinee. But at twelve o'clock Helen wasn't ready to go out anywhere smart. She had slipped into a little leaf-green, woolly frock with white pique collar and cuffs, a relic of her old, unfashionable wardrobe. There was no more than a bloom of powder on her face. Her hair was centre parted and brushed in loose waves over her head, a little mischievous smile hovered about her mouth. The door bell rang, and she went demurely to open it. Malcolm stood outside, awkwardly clutching a florist's box.

"I'm sorry I'm a bit late, but I've kept the taxi," he began, and then stopped, gazing open-mouthed at her. "Aren't we launching out?" he stammered. "I thought—"

"No, we aren't!" Helen said firmly, and she drew him inside the little hall and shut the door. "We're going to have lunch here—a good, home-made lunch, and then we might go for a country run and have a long, long talk all about ourselves. We've finished with luxury, hotels and night clubs, and cabarets and clothes, Malcolm! I'm going to be real again."

Malcolm looked at her gravely. Then, drawing her slowly close to him, he put a hand up and gently ruffled up her pallid gold hair.

"Hallo, Helen darling!" he said softly. "I haven't seen you for five years—and thank heaven your hair is brown underneath. You won't be a blonde for the wedding, will you?"

And Helen wasn't. (Copyright.)

## When Eczema Drives You Mad

Get a Bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil.

Dries up Eczema, Barbers' Itch, and All Skin Eruptions in a Few Days—Guaranteed.

This wonderful surgeon's prescription, now known all over the world as Moone's Emerald Oil, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that the itching of eczema stops with one application.

A few applications and the most persistent case of Eczema is overcome, never to return.

In the treatment of discharging ulcers, abscesses and boils, it is supremely efficient.

Moone's Emerald Oil in the original bottle is dispensed by chemists. It is not a patent medicine, but a wonderful prescription of a practising surgeon, and every penny of your money will be refunded if results don't completely satisfy.

All good chemists keep it in stock or can get it for you on short notice.\*\*\*

## IN TWO GRADES

### RED LABEL

The well established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.



### GOLD LABEL

A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.

Insist on Ally Brand

In 1/4 1/2 and 1 lb. tins

## ALLY SALMON

## NOT A RHEUMATIC PAIN FOR 4 YEARS

70-Years-Old Man Praises Kruschen

A man who once suffered severely from rheumatism writes:—

"For a long time I suffered with rheumatism, and at one time was laid up for about nine weeks. About five years ago I was advised to try Kruschen. I did so, and have continued using it ever since. Kruschen did the trick, as I have not had a rheumatic pain for over four years. I am nearly 70 years of age, and feeling fine—thanks to Kruschen."—A. S.

The "little daily dose of Kruschen" is just as important to internal cleanliness as soap and water are to external cleanliness.

If the eliminating organs become sluggish, they permit harmful uric acid to accumulate and deposit itself in the tissues, muscles and joints in the form of needle-pointed crystals, which cause the excruciating pains of rheumatism.

Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals. Other ingredients assist Nature to expel these dissolved crystals through the natural channels.



**Fairy Dyes**

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



READERS' NOTE!

The "So They Say" page is your page. Any topic you care to write about is welcome, so long as it is interesting — and provocative. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

FATHER'S PRAM-PUSHING

RECENTLY, when giving our baby an outing, a woman directed what I considered to be a very catty remark at my pushing the pram, saying, "Oh! I do hate to see a man pushing a pram."

I fail to see any reason why father should not have his share of taking the baby for a ride. Does convention really demand that mother should always be the cart-horse?

Is it the feeling of mothers generally that theirs is the sole right of propelling baby? Apparently there are some who regard this as their particular job, but surely I am not the only exception to the rule?

£1 for this letter to Mr. W. J. Milledge, Eversley, Collins Ave., Cairns, Qld.

YOUNG WIVES CHARGED!

DESPITE all those elderly wheezes about mothers-in-law, many a man these days marries two women without incurring any risk of a bigamy charge. How often do we hear young wives say that they simply can't be separated from their mothers, and if mother happens to be a widow the remedy is simple. She takes up her abode with her son-in-law, and becomes, in the course of time, the cheapest form of domestic help available. Daughter can play tennis and golf and bridge till all hours, and be sure that her husband is well provided for, that the children (if any) will be capably looked after, and that the family pets will not be subjected to undue hardship.

I suspect that most sentimental young things who can't bear to be parted from their mothers have their economic instincts well developed, and in effect capitalise the very genuine affection their fond old mothers bear for them.

Miss Winifred Catterley, c/o Colonial Gas Association, 369 Collins St., Melbourne Ct.

RARELY PROPOSE

THE poem on the front cover of The Australian Women's Weekly (11/1/36) has attracted my attention to a question which has often occurred to me. Is there a time when a man actually proposes?

Many of my married friends have informed me that it has been their experience that love has just gradually grown so that there is an "understanding," but that no definite day could be named when an actual proposal was made. Is this general?

Mr. B. Carson, 16 Redmyre Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

LIFE IS GOOD

IF you had your time over again what would you do?

One repeatedly hears the remark made: "Ah, if I had my time over again I'd do differently," but the chances are, given the time again, you'd do very little differently after all. That is my conclusion, after revisiting the years that have flown.

Life is full of "ups and downs"; some of us think we get more "downs" than "ups," but if we make time to think over life quietly hosts of pleasant memories will come crowding back, and we will then realise that if we had lived life differently a good many precious things would have been missed.

Have you ever realised you cannot have shadows without sunshine? Life is a very good mixture, after all.

Evelyn G. Pratt, Korumbey, S.A.

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE

IN my opinion it is a woman's privilege to spoil a man.

A few weeks ago a friend of mine visited my home and saw me cleaning my brother's shoes, and she was horrified to think that I would do such a thing for a man. She said I was "degrading myself and spoiling my brother."

A man's job is to provide the wherewithal to maintain a home for his womenfolk, so I consider that any little action such as cleaning his shoes is only a way for the "weaker sex" to demonstrate appreciation of his efforts on their behalf.

Miss J. Lloyd, 7 Lloyd Avenue, Banters Hill, W.7.

Is Boarding-School Best for Boys?

MRS. C. ADKIN (18/1/36) has the wrong perspective on children and their upbringing. Most parents do not think of their children as miniature soldiers, needing a sort of stern military discipline, but rather as a part of the home life, needing love and care and individual understanding. As one of a big class, a boy has not the same opportunities for self-expression as he would have in the home. If he is to become a good family man later on in life, is it not the parents' duty to teach by example the lessons that can be learnt only in the home?

Mrs. L. J. Wright, 133 Charles St., Northcote N16, Vic.

Less Mischief

I AGREE with Mrs. Adkin that boarding-schools are good for boys. They learn to rely on themselves for a lot of things which they would otherwise expect their parents to do. Boys who board at school have little opportunity to indulge in fruit tree raiding, or playing on the street until all hours of the night.

Parents have much less responsibility and worry when a boy is at boarding-school.

Mrs. R. Flinn, 13 Violet Street, Enfield, N.S.W.

Home Life Best

I THINK most mothers will agree with me that they would like to rear their own children themselves, and watch the development of their personality, rather than send them to a school where the boys seem to be formed in the one mould.

A mother loses her child soon enough. Why make the break come earlier? She can make him a good citizen, and teach him to be a gentleman. He can move in circles of mixed company, so that he will not be gawky in the presence of girls, as boarding-school boys sometimes are!

Mrs. M. M. Harris, Queen's Avenue, Cardiff, N.S.W.

What of Filial Affection?

I THINK, Mrs. Adkin (18/1/36), that boys attending school each day are just as attached to their schools as those who board there. Parents need not necessarily keep their children always strictly under their own observation, but father does have a great



influence over the growing boy, and how can they be the understanding pals they should be when the boy is away most of the time?

In this case he may treat his Dad with the same respect that he would accord his schoolmaster, but there is nothing of comradeship affection, which ought to exist between father and son.

Miss Joan Henry, Box 233B, G.P.O., Newcastle, N.S.W.

Can Learn at Home

I DO not agree with Mrs. Adkin (11/1/36) that boys should be sent away to boarding-school for the purpose of teaching them to stand up for themselves in later life. Home life is the happiest chapter in a man's existence, and to be ruthlessly torn away from it at an earlier age than necessary is heart-breaking to any child.

It is true no doubt that boarding-school life prepares a boy to stand alone in the world, but surely what the small hardships of school can teach him, he can learn just as well from strict, careful, and understanding training at home.

Miss R. T. Miller, 3 Allison Road, Kensington, N.S.W.

Here's Cure for the Blues for Everyone!

I FIND the best cure for the blues is to practise self-control, and to say to yourself, "This, like everything else, will pass." Buy yourself a new hat—even a cheap one will sometimes do the trick. Go and have a manicure or a hair-set—indulge in something "unusual"—something that will tend to make you feel more friendly with yourself. You'll be surprised at the result! If you feel you can't afford to spend money on yourself, then say and believe that unhappiness can never be a permanent state, and the sun always shines brighter after the storm.

Valerie Ley, 3 Darling Pt. Rd., Darling Point, N.S.W.

Shower and Fresh Clothes

A CURE for the blues? Certainly. First, if practicable, a shower, and a good rub down. Then put on all freshly-laundered clothes and a fresh, white linen frock, or, failing that, something bright.

Having done this, go and perform some friendly little service for someone, and you will feel quite a happy little glow.

Many years ago I read a poem, and at the end of each verse the advice to those who felt miserable was:—"Do something for somebody, quick!" Believe me, it seldom fails.

Mrs. Irene M. Hamilton, Scotland, Jackson, Qld.

Tastes Differ!

FIND first the cause. An hour or two in the garden is a marvellous tonic for those who like it. Fresh air, exercise, and interest combine to chase dull care from the garden-lover's heart. One woman finds the purchase of a new hat an infallible remedy; while another spring-cleans her mind while spring-cleaning her kitchen. Tastes differ!

But the real cure you will find is resolutely to banish all thought of self, and try energetically to create happiness for others. "Blue devils" can't stand that!

N. Alexander, 24 Elm St., Hawthorn E2, Vic.

Action, Brisk Action

PEOPLE whose moods go "up and down" will find the following a good cure for the blues: Find something to scrub. Get a pail of hot water, some soap and sandpaper, and have a really good scrub on some floor work. It works wonders, and there's something in a good lather and the old scrubbing-brush that drives out "devils". Lack of occupation—too much leisure—gives one too much time for dwelling on trivialities and discontent. Action, brisk action, changes the current of thought. You will scrub your blues away and laugh at morbidity.

Mrs. E. Wickens, Commercial St. Mt. Gambier, S.A.

To the Woods and Hills

LONGFELLOW says: "If thou art worn and hard beset With sorrows that thou wouldst forget, If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills!"

It isn't always possible to go to the "woods and hills," but it is possible to go out into the back yard (failing a more open space) and indulge in a few minutes' deep breathing. The result is wonderful. The deep breathing evidently circulates the blood as effectively as a good row and leaves no humiliating aftermath.

Mrs. C. Fullarton, Tiara, Qld.

Confide in a Friend

THE surest way I know to get over the blues is to find some patient soul who will keep very quiet and let you pour out the whole story of your misery. While you are doing this you are discovering your own way out.

If you have no one handy who is sufficiently understanding you should write to someone whom you know will be sympathetic.

When you have finished writing you will realise that you feel better. Perhaps you will not need to post the letter, but will write a cheery one instead telling your friend that, whereas once you were blue, now everything looks particularly rosy.

You were blue for want of self-expression and mental interest.

Miss Dot English, 33 Grassmere Road, Killara, N.S.W.

How to be Tactful with a Sick Friend

I AGREE with Miss Bolle (18/1/36) that people are often tactless in greeting another who has been ill, but "you are looking much better" might not always be considered the perfect remark by the recipient. I remember a worthy woman who always made that remark, and it had a depressing effect on an invalid who knew she was looking decidedly "not better" and craved intelligent sympathy.

There is, I'm afraid, no rule to follow as individual cases and the mood of the convalescent vary so much.

R. F. Shepherd, Ernest St., Morning-side Qld.



Lacks Sympathy

I DO not think that you should tell sick friends that they are looking ill. That would be tactless and cruelly unkind; but surely you can say, unless the patient is a neurotic, that they are thinner or paler, as the case may be, adding the remark, "that, of course, is to be expected after such a wearying time."

Mrs. M. A. Davis, 28 Seaford Avenue, Kingswood, S.A.

Personal Experience

I QUOTE agree with Miss H. Bolle (18/1/36). Often when I have not been feeling very well, and a friend has said to me "You're looking well," or something of the sort, I have immediately felt better, whereas occasionally, when I have been feeling quite well, and someone has said to me "You're looking rather pale," or "You don't look yourself," as a result I begin to imagine that I am feeling ill.

It is just as easy, as Miss Bolle says, to make a cheerful remark to a person as a depressing one, and often it will do quite a lot of good.

Miss Betty King, Goolchie, Coorparoo, Brisbane.

IMITATED BY MANY  
EQUALLED  
BY NONE



Over 16 years ago, Vincent's A.P.C. was publicly introduced to Australia as a scientific preparation compounded to the formula of one of Australia's leading physicians. No exaggerated claims were made for it. So successfully has it relieved pain, viz., headache, nerve and muscular pain, that it has been called "Australia's Gift to Humanity in Pain". Because of its absolute purity and reliability, the Medical Profession were quick to adopt Vincent's A.P.C. as the standard formula to relieve all pain. The same scientific formula is used in Australia's largest hospitals. Protect your health—refuse all imitations! Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. will not affect the heart and contains no opiates. Remember, Vincent's A.P.C. has quickly and safely relieved thousands of Australians from pain and is recommended by your Doctor, Dentist, Chemist and Nurse. Powders and Tablets: 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6, Singles 2d. each. Also new "Pocket Size" tablets 1/6 tin. All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, 76-78 Liverpool Street, Sydney.



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A.P.C.  
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SAKE, SAY —  
"VINCENT'S"



## ... the smartest idea!

# TATTOO

### Your Lips



10/6 CORAL, EXOTIC, NATURAL, PASTEL

# TATTOO

## PRIZE BABIES

### Mother tells how

Mrs. M. E. White writes:—  
"Having found your Infants' Powders so good for my little girl, especially during teething, I did not hesitate to give them to the two boys when they arrived, and I have not had one bad night with any of the children. We were often told what fine babies we had, and the little girl took a prize at a baby show at the age of 23 months." Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders ensure painless and trouble-free teething. Regular and normal bowel motions are induced and good digestion is assured. They are safe and reliable and have proved their worth to thousands of babies. Always ask for

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Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers in both the original 12-bottle and the cheaper concentrated form, at 2/6.

**M. R. DEVLIN** at that moment flashed her a look of mingled gratitude, reproach, anger and affection. He was, of course, mute and modest when thanked, congratulated and questioned. And as there are reporters in Sussex and Press agents almost anywhere, the headlines read—as was fitting and proper:

### JERRY DEVLIN RESCUES SOCIETY GIRL SCREEN HERO PLAYS THE PART IN REAL LIFE

Jerry Devlin, the famous film star, saved Miss Lucinda Lawrence, daughter of Mr. Neely Lawrence, from drowning yesterday at Shore-bay.

Or something of the sort.

"Great work, boy," thought the Press agent, and rubbed his hands. But Jerry was not so sure.

"Look here," he said, getting Lucinda alone that evening, "that stunt of yours was terribly decent of you, of course. I'd have looked like a fool if it had got out that I'd had cramp and a girl had—"

"I don't think so," Lucinda contradicted softly. "You'd have been all right pretty soon. You see, Jerry—"

"You were just a little frightened, that's all. Nothing much would have happened. I've had cramp myself—"

"But I took all the publicity," he said doggedly.

"Well, why not? I've no use for it—in the major role—and you have."

He looked at her for the first time with the eyes of the mind. A nice girl. A really nice girl. Didn't expect compliments; didn't expect anything. He was awfully grateful to her.

Later, things had begun to happen.

The male attendance upon Evelyn and Margot began to drop off perceptibly. "Really," said each of the young men to himself, "this competition is too specialised."

Then Tommy Jennings broke off his engagement with Janet. He motored down from London one evening, all unexpectedly, to find Janet sitting out in the rose garden with Devlin, her beautiful hand clasped in his quite as beautiful hand, and he heard passionate murmurs in Jerry's passionate voice; and he strode off and returned, all dust begrimed as he was, to his car, and climbing into it he proceeded to break the speed records, leaving Janet risen to her feet, her hand unclashed and her eyes wide with hurt wonder.

But the next day, upon reading Tommy's more than explosive letter, the hurt wonder changed to extreme snapping anger.

How could Janet explain to him, to dear Tommy, who thought she was the most beautiful and desirable woman in the world, that Devlin's passionate murmur had been concerned with the treatment he had received at the hands of his last director.

"Oh, why can't he see that Jerry Devlin hasn't any other look, hasn't any other tone? He'd look the same and sound the same if he'd murdered his grandmother, or robbed a bank. Oh, I'm so miserable! Oh, I wish I were dead!" wept Janet in Lucinda's arms.

And—  
"Look here," said Evelyn, strolling into Janet's room one night in pale green satin pyjamas. "If that indie tells me just once more that 'The Romantic Knight' was his best picture, I shall go mad and start sticking pansies in my hair and go round imagining I am Ophelia."

And—  
"Goeh!" said Margot to Lucinda over a breakfast tray. "This Devlin person has certainly messed up my prospects. I was having a jolly good time until he came along. I can't make an appointment with any man—not willingly—from here to John O'Groats. They all shy off like a lot of nervous horses."

"I hope," remarked Mrs. Lawrence, in stately tones to her youngest child, while a discreet maid was waving the silver maternal hair, "I hope that this impossible young man will soon realise that he has worn his welcome out. Your father, Cindy, usually the sanest

# The Ugly DUCKLING

Continued from Page 7

of men, is actually getting jealous of that boy."

And presently, one by one, including Mr. Lawrence, they came to the young-est and cried:

"Lucinda, can't you do something about it?"

So she did.

SHE planned a nice little trip along the coast in several cars. And she and their distinguished guest would go in her car. They happened to be the last to start, the other cars, filled with willing female guests and unwilling male guests, getting under way before Lucinda was quite ready.

"I'll drive if you don't mind," she said, and smiled at Mr. Devlin from the step of her two-seater.

"Pleasant youngster," thought Devlin. "Friendly sort, nice smile, something restful about her."

So he smiled back and got in.

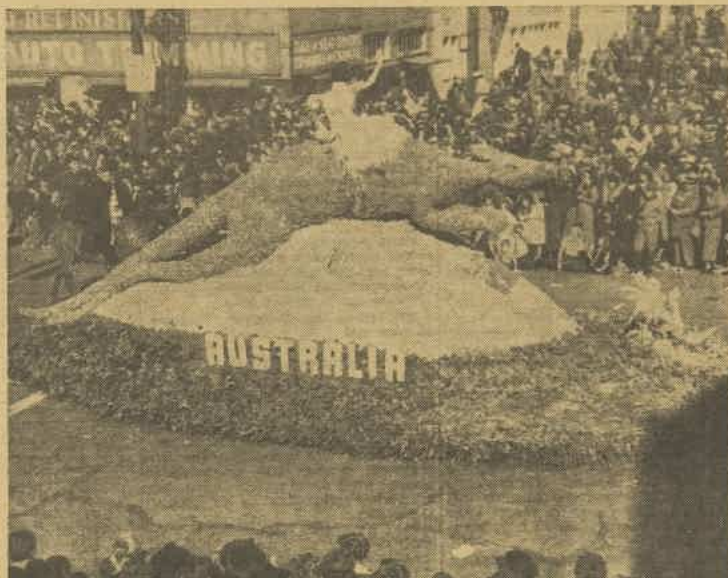
Now Mr. Devlin knew less than nothing about the surrounding country. Hence they drove for an hour and a half quite steadily, he talking the while

of course—a little vain, perhaps—but— He floundered for a moment and then went on bravely. "But you see, Lucinda, you see—all the girls out in Hollywood are beautiful and—and somehow women look much alike to me, anyway."

"But you flattered Evelyn out there," Lucinda reminded him; "and when you came—you talked about all in one family, is it possible? So, of course, you made them all understand you thought them pretty wonderful. But you didn't live up to it."

"I—ALWAYS say things like that," admitted Jerry, a little terrified. Was he going to tell him he had broken someone's heart? "It—it doesn't mean anything—girls like it."

"Of course. But do you realise that you have driven away all Evelyn's and Margot's young men, been responsible for the breaking of Janet's perfectly happy and suitable engagement, and



AUSTRALIAN FLOAT which was awarded a special prize at the Tournament of Roses, Pasadena (California), recently. The float, which was 32 feet long and 15 feet high, was decorated with 40,000 blooms, and presented a large floral kangaroo and lyrebird.

about what his last director had said, how he wished he could get a really good picture, one which would permit him to be at his best, such as "The Romantic Knight." "The best picture I ever made, Lucinda!" And he was not alarmed or suspicious when they reached a queer place full of loneliness, sunlight and a total lack of suitably lovely environment, and the little car seemed to choke, gasp, have a bad attack of asthma, and die.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucinda. And she got out and walked round, and when Jerry sprang to the rescue and stuck his head under the bonnet she admitted, "It isn't the engine. We haven't any petrol!"

Then, before he could do more than look at her in wonder, she said swiftly: "So silly. But I never come out unprepared. Look on the luggage-carrier, there's a good child. You'll find a lunch-box-basket."

Presently they had found a semi-shady spot and were sitting cross-legged on some bare and withered grass, eating chicken sandwiches, drinking milk, and pulling freshly-baked jam tarts apart with sticky fingers.

"This is great," said Devlin. "I'm on a diet, of course; but, and he looked at her for reassurance, appealingly, as a small boy—but, as there isn't anything else to eat, I must eat this, mustn't I?"

She agreed. Presently she licked her fingers and asked seriously, looking at him steadily:

"Jerry, do you consider my sisters very beautiful?"

"If your sisters?" asked Jerry, slightly taken aback. And then he murmured aloofly, but, as always, thrillingly, "Of course, very beautiful!"

"Come on, now," said Lucinda. "What do you really think of them? I am the odd one of the family; you can't hurt my feelings, and I'll never tell."

HER eyes twinkled and shone on him, the sun was in her nice brown hair, and her commonplace but classic mouth was laughing a little in the corners.

"Why, they seem awfully nice girls."

made my poor old dad as jealous as a schoolboy into the bargain?" asked Lucinda severely.

Devlin gasped.

"I didn't mean to. It wasn't my intention. I had no idea—" he stammered pathetically.

"I suppose," commented Lucinda evenly, "that you always do—without meaning to. Look here, Jerry, what do you think about women, anyway?"

"Why—why, they're useful to me," answered Devlin, with a stammering frankness and earnestness. "If it weren't for the women I'd still be selling shoes in a shoe-shop. There have to be women for audiences. But otherwise—"

Suddenly, as he looked into those bewildering, friendly, green-brown eyes, he flushed a very boyish scarlet and said:

"I don't give a darn for them, really, Lucinda—they sort of gurgle and cling and expect me to be—"

"The Romantic Knight?" inquired Lucinda.

"Exactly, I say," added Devlin, "how well you understand me!"

SHE smiled. She thought she did understand him rather well.

"Look here," Lucinda bade him, clasping her hands upon her slim knees, while the sun beat down on them and the marble brow of the Hero was bedewed with the heat—"look here, do you realise that you have bored my sisters most awfully talking about yourself and your pictures and your stupid directors and what a record-beater you'd be if you only had your chance?"

Again the scarlet suffused the famous features.

"But I didn't mean to—that is, I'm terribly sorry. Oh, can't you see," he asked desperately, "I don't know how to talk about anything else? All the women I know, at in Hollywood—the stars and the extras and the interviewers—that's all they talk about, too—all they care to hear about. You see," he confided, "I'm—sort of scared of women, really, and it's only on my own ground that I feel at all safe."

Please turn to Page 26



## I Stopped Experimenting with Face Creams when I discovered Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Cold Cream

Don't go on seeking day after day and at great expense for a beautiful complexion, and envying those who have one. Try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream just once and you will find it penetrates deeper, cleanses more thoroughly, softens and nourishes your skin as no other cream you have ever used. Apply it night and morning and see how much smoother, softer and lovelier it will make your skin.



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## To Wash Hair like "Talkie" Stars

There's no class of people who devote as much attention to the hair as do the "talkie" actresses, and in this respect it would stand us all in good stead to follow their practice. Inquiry shows that in hair care they religiously avoid the use of soap or ready-mixed shampoo which contain even dangerous amounts of free "alkali," a harsh chemical that dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle and dull.

Yes! Just drop the "alkaline" soap or shampoo. For regular use there is nothing to equal Colimated Coconut Oil—a positively neutral, pure, saponified, but quite greaseless liquid, which is far better than any "alkali" laden soap you could use. A couple of teaspoonfuls cleanses the hair from roots to tips—completely. Merely wet the hair with water and rub it through. A copious amount of rich, heavy, creamy lather collects every sign of dirt, dirt, dandruff, or excess oil; and it rinses out very easily. The hair dries rapidly and uniformly, leaving the scalp soft and cool, and the hair fine and silky, brilliant, glossy, and fluffy. You can get Colimated Coconut Oil from any chemist—but be sure it really is "Colimated." This is inexpensive and will last all the family a long time. Sister will like it immensely, because it leaves the hair as easy to dress as though it hadn't been washed at all.

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Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid is guaranteed to banish any form of Pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaculoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

# WHAT the STARS SAY about Aquarian PEOPLE

## You Have Soothing Personality If Born This Month

By JUNE MARSDEN, President Astrological Research Society.

If you were born between January 20 and February 19, you will probably enjoy a tentative feeling of kinship with the world's clever ones, for it is a remarkable fact that 80 per cent. of those whose names are in the mythical "Hall of Fame" were born under the Zodiacal sign, Aquarius—the Water-bearer.

WHETHER you know it or not—and you probably do—you have within you great potentialities for greatness. The thing is, will you make the most of these potentialities?

Truth to tell, there are three courses open to you. Astrologers always say that "Aquarius produces the geniuses and the cranks." In addition there are those of you who follow an uneventful middle course, failing to realise the powers within yourselves.

You have a flair for science and education, plus an intense interest in life and all invention and progress. If these attributes are properly trained you can rise to positions of note, and even to fame, in the worlds of science, invention, advanced systems or creeds, and general world progress.

You have a destructive element within you which likes to tear down and destroy—but only to rebuild and improve. You dislike that which is old, stale and useless, and think always in terms of that which is new and progressive.

From among you come many of the



JOHN BARRYMORE, great film star, a fine example of the artistic person born under the sign of Aquarius.

## In the Looking-glass

**GEMINI PEOPLE** (May 22 to June 21): These people are famous for the cheerful expression they usually wear, and the way in which they always seem poised ready for a new venture. They are high-spirited, restless, changeable, excitable and inclined to be frivolous and flirtatious. If criticised they look very peeved or "weezy." They are generally slight and erect, quick and active as to walk, and the possessors of rather long or thin arms and fingers. The face, too, especially as to nose and chin, is inclined to be long and narrow. The Gemini hair is nearly always brown, but sometimes amazingly fair.

most famous engineers, medical, radio and other research workers, writers, designers, astrologers, mathematicians and economists.

## Air Castles

FROM among you, also, however, come many of the world's most remarkable cranks. If you do not wish to join this company, you must guard against a tendency to be over-enthusiastic and impractical but impractical. You are full of brilliant ideas, but ideas which are only air castles and which cannot be brought down to earth in any practical form are not worth much.

Learn concentration, economic values and the common-sense application of your "brain-waves," and you begin to mount the ladder of fame.

Be erratic, unreliable and impractical and you will probably deserve the name of "queer and eccentric," which you can soon earn.

Aquarian men can turn their abilities to good account in the fields of science, politics, and in business connected with inventions, electricity, and the application of modern appliances. You are happier in professions than in commerce. You dislike an argument, and will usually side-track, yet hate to admit making a mistake. You have courage and organising ability, like managing other people's affairs, and are capable of great self-sacrifice.

Aquarian women can be very independent, rather dogmatic, and modern to the point of masculinity.

You dislike routine and uninteresting home tasks, preferring to belong to "night" clubs and progressive humane institutions. You make a diverting wife, though not necessarily a comfortable one. Your better-half is wiser if he does not attempt to tell you "fables." You can usually beat him at it. And he mustn't tell you you're in the wrong, even for you know you are right. When he learns these tricks you are both sure of a happy-ever-after life, for you can be surprisingly charming and interesting.

All Aquarians are idealistic and inclined to be "dreamers." At times you seem detached and are hard to influence.

Your life history is likely to be affected by early estrangements, and by an element of that which is surprising, unexpected or peculiar.

You possess a dual individuality, so that you are rather hard to really understand, and seldom show your true self to outsiders.

You are inclined to be "up in the air" one moment and down in the dumps the next. Try to avoid a tendency to go to extremes.

## The Daily Diary

**ARIES PEOPLE** (Mar. 21 to April 21): Live quietly between the 4th and noon of 6th. Better thereafter till late on Feb. 8.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21 to May 21): Live quietly this week, especially 6th, 7th and 8th.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Very fair, especially the 11th. Live cautiously on the 9th and 10th.

**CANCER** (June 23 to July 23): Nothing spectacular, but 4th and 5th fair.

**LEO** (July 24 to Aug. 24): Don't be venturesome this week; 6th and 7th best.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Nothing special; the 9th and 10th fair.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24 to Oct. 24): Get busy and stay busy after noon on the 6th, and especially on Feb. 11.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Be good and let who will be clever," especially



DR. EDGAR BAINTON, director of the N.S.W. Conservatorium of Music, is an Aquarian, his birthday falling on February 14. He is a notable example of one of the brilliant people born under this sign.

ally on Feb. 6, 7 and 8. Anything can happen.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Very fair for you on the 6th, 7th and 8th.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Fair enough on Feb. 9 and 10.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Do all you can this week, especially on Feb. 11. Be very cautious, however, from 6th to 8th.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Quite fair on the 4th, 5th, and early on the 6th.

## WOMEN'S Place . . . In the Home

"WOMEN'S sphere is in the home," says Lady Dent, at present visiting Australia with her husband, Sir Francis Dent.

"I don't believe in women in Parliament, and I wouldn't even have walked across the road to get the vote. But now that we have the vote, it is up to us to see that we use it wisely."

"That is why I am keenly interested in politics."

Lady Dent is a great granddaughter of Captain Fremantle, who gave his name to Fremantle, W.A. Though she speaks fluently in four languages she is reluctant to talk about herself.

However, before she left England, she had already made an appointment with the Sussex branch of the Women's Institution to tell them all about Australia when she returns home next May.

Her flair for languages won her an interesting job on the League of Nations Secretariat during the Paris Peace Conference. That was just after she left school, and she had to learn typing and shorthand in English, French, German and Spanish.

To-day, she is one of the few women members of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.



## HEADACHE BANISHED

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## How to wash brownish Blond Hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—safely, without bleaching!

Brings back that natural blond colour to even the most faded hair. Blonde—its amazing how a natural blonde attracts every eye, but when blond hair turns mousey, brownish, why take chances with dye, injurious hairbrushes and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade and even more. You can now wash your hair to 4 shades lighter with Sta-Blond, that glorious shampoo treatment, used by millions of light and dark blonds all over the world, who know that it prevents blond hair from getting that dull-looking brown shade and keeps it light, silky and luxuriantly beautiful, without the use of harsh, caustic, dress, amuse, perfume or injurious bleaches. Makes any kind of permanent wave last longer. Try it today yourself, or at your hairdresser's, and if you don't think it is the finest thing you have ever known, just ask for your money back. Known abroad as Nordional and Blondex. Made in England. Sole distributors: Fawcett & Johnson, Ltd., P.O. Box 3679, N.S. Sydney.

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## "AUSTRALIAN SKILL COMPETITIONS" No. 1

Cash to be Won by SKILL ALONE

COMPETITION No. 1: How many Christian Names (Girls' and Boys)—English Language Only—can you make, using only letters used in the phrase—

## "INTRODUCING AUSTRALIAN SKILL COMPETITIONS"

### RULES

- Lists must be written in ink on one side of paper only, and must have competitor's name and address at the top of each sheet. The total number (in figures) must appear at end.
- Diminutives of Christian names—as well as the actual names themselves—may be used, provided that such diminutives are sanctioned by a standard English dictionary, and made from letters in the phrase, "Introducing Australian Skill Competitions."
- "Introducing Australian Skill Competitions" will be the final authority.
- Each name and each diminutive may be used only once, unless there are variations in the spelling (e.g., "Marion" and "Marian" are both permissible).
- The same letters may be used any number of times when forming names, but no letter may be used in any one name more times than the said letter appears in the phrase, "Introducing Australian Skill Competitions." For example, the letter "D" occurs only once, therefore the inclusion of "Addie" would be an error, but such names as "Diana," "Dora," etc., would be correct.
- Misspell names count as errors.
- One point will be awarded for each correct name, and one point deducted for each incorrect name.
- A postal note for 1/- must be enclosed with each entry. (Stamps accepted from country entrants), and a self-addressed stamped (1d. stamp) envelope should be enclosed if early result desired.
- The decision of the judges must be accepted as final.
- Address entries to:

"AUSTRALIAN SKILL COMPETITIONS" No. 1,  
BOX 40, QUEEN VICTORIA BUILDING P.O.,  
YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

First Prize £25

Second Prize £10

Third Prize £5

In the event of ties, prize-moneys will be divided equally.

Prize-money has been deposited with The Australian Women's Weekly.

Closing Date

Entries must be received on or before

Fri. 14th Feb.

No. 2 PUZZLE WILL APPEAR IN ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 22



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# GRACE BROS

## SUMMER SALE

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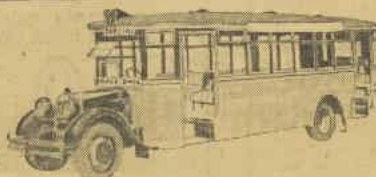
THE USUAL DRASTIC SALE TIME REDUCTIONS have been made on many goods in all Departments—and the additional 2/- in the £ reduction from these bargain prices, offer keen shoppers an array of most sensational savings!

**ALL MILLINERY, FOOTWEAR, UNDERWEAR, DRESS and SILK FABRICS, MANCHESTER**  
(And practically all other items) **LESS 2/- IN THE £ DEDUCTED FROM YOUR BILL**

REMEMBER—2/- in the £ will be deducted on your bill from the prices of every article purchased—the only exceptions being:—CASH AND CARRY GROCERIES, REFRESHMENT ROOMS, PROVISION DEPARTMENT, QUICK SALES DEPARTMENT, and a few Proprietary Articles.

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15 MINUTES SERVICE DURING OUR SUMMER SALE.

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Depart Wynyard Station, 9.15 a.m., every 15 minutes to 4 p.m.  
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FRIDAYS.

Depart Wynyard Station, 9.15 a.m., every 15 minutes to 4 p.m., then 6.30 p.m., every 15 minutes to 6.45 p.m.  
Depart Grace Bros., 9.30 a.m., every 15 minutes to 4.15 p.m., then 6.45 p.m., every 15 minutes to 9 p.m.

SATURDAYS.

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Depart Grace Bros., 9.30 a.m., every 15 minutes to 11.30 a.m.

Bus leaves Wynyard Station at York Street Entrance (near Bookshop).

**St. James' Station to Grace Bros.**

MONDAYS TO THURSDAYS.

Depart St. James Station, 9.23 a.m., every 15 minutes to 4.5 p.m.  
Depart Grace Bros., 9.38 a.m., every 15 minutes to 4.23 p.m.

FRIDAYS.

Depart St. James Station, 9.23 a.m., every 15 minutes to 4.5 p.m., then 6.38 p.m., every 15 minutes to 6.53 p.m.  
Depart Grace Bros., 9.38 a.m., every 15 minutes to 4.23 p.m., then at 6.53 p.m., every 15 minutes to 8.53 p.m.

SATURDAYS.

Depart St. James Station, 9.23 a.m., every 15 minutes to 11.23 a.m.  
Depart Grace Bros., 9.38 a.m., every 15 minutes to 11.38 a.m.

Bus leaves St. James Station at Queen's Square.

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## FEMALE Fliers at Their BEST—and Worst

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

Are women better fliers than men? Opinion at the London airports is veering to the belief that they are, though Imperial Airways have no intention of replacing their men pilots with women.

"Not, however, because of any doubt of their flying ability," an official hastened to assure me, "but because they are no good for dealing with angry or frightened people, and when anything goes wrong they usually require to be comforted themselves rather than take command.

"WOMEN are quicker in their reactions than men, and are therefore more adapted to the sudden decisions necessary in flying," this official told me. "Very often the safety of a plane depends upon the almost automatic countering of a sudden contingency. Women are good in this respect.

"Where a man will think first and act afterwards, a woman often acts first and thinks about it later, and most of our girl and women fliers usually act correctly. In flying the old adage, 'Second thoughts are best,' is not generally true. Even to-day, when planes are well-nigh perfect, flying is a nerve-racking business.

### Better Than Men?

"WOMEN have a capacity for standing a tremendous amount of nervous strain, but while in this state are quite unable to cope with other people suffering similarly. On the other hand, while, generally speaking, men cannot last at the same high tension as women, the presence of hysteria in others has a tendency to calm the man in command. "A man may not act as quickly as a woman in a crisis, but he is more solid and preserves, outwardly at least, a greater appearance of calmness."

An instructor-pilot of one of the biggest London flying schools was quite definite in his views that women are better adapted to flying than men.

"I have taught dozens of women to fly," he said. "I find they are less affected by altitude than men, they learn more quickly if not so thoroughly, and I think their very ignorance of conditions helps them considerably.

"I believe, too, that women are not as imaginative as men. They don't realise danger as easily, and they don't visualise it as vividly. Women are just as good at record breaking nowadays as men, and they don't seem to spend sleepless nights over their projected flights as men do.

"I fancy the average woman is better flying alone. Put the ordinary airwoman with another person, even though only a passenger, and for some psychological reason she immediately begins to shelve decisions, and divide the responsibility.

"This is perhaps due to the fact that women have been so long in a dependent position. A woman passenger-pilot with her passengers—I say this although I am sure most women would not agree with me—would have a tendency to defer to the men simply because they are men, the conquering male of the female imagination."

## DON'T... FORGET

The Bridge Party in aid of Dalwood Home, at Dalwood House, Point Piper, February 20.

Minister Night Carnival in aid of St. George's District Hospital, at Trarag St., Rozelle, open until February 18.

Miniature Conference at Peninsula Club under auspices of Australian Federation of Women's Voters, February 22.

"The Sport of Kings," produced by the Road Transport and Tramway Fliers at the Savoy Theatre, February 12 and 13. Proceeds in aid of the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children (Darlington).

Gala Supper Dance at the Arts Club, February 8, to mark opening of 1936 season.

Violin recital by Miss Marjorie Hambridge, Conservatorium Hall, February 13, 8 p.m.

"The Best People" presented by Sydney High School Old Boys' Union, Great Hall, S.H.S., March 12 and 13, 8 p.m.





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**don't**  
**trust**  
**to**  
**LUCK**

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Great Freshener-Uppers  
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—A great help if you want to  
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**LIPSTICK, No. 1.**  
A friendly little soul with a big heart. New  
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Lipstick. Turns your Old World into a New  
World. When you put on the colour  
it "says" put it on—such a flatterer.  
This Lipstick speaks American! 1/6d.

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"Rose Petal." Speaks English, with  
slight North American accent.  
Wedge-shaped cosmetic fits the  
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**LIPSTICK, No. 3.** Gives the  
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a square holder you use with one  
hand only—a holder that gives a  
touch of distinction to the modern  
hand that holds it. This is the last  
word in Lipsticks—the quality is  
that of all the Kathleen Court Lip-  
sticks—the finest the world has  
yet been able to produce—sold at  
the world's lowest price for a first-  
class big colour in a genuine "Auto-  
matic" holder. Of all well-stocked  
Chemists and Big Stores. 1/6d.

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P.S.—With all this glamorous new loveliness on  
your lips you may as well get the last word in  
beauty. Buy Lipstick, the new Kathleen Court  
Lipstick. Court Lipstick. Shop. Just use it  
and laugh at your "Phone Bill" being owing. To  
donate your new popularity. In waiting. 1/6d.

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The safe, quick way to remove corns  
is to use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Apply  
one on tender spots, corns, callouses  
or where the shoe rubs or pinches, and  
you'll have immediate relief! Used  
with the separate Medicated Disks,  
included at no extra cost in each  
packet, hard, old corns and callouses  
are speedily loosened and removed.  
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the cause  
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Zino-pads**  
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Here is a wonderful chance  
for you to have a real  
Korea Lucky Charm and at  
the same time become a member of the Dear  
Club. All you have to do is send in a few  
discs from the inside of a tin of Dear Club  
Polish—the polish that stays "put" and  
DOESN'T CRACK the leather. This will  
entitle you to a membership in the Dear  
Club and full details will be given you for  
obtaining a FREE De-Luxe Vacuum Cleaner,  
valued at £20/10/6 and other valuable  
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Start on Dear Polish to-day—you'll be sur-  
prised at the brilliance of its shine, even  
at the end of a day. Applied in a few  
moments, Dear Polish gives that "new shoe"  
effect without hard rubbing, and it's non-  
flammable, too. Only 3/6d per tin at all stores.  
Get your FREE Lucky Charm NOW—it is made  
by Sydney's leading jewellers. Send one  
disc only from a tin of Dear Polish, with  
your name and address, to: 2, Noel  
Apostrophe Ltd., 127 York-st., Sydney.

# GREAT LOSS to Ranks of Social WORKERS

## Death of Mrs. R. R. S. MacKinnon

A remarkable life, rich in its service for humanity,  
famous for its achievements in many spheres of public  
activity, closed with the death of Mrs. R. R. S. Mac-  
Kinnon, O.B.E., which took place in Sydney last Friday.

Eleanor MacKinnon was one of the most outstanding  
women Australia has produced. She brought the qualities of  
a great brain and a kindly heart to bear on everything she  
undertook.

MRS. MacKINNON was a  
woman of great vision. She  
had, in addition, the ability to  
translate thought into action.  
Even in her busiest moments  
she found time to give attention  
to individual appeals and could  
switch her mind from the general  
to the particular in an amazing  
manner.

She was best known for her work with  
the Red Cross Society. She was one of  
the pioneers of this organisation in  
N.S.W. and actively associated with its  
work until the time of her death. She  
was on the Council of the Australian  
Red Cross and a member of the execu-  
tive of the New South Wales Division.  
Offices she held continuously. She  
had also been honorary advisory  
secretary, member of the finance  
committee, honorary publicity officer,  
founder and editor of the "Red  
Cross Record" and "Junior Red Cross  
Record." During the war she was hon-  
orary director of Red Cross branches and  
director of the subsidiary activities of  
the produce depot.

Her most remarkable achievement,  
and one that will stand as an everlast-  
ing memorial, is the Junior Red Cross.  
She was a pioneer in Australia of this  
great world-wide movement, and it has  
not yet been established that any of  
these junior organisations had been  
formed throughout the world before  
she started this work in New South  
Wales.

Mrs. MacKinnon was honorary  
director of the Junior Red Cross at the  
time of her death.

### War Work

IN 1915 the formation of battalion com-  
mittees which enrolled groups of  
workers to the various units of the  
A.I.F. was one of her special interests.  
These committees were afterwards linked  
with the War Chest in the Australian  
Comforts Fund. The "Our Flag" move-  
ment, which proved so popular, was  
initiated by Mrs. MacKinnon for the  
benefit of the War Chest.

On the outbreak of the influenza epi-  
demic in New South Wales in 1919 Mrs.  
MacKinnon was appointed hon. director,  
assisted by Mr. Eric Griffin, and Mrs.  
Norman Bladen as the secretary of the  
Red Cross campaign. The nursing ser-  
vices in the city and suburban areas  
were enlisted to this committee. Depots  
were established, and 90 trained nurses,  
many doctors, and 2000 voluntary aids  
worked in this cause. The influenza com-  
mittee functioned for nine months.

Mrs. MacKinnon was an outstanding  
worker for the Peace Loan floated in  
1919 largely in the interests of returned  
soldiers. She rallied the women of the  
State, and the success of this loan was  
largely due to her effort.

### In Political Field

POLITICS was another field in which  
she was interested. She was a mem-  
ber of the U.A.P. from its formation, and  
held various offices prior to this in the  
National Party, and before that again  
in the Liberal Party. She succeeded  
Mrs. Molynux Parkes as leader of the  
Women's Liberal League.

In 1926 she attended the 6th Assembly  
of the League of Nations at Geneva as  
substitute delegate for Australia. At  
that time she was a member of the  
executive of the League of Nations Union.

In the same year she was appointed a  
Fellow of the Senate of the University  
of Sydney.

Her appointment as a member of  
the Hospitals Commission of N.S.W.  
dates from 1929. She travelled exten-  
sively to all parts of the State, visiting  
country hospitals and forming auxil-  
iaries in many centres. She co-ordin-  
ated the work of these auxiliaries and  
organised three annual conferences in  
Sydney. In addition to regional confer-  
ences in country towns. She did all the  
publicity for this work and acted as  
editor of the "Hospitals Magazine" since  
1934.

One of Mrs. MacKinnon's most recent  
activities was connected with the estab-



Late Mrs. R. R. S. MacKinnon.

ishment of the Sister Kenny Clinic at  
the Royal North Shore Hospital. It was  
largely due to her efforts that this work  
for children suffering from infantile  
paralysis was established in N.S.W.

Even with this summary of Mrs. Mac-  
Kinnon's best-known activities the half  
has not been told. She was a fluent  
speaker, and had outstanding literary  
and artistic gifts. She was a great  
animal lover, and her name appears on  
the list of Life Members of the R.S.P.C.A.

## The Natural Bloom of the Peach



Let us give  
you the charm  
"OF A SKIN YOU  
LOVE TO TOUCH"

Science and everyday experience teach that a beautiful skin does  
not depend on youth. . . . A woman of forty may have the fresh,  
clear, dazzling complexion of a girl.  
Beauty-Mask and Massage (combined) treatment by Sister Louise  
will surprisingly prove the benefit of correct treatment to facial  
muscles. See the little tell-tale lines smooth out as if by magic.

INTRODUCTORY  
OFFER  
PER TREATMENT 5/3  
COURSE  
OF SIX  
TREATMENTS 30/-

**Buckingham's**  
OXFORD ST., SYDNEY

## Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from kidney  
trouble and bladder weakness have  
stopped getting up nights, leg pains,  
crises, under eyes, swollen ankles,  
nervousness, stiffness, rheumatism, diz-  
ziness, lameness, burning, itching, smart-  
ing, acidity and loss of vigour by a Doc-  
tor's new discovery called Cystex (Sis-  
tex). Gently soothes, tones, cleans and  
heals raw sore kidneys. In 15 minutes  
Cystex starts refreshing your blood, brings  
new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours.  
Guaranteed to end your troubles in 15 days  
or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.

TO WASH TUMBLERS.—While sum-  
mer is at its hottest you may need some  
such labor-saving device as this: When  
washing out tumblers after cooling  
drinks, rinse in warm, soapy water and  
then in cold water to which a little  
vinegar has been added. Stand them  
upside down, and they will dry them-  
selves, and if the rinsing water is clear  
will not even need polishing afterwards.

STEAM OUT MOTHS.—When you  
find moths in your carpet try this little  
home hint and you will get rid of them:  
With a hot iron over a wet cloth go over  
the whole surface of the carpet. The  
steam produced kills moths and eggs.



## "Best-Seller" for nearly 50 years

Every day for nearly half a century hundreds  
of thousands of bars of Sunlight Soap have  
been sold—and every day more  
housewives are asking for Sun-  
light. Pure, gentle Sunlight suds  
do more washing, and do it better.

## Sunlight Soap Wrappers Bring Free Gifts Again!



**FREE BATH TOWEL—FOR 36 SUNLIGHT WRAPPERS**  
Beautiful white Bath Towel, 46 x 23 inches—the genuine Ad-  
miralty make, as supplied to the British Government—a marvel  
for wear.

**FREE PILLOWCASE—FOR 27 SUNLIGHT WRAPPERS**  
Extra large size, 31½ x 21 inches, made from best pillow cotton,  
and charmingly finished with hemstitching and embroidery.

**HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT**  
Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing  
the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to:  
Linton Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street (opp. Town Hall),  
Sydney. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift,  
post wrapper tops with your name and address written in BLOCK  
LETTERS, number of wrappers enclosed, and gift required, to:  
"Sunlight Department," Lever Brothers Limited, Box 4310YY,  
G.P.O., Sydney. Do Not Enclose a Letter.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**





Anticipating pleasures to come, the youngsters love to see Mother mixing good plain flour with

## AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

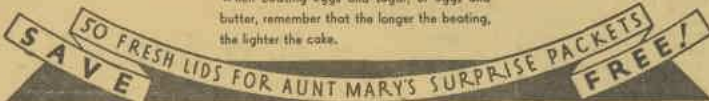
Then eyes glisten with delight when they see the appetite-creating, delightfully smooth, tasty Sponges—the irresistible nutty-brown, crusted Scones, and the delightful Jam Turnovers that Mother offers at teatime. Little Pollyanna says she is going to use Aunt Mary's Baking Powder, too, when she grows up.

*Have you a copy of Aunt Mary's Cookery Book?*

It is an authentic guide to cooking success. Over 400 recipes—many never published before—and innumerable valuable hints. 212 pages, 16 beautifully illustrated colour pages. Send 1/- plus 2d. postage to-day for your copy to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Kent & Liverpool Streets, Sydney.

### A USEFUL HINT

When beating eggs and sugar, or eggs and butter, remember that the longer the beating, the lighter the cake.



*Some hints for your holidays—*

## LET'S GO PLACES

EVERY year thousands of people are disappointed because they start to make their holiday arrangements too late. They find that hotels, land accommodation, and even the bus. Why not get in early? Plan your holiday NOW and let the Women's Weekly Travel Bureau help you. Here are some specially planned trips.

If you've seen all our own beaches and pine for something new and equally beautiful, we suggest Lorne, in Victoria. A wonderful trip of a fortnight's duration may be had leaving by boat from Sydney, with a little while in Melbourne before starting on the beautiful car run to Lorne. Lorne is sea and country, a township of waterfalls and a phantom river, with a beach of strange shells and a bush of enchanting walks. Five rivers empty into the ocean near Lorne. You have a full week at this delightful spot, with a Palais de danse free to you each night if you wish, and every kind of holiday sport. Then back to Melbourne for a day or two till the comfortable car calls to take you overland to Sydney. There's a night at Albany and another at Canberra, where, who knows, you may see the Governor-General and the Prime Minister going to work while YOU'RE on holiday. With EVERYTHING this holiday costs you £15/9/-.

### LITTLE TASSY GIVES A LOT

FOR just one shilling more you can have a thirteen days' trip to Hobart, an ideal spot for this time of the year. If you wish the Women's Weekly Bureau will work out a trip for you to suit your pocket. The £15/10/- gives you everything, with trips to all the historic and picturesque centres, accommodation, etc., and first class on boats. You'll love this.

**Wise Ones Arrange their holidays well ahead. Let us help you.**

Everyone thinks of Adelaide these days. Why not, if you can spare 17 days and £30, take a trip by boat to Melbourne, where we meet you and give you accommodation for a couple of days or so; then put you aboard a car for a wonderful overland trip with lunches at Bendigo and Mildura on the Murray, and nights at Sea Lake and Renmark, the raisins. Then Adelaide, Mt. Lofty ranges, Victor Harbor and the roaring waves of Granite Island! Four full days in S.A. for the centenary and then boat right back to Sydney. Remember, £30 all paid. Nothing to do but enjoy yourself.

### ENCHANTED ISLAND

WHAT did Grace Patullo say about "Day Dream"? "Surely nowhere in the world is there a more wonderful island." You'll say so, too. The Women's Weekly Bureau will arrange the happiest holiday here—just on three weeks from leaving till returning, with a jolly island stay and cruising and fun every day, and the full price, boat, and EVERYTHING, is from £30/15/-. Remember Brisbane en route, then the lovely Barrier Reef. Maybe you prefer land to sea, or haven't the time for long trips. Well,

then, there's a four-day tour, taking you through Bateman's Bay, the wonderful Kangaroo Valley, and Canberra for £8/17/6, or 7 days for £10/10/-, with Kiama, Nowra, Canberra, Goulburn, Bathurst and Jenolan Caves House. Plenty of others, too, and remember, all first class hotels for a first class holiday.

### FOR MODEST PURSES

AND don't forget, if it's a more modest holiday you're wanting, a wonderful bargain in an eight-day stay at Orange with motor trip there and back via Jenolan Caves and Bathurst for from as low as £5/5. The Burrigorang Valley, Mittagong, Kurrajong, Bundanon if you've got golf sticks aching to be used, St. George's basin if you're aching to outdo Lower and Zane Grey, and a score of other lovely spots await you.

Write to the Women's Weekly Travel Bureau for further particulars or call at the office, Radio House, 294-300 Pitt St., Sydney (phone MA4490). This Bureau will book you anywhere and is always ready to give you free and friendly advice. Country visitors are especially invited to write and arrange their city holidays through us.

## JAMES RAGLAN *Deserts* Stage FOR RADIO

Prominent English Actor for 2GB

After many successful appearances in radio drama, that popular English star, James Raglan, has signed a contract to appear in the forthcoming exclusive dramatic productions under the banner of 2GB. When James Raglan first came to Australia early last year as juvenile lead in the light comedy company directed by Gabriel Byrne, he had no idea that he would settle in Australia, or that he would desert the stage for radio.

Life for Mr. Raglan has had a number of sudden orders to change direction, as they say in the army. He only entered the theatrical profession after trying a number of others.

HIS youthful yearning was for a life on the ocean wave. He served in the Grand Fleet during the last months of the war, and later joined the Royal Mail service.

It was only after being invalided home that he turned towards the theatre and won a scholarship which launched him successfully on his new career.

Now James Raglan has deserted the stage for radio, and he is very happy about it, for radio drama, he says, has unlimited possibilities for the man with the right voice. Those who heard him in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" have no doubt about his having the right voice.

### Tribute in Verse

ON the Monday after the King's death Reg Morgan found lying on his table at 2GB a set of verses entitled "In Memoriam," written by a listener. He was so struck by their beauty that he immediately resolved to set them to music. That night 2GB listeners were privileged to hear this beautiful tribute to our beloved Sovereign sung by the composer for the first time.

### Radio Played Its Part

FROM the moment that the fateful message, "The life of his Majesty the King is peacefully moving to its close," came over the air, radio played an important part in the solemn obsequies. Both that day and on the day of the funeral of his late Majesty all 2GB's usual programmes were suspended and only music befitting an Empire in mourning was broadcast. The relays from London played their part, too, in bringing the scattered peoples of the Empire together in their sorrow, just as on the occasion of the King's Jubilee they had brought us together in our jubilation.

### Home Decoration

HOME decoration has always been a hobby with Theresa Carmo, of 2GB. Already many of her new Australian friends are depending on her judgment and suggestions when confronted with a problem in interior decoration, just as her Hollywood friends used to. In Hollywood, where so much thought is given to revealing the personality of the homeowner in the arrangement of the home, she would design the whole color scheme and furniture of a room around a favorite picture, or with the aid of a beautiful vase which the owner treasured as the keynote. Theresa Carmo studied the art of interior decoration at high school, and at graduation received the prize for the best treatise on "Interior Decoration and Household Management."

### Crazy Picnic

SO great was the success of Jack Davey's last crazy picnic that he has decided to celebrate his birthday, which falls on Saturday next, with another. For the past week Jack has been busy thinking out crazy stunts for the occasion.

Latest information to hand is that there will be a fishing competition. The prize will go to the person catching the smallest fish.

Those that get away will be disqualified, and Zane Grey has not been invited to participate, no one has a chance. There will also be a canoe race. Weather conditions permitting, there will be a gigantic daylight fireworks display.

### Strange, But True

AUNT VAL, of 2GB, who you will remember, recently married, is settled nicely in Miss Portia Geach's flat at Cremorne Point—water frontage, private swimming pool and all. Which brings us to our story. Aunt Val is a great believer in the power of wishing things into coming true. The other day her husband remarked that he wished he had a barrel in which to grow some beans on the roof. (Miss Geach, by the way, had once grown a barrel of potatoes on the same roof to show housewives how to be self-reliant.) Said Aunt Val: "If you wish hard enough you might come across a barrel in some unexpected place." Next morning, on looking out of the window, what did they see



JAMES RAGLAN, popular stage star, who has joined the play unit of 2GB.  
—Dorothy Welding, photo.

floating among the rocks at the foot of the grounds but a beautiful big barrel which they promptly salvaged, cut in halves, filled with earth, and planted with beans.

## THERMO-RAY Short-Wave Medication

Case 108.  
This case was diagnosed as Bell's Palsy. The patient, a young man, awoke one morning with a complete right-sided facial paralysis. The patient was only able to speak through the right side of his mouth, and had lost all feeling. Thermo-Ray treatment was commenced on 2/5/35. After two treatments a slight improvement was reported. On 5/6/35 the patient was discharged, complete movement and feeling having returned.

In cases of localised paralysis, Thermo-Ray treatment has a stimulating effect on the injured nerves. In such instances, an inflammatory process has often extended from muscular and facial structures to the nerves. The penetrating warmth of the Thermo-Ray has a remarkable effect on most inflammatory conditions, and in addition, tones up the whole system.

Each week we refer to a different case, but should you require information regarding any ailment you may be suffering from, our medical officer will advise you if this treatment will benefit you.

The services of a fully-qualified medical staff and the Dutch scientist who invented the Thermo-Ray Unit, are available at headquarters of the Thermo-Ray Institutes Ltd., "Wyoming," 175 Macquarie Street, Sydney. Phone BW5142.\*\*\*

### New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy—internal far healing Various Ulcers and Eczema, without interrupting to your duties is available now. No need to lie up. Guaranteed never to break out again. But cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive.

Guaranteed never to fail. Write or call for "Wonderful Book." Treatment by mail a specially-distanced no object. You will be delighted with no treatment—no pain from start.

C. WINTER  
83 WELLINGTON ST.  
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## DRINKING CAN BE SUCCESS- FULLY TREATED

Our free booklet gives scores of instances of complete relief with "DRINKER'S" safe, tasteless treatment for drink addiction. If you are troubled, call or write for free confidential advice. DR. W. H. WELLS, FARE PIT., 233 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

### A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

OF DR. PARKER'S UNRITTED REMEDY (Read) to sufferers from Stomach Ailments, Colitis, Gastritis, etc. Quick Relief, Amazing Results. Write to Frederick Parker, 47 Albany St., Crow's Nest, N.S.W., for Free Trial Bottle. \*\*\*



# What Women Are Doing

## From South Africa

**V**ISITING Australia for the first time is Mrs. Blakeney, whose home is in Johannesburg. She travelled via the Eastern coast, calling at Zanzibar and the Seychelle Isles, and then crossing to Singapore.

Modern and period architecture is what Mrs. Blakeney is very interested in, and her own home in Africa she planned and designed with the help of her husband.

Mrs. Blakeney spends much of her time gardening, and specialises in hollyhocks, stocks, and other English flowers.

## Standing for Parliament In West Australia

**M**RS. F. CARDELL-OLIVER, the endorsed National candidate for Fremantle, W.A., at the forthcoming State elections on February 15, is the widow of the late Dr. Cardell- Oliver, who practised in West Australia and other parts of the Commonwealth for many years. She has two sons, one lives in Perth and the other is studying law at Cambridge.

An Australian by birth, Mrs. Cardell- Oliver has travelled extensively in Europe, and has been to Russia, Africa, and both North and South America. She has been backwards and forwards between Europe and Australia twenty-four times.

Keenly interested in social services, she has for a considerable time, and particularly during the last few years, studied conditions and the methods of the various Governments, and has published a book dealing with the economic aspect of trade and improved Empire unity.

"Training centres for youth and the problems of unemployment and maternal and infant mortality are matters which are of the utmost importance to-day," said Mrs. Cardell- Oliver, "and I am keenly interested in them all."

Since her return to West Australia Mrs. Cardell- Oliver has been elected president of the Women's Service Guild, which position she has resigned for the duration of the election campaign.

## Two Women Unpire the Empires

**T**HE fact that two women—Miss Ruth Preddy and Miss Amy Hudson—unpired a men's cricket match in Sydney the other day is surely a sign of the times.

The women didn't have an enviable time, either—at least not in the contemplation of the task—for they were umpiring empires, the competing teams being drawn from the N.S.W. Umpires' Association.

Miss Ruth Preddy was manager of the Australian women's cricket team during the Tests with the visiting English women's team last year, and Miss Amy Hudson, a member of the Australian women's team.

Both said after the match that they enjoyed the experience, and they earned much approbation from the players.

## Fijian Women are Interested in Child Welfare

**I**N the province of Cuvu, Nadroga, Fiji, where Miss Alice M. Uppill, of Adelaide, has spent nine years as a teacher in the Methodist Mission, the interest in hygiene and child welfare work has progressed considerably.



Miss Alice M. Uppill

There are child welfare workers all over the districts, and in each village the chief of the village workers is a native woman, rings a bell first thing in the morning for a general inspection of the children to see whether they have been bathed or not, and whether any wounds have to be dressed.

The Mission Girls' School, in which pupils come from the five villages of Cuvu and boarders from two other provinces, is an efficiently-run community in itself. The girls, whose ages range from about six to 20 years, make their clothes, grow the vegetables and do laundry work, besides all the usual subjects.

Miss Uppill trained in Sydney before leaving for Fiji 12 years ago, and was at the mission school in Retva before going to Cuvu. She was in Cuvu for the centenary celebrations of the Methodist Mission work in Fiji last October.

## First Girl President

**F**IRST girl president of the Australian Natives Association Debating Society in West Australia, Miss Edna Stott is a member of that State's team in the interstate debate organised by that society and held in Adelaide.

Assistant secretary to the A.N.A., Miss Stott is a member of the Nationalist party, and keenly interested in debating, especially for girls, as the number of them in West Australian clubs has increased.

In the A.N.A. Club, debates are organised several times a week, at which the adjudicators act voluntarily, giving excellent and helpful criticism. Subjects range from political and economic to such as "Is the Modern Girl Degenerating?"

## Helping With the Children's Hour

**H**ER keenness to be associated with broadcasting has resulted in Miss Berenice O'Brien becoming secretary and assistant to Isabel Ann Sherrin, of the children's section, on 3LO Melbourne, and she is carrying on while Isabel Ann is away on a well-earned holiday.

Miss O'Brien, who originally hailed from North Queensland, was educated at the Church of England Collegiate School, Hobart, and obtained a degree in speech training and verse speaking from the Trinity College of Music, London.

## Manages a Travel Service In Los Angeles

**D**ARK and diminutive, vivacious and decidedly pleasant to meet, Miss Adele Kuter, at present touring Australia, owns to one of the most delightful jobs in the world.

She manages a travel service in a large store in Los Angeles where tours in any country are arranged, hotel reservations are made in the best hotels in any corner of the globe, and transportation is planned for air, rail, bus or ship with equal facility.

Having made extensive trips all over Alaska, Old Mexico, and the whole of U.S.A., Miss Kuter says she sold herself this trip to Australia, so that she can more effectively sell it to other people when she returns to America.

While in Victoria she was shown most of the beauty spots by the Victorian Government Tourist Bureau. Now New South Wales is being inspected. She left Melbourne by car to make a leisurely trip to Sydney via the Prince's Highway.

## Skilled in the Art Of Making Furniture

**H**OBBIES are desirable at all stages of one's career, but particularly so when a man or woman has ceased to participate in the hurly-burly of life and has leisure to pursue them thoroughly.



Miss Agnes Mowle

That is what Miss Agnes Mowle, one of Sydney's well-known journalists, found. She has a great hobby for one of her, sex-carpentering.

After twenty-seven years' association with a leading weekly journal, Miss Mowle retired a few years ago and turned to her old love—the making of furniture. Her charming home at Woolahra bears many evidences of her skill, including chairs, tables, bookcases, beds, and many other things that she has made.

Very beautiful furniture it is, too—some of the articles being hand-carved. Miss Mowle has been hon. treasurer of the Society of Women Writers ever since the inception of that Society, over ten years ago, and is also a great church worker, following in the footsteps of her maternal grandfather, Rev. W. W. Simpson, who was for some time, headmaster of King's School.

Miss Robertson, who has been doing journalistic work recently, has been visiting Tasmania and New South Wales. Her headquarters will be in Melbourne.

Publicity Agent for Big Publishing Firm

**J**EAN ROBERTSON, a graduate of Melbourne University, has been appointed publicity officer in Australia for the well-known publishing firm of Hutchinson and Co. Ltd. and allied companies of London and Melbourne.

Miss Robertson, who has been doing journalistic work recently, has been visiting Tasmania and New South Wales. Her headquarters will be in Melbourne.

## Returning to Fulfill Engagements in London

**A** PASSENGER on the Otranto to England is Miss Cecile Clarence, who is travelling with her mother. They will spend six months in the south of France before returning home for the English summer.

Miss Clarence was born in New South Wales, but for the last twenty years has lived in England.

For the last six months she has been touring with Irene Vanbrugh in the provinces, and has acted with Athene Seyler in London, where she appeared in several Shakespearean comedies. When Miss Clarence returns to London she has several engagements to fulfil.

## Adelaide Girl in Centenary Films

**I**RLS HART, the lovely young Adelaide girl, who rushed across to Sydney a few weeks ago to begin rehearsals for "Anything Goes," C. B. Cochran's well-known London show, should be really well known to audiences all over Australia, for it is her trim figure and pleasing face that lent the "human interest" to Capt. Frank Hurley's travelogue films which are now being shown in the various States to advertise the South Australian Centenary, or, more specifically, South Australia.

Miss Hart has appeared in numerous charity plays, and also in "Roberta," while that show was in Adelaide.

## Famous Personality of the Sea Visits Adelaide

**M**RS. SVEN ERICKSSON, who is perhaps better known as Miss Pamela Bourne, the girl who thought

nothing of doing a man's work on a windjammer, includes flying as a passenger in the general run of things when she is on dry land.

When her husband's ship, the Herroquin, called into Port Lincoln, S.A., recently, the couple flew to Adelaide to do some shopping and see friends, then flew back in time to take possession of the four-masted barque for her return trip to Sweden, where she sails every year with wheat.

Mrs. Ericksson, under her former name of Pamela Bourne, is the author of a new and very intriguing publication, "Out of the World," which deals with her experiences as a sailor. She married the captain of the Herroquin, in which she was a member of the crew, just before the ship sailed on its 80 days' voyage to Australia.



## Recording the Charms Of Bush Life

**M**RS. A. M. DUNCAN KEMP, who lives in Toogoolawah, Queensland, is the writer of a book called "Our Sandhill Country," now in the second edition. She has just completed another book, a story of the Diamantina Aborigines, which is now in the hands of her publishers.

Mrs. Kemp is part-owner of a property in Queensland from where she got her material for "Our Sandhill Country." She had plenty of incidents during her mustering trips that were worth relating.

She admits that life on the land is a busy one, and prevents her from concentrating or finding time to do as much writing as she would like. However, she thinks it the best life of all, and hopes her four children will grow up to like it as much as she does. Meanwhile she loses no opportunities to carry on her pen work.

## Visitor Holds Important Post in Hospital

**O**NE of the few women to hold the position of administrative secretary of a large hospital is Mrs. J. R. Murray, who is attached to the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital in Euston Road, London. At present Mrs. Murray is on a tour of Australia and New Zealand, and although it is supposed to be a health trip she is visiting the hospitals en route. She has the control of the finance at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, and is also very interested in the medical side of hospital affairs. Her own hospital (which was named after the founder) was started in 1886. Mrs. Murray says, as a small dispensary with the idea of providing scope for women doctors, and it now treats thousands of patients a year and has an extensive waiting list.

Preparation for a new building scheme to provide a place for paying patients, new nurses' quarters, and a convalescent house, are now being carried out.

## Perception, Percussion and Pandean Pipes

**A**LTHOUGH on vacation Miss Eileen Stainkaph can be seen at her Melbourne studio daily. She is there for the benefit of music teachers from various countries who were unable to attend the summer school at the University.

Miss Stainkaph is a pioneer of coaching for teachers, was the first woman here to do it extensively, and the work has reached the inner corner of the Commonwealth as a correspondence course.

Miss Stainkaph is an advocate for musical perception, percussion and Pandean pipes as aids for laying sound musical foundations. It is interesting to see her at work on the pipes, which she declares a child can make from bamboo canisters at a cost of about sixpence. After much opposition she has been able to definitely establish them in most of the leading convents, the University and with private teachers, and she is quite sanguine as to their advent in all schools ere long.

Pandean pipes were revived by Miss Margaret James, an Oxford woman, and Mrs. James Dyer, when in Melbourne for the Centenary worked hard to establish them there.



Miss Eileen Stainkaph  
—Sydney photo.

## IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP





## "Regular" BUT NOT THOROUGH

Don't let regularity deceive you. Most headaches, most fits of depression, most loss of "pep" can be traced to constipation.

You know you need a laxative if you're constipated. But even if you're "regular" you may need one, too. Though bowels are regular they are often not thorough. That is why many people, constipated or not, make it a habit to take a Chamberlain's Tablet now and then.



Chamberlain's Tablets keep you clean inside, and tone and strengthen as they cleanse.

# CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

they tone and strengthen stomach and liver.

## WHAT TEA DOES FOR YOU ON A HOT DAY



### HOW TO MAKE A GOOD CUP OF TEA:

Be sure to select a good quality tea.

You'll find it will pay you in the long run!

Boil fresh water. Warm up clean teapot. Put in one teaspoon of tea for each person and one for the pot.

The moment the water comes to the boil pour it on the tea. Let the tea brew for 5 minutes. A Spoonful for the Pot is Essential!

# TEA

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU 1936.

## KEEPS YOU COOL

"Well," Lucinda commented casually, "my sisters have been used to as much admiration in their way and limited circle as you in yours. So you have put rather a damper on festivities. Other men have spent many hours of their young lives telling Evelyn and Janet and Margot how lovely and beautiful and wonderful and clever Evelyn and Janet and Margot are—and they haven't talked about themselves except in the way men always talk about themselves. A way which isn't your way, you know. Don't you realize," Lucinda went on severely, "that when you start raving about your profile and the incense burned to you, you are poisoning on a woman's preserves. Other men talk golf and money and aeroplanes and horses and what I did in France—nothing really to worry a woman listener, you see. But profiles and letters and applause—well, she concluded, "I thought you ought to know."

Jerry said, sitting quite still:

"I've made an awful fool of myself." "It isn't really your fault," she said reasonably. "You see," and she laughed, "you are really devastatingly good-looking!"

"It sounds, the way you say it, like

## The Ugly DUCKLING

Continued from Page 20

an insult." Suddenly he turned and looked at her with hurt, miserable eyes—eyes that were human for all that they were too blue and too deep and too long-lashed. "I can't help looking like this," he shot out, scowling. "When I was a kid I had a rotten time. My mother—we were alone, she and I—never wanted me to play football—or cricket—for fear I'd get my nose busted. I did, of course, but it made her unhappy. And she was determined on my going into the movies. I got the job as a salesman after I left school, and then—she sent my photographs out to directors, and—well, she was happy for a time, anyway."

"She's dead?" asked Lucinda gently. Jerry Devlin nodded. And there was a little silence while Lucinda visualised the too beautiful little boy, the too handsome young man—quite a genuine little boy, quite a simple young man at heart, and the silly, loving, beauty-worshipping mother.

Devlin got to his feet. He was quite pale now, and as Lucinda rose too and looked up at him she discovered that the carved mouth was set in a straight line.

"I've been a fool," he told her. "I'll go back to Hollywood."

This was a little theatrical, so she mocked him a little.

"Where men are men and cinema artists?" she asked softly.

"Oh, hell!" said Jerry Devlin, and bending from his considerable height he sort of crunched her up in his arms in an untidy but satisfactory manner and closed that red, mocking, kissable small mouth with the savage and unprovoked pressure of his own. "Oh, hell!" he repeated, and shook his head with bewilderment at the effect of that embrace upon himself. "Will you shut up?"

Lucinda answered, a little shaken: "That method, had you used it, would have made you the rage. I'm glad you didn't use it. Women, dear Jerry—"

"Women!" interrupted Jerry, his beautiful voice all harsh and rasped and roughened. "What do I care about women! You—you dear little girl, you—I'm crazy about you."

"Then," said Lucinda sweetly, "as I love you, too, Jerry, what are we going to do about it?"

"Do about it? Why, get married. I suppose," he answered, staring at her and growling a little, for he was really terribly upset, and so much genuine emotion was breaking the marble continuity of his beautiful brow.

"But your letters will fall off," Lucinda reminded him.

Jerry scowled again and tightened his clasp.

"Let them! I've something saved. And—here his brow cleared and he laughed, boy's laughter, real laughter—"and I can always sell shoes. I hate the rotten picture business anyway I always have."

"No, you don't. Not truly. And you'll go on in the films, married though you'll be," said Lucinda serenely. "After all, it creates a new following sometimes. And there'll be the headlines—JERRY DEVLIN MARRIES SOCIETY GIRL. HE RESCUED FROM DROWNING. NO, you'll go on in the films and you'll learn to talk to pretty women about something other than yourself—but you won't learn too well. I'll see to that. And I'll keep in the background, darling—I've had a lot of practice. And I'll scold you and laugh at you and spoil you and insult you and love you and love you and love you! And I'm not afraid, because no matter what happens you'll always come back to me."

"I know it. But," asked Devlin, and his blue eyes took on a look of intense male curiosity, "but why will I, Lucinda?"

She wouldn't tell him. She knew that he would always come back to the woman who had no beauty with which to compete with his, but who possessed comprehension and humor and the sense that beauty is, after all, a precious and wonderful thing. What she didn't know was that she was, and would continue to be, the only woman that Jerry Devlin ever considered really—beautiful.

Naturally, once someone found them and petrol was sent back and they reached home to find the family anxious and beset with worry, the family was furious. The family raged and stormed and no one understood why, and everyone said faintly: "Our Lucinda, our dearest and adorable Lucinda, engaged to be married to that beautiful, conceited, brainless idiot!"

Yet she was. And the fans, recovering from the blow, permitted Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Devlin to be marvelously happy. After all, it had been so romantic—so exactly right. And the screen retained its finest male beauty and fellow craftsman; interviewers, worshippers and such retained their slightly earnest-about-my-art

young man; and Lucinda—who, said the magazines, was certainly her husband's best pal and severest critic, Lucinda who was never photographed, and never signed an article—retained, and for always, her somewhat commonplace, rather bewildered, somehow pathetic, wholly satisfactory lover!

It is rumored in Hollywood, and elsewhere, that the Devlins are expecting a little stranger.

"If," wrote Lucinda to her sister Janet (now Mrs. Tommy Jennings), "it is a boy and looks like Jerry, I will bring it back. One Jerry is enough. If it is a girl and looks like Jerry, Heaven help the men, for now and then things do right themselves in this world. If it is either and looks like me, Jerry will be ridiculously enchanted."

But—and we wonder at the effect upon the fan mail—it was, not as yet looking like either of them, one of each.

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Take care of your skin INTERNALLY, as well as externally! When you use Kathleen Court's Cream, Night Cream, Skin Tonic, Facial Youth, Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick you employ an army of scientific aids to loveliness. You do as much as anyone can do for your skin from the outside (and much more than most things will do). But, when you add to this splendid outward treatment the Special Blood-Breast Counteracting influence of the Kathleen Court Complexion Pills you make assurance doubly sure. Everyone needs a healthy, strong, active, strain feminine system. They harm more than they help. Just try the Kathleen Court Complexion Pills and see the difference! End those pimples and blackheads—they may cause permanent scars if neglected. For 2/-, at any high class chemist, you can get this modern Beauty Laxative. If any difficulty, write to Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney. Ask for

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- 1 'New Veet' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
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# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

Cherry Kearton, world-famous naturalist, recently received present from eleven-year-old Australian boy of outside trapdoor spider packed into matchbox?

## Gloomy Meeting

ANNIVERSARY meeting at Randwick proved gloomiest ever held... Dressing almost entirely carried out in black... Chilly winds excuse for airing of winter furs, but nothing new in design as yet... Silver fox still firm favorite... Mrs. Lennox Bode looked usual smart self in steel-grey coat and skirt with velvet tassels hanging from grey felt hat... Grey also chosen by Mrs. Max Hinder who added fluffy silver fox... Mrs. Clive Inglis very smart in black cloth frock relieved with white... Mrs. Wallace Horsley and Mrs. Peter Meagher upheld standard of smartness usual with country hostesses.

## Lost Shark-hook

IF sun-tan suits one girl better than another the girl is Meg Fowler Smith... Pretty brunette has acquired coloring of apricot... Last two months spent at country home at Dungog... Riding round paddocks interspersed with jam-making, at which Meg cuts snappy figure... Party then motored to Forster and fishing expeditions brought to light one toad, many bream, one flathead, and loss of shark-hook and tackle... Meg will attend Shellah Lloyd Parry as bridesmaid this Tuesday.

Leura was gayest of gay for wedding of Benno Smith and Geoff Reading on Saturday. Red carpet made appearance on pathway at golf clubhouse for reception.

## Arrive at Midnight

CHARLES FARRELL and Miles Mander made midnight appearance at Romano's on Saturday and joined dancers. Party given by Bobs Guinness couple included Mrs. Eric Sheller in black chiffon... Mrs. Muriel Mackay in white satin draperies, and Margaret Vyner resplendent in black sequins... Joan Waddell also maintained sombre dressing with black satin gown... John Joseland acted host to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Crossing, Mrs. Roy Chisholm, and Noel Heath couple.

## Wailing of Babies

MUCH wailing of babies and general regret at departure of Dr. Bruce Williams from post of medical superintendent at Royal Hospital for Women, Crown Street... For last nine years Dr. Williams guided destinies of huge institution... Macquarie Street present address... Matron and staff made him presentation before leaving... Dr. J. V. Mutton after a year's experience at hospital takes over.

Dorothy Averill arrives home from Europe on board Otranto. Will spend few weeks in Melbourne and motor home via Gippsland Lakes.

## Trousseau from London

PEGGY HORN, well known and popular in three capital cities, just announced engagement to John Hansborough Button of Amlaby, South Australia... Peggy was Adelaide's first dance hostess at smart rendezvous and made great success of job... Has recently resided with parents in Melbourne and has made frequent visits to Sydney for special occasions... Had already arranged trip to Europe for nine months, so is now on high seas with trousseau shopping in view... Marriage set for September.

## Holiday in India

MRS. CYRIL SHEPHERD has made sudden decision to visit India... Will sail by Otranto to meet hostess, Mrs. Bedford, wife of Admiral Bedford, of Indian Navy, in Colombo.

Then to Bombay for holiday... Mrs. Erskine, formerly Gladys Mort, of Sydney, and cousin of Mrs. Shepherd... Rosemary Shepherd sails by same ship for Madras... Will be lady-in-waiting to Lady Marjorie Erskine, wife of Governor of Madras... Vice-Regal party will move to hull station shortly after traveller's arrival.

## Embarrassing Drive-off

VISITORS to Leura struck all of heap at amazing rejuvenation of golf club... Extensions on grand scale, and general effect most entrancing from both in and outside... Magic wand was waved by Mr. A. C. Davidson and helpful committee... Color scheme all cream, and green with spot of orange figuring on shade umbrellas on verandahs overlooking links... First tee rather embarrassing for beginners as drive-off takes place uncomfortably close to verandah. Recent golfers on links included "Giff," who hit off with Lois Windeyer, Professor and Mrs. Fawcitt, Andrew McCunn, who exchanged baton for driver, and two men of law from city, Bill Aitken and Max Hesslein.

## Surfers at Mollymook

SOUTH Coast beaches coming into share of popularity for summer surfing... Mrs. Bill Ross, wife of polo-playing politician from Harden district, has been guest of Mrs. Lawrence Coulter at Milton for several weeks... Mollymook is amusing name of local beach... Mrs. Ross and surfing companion Gay Coulter both acquired wonderful sun-tan.



AN ATTRACTIVE picture of Mrs. Cyril Shepherd secured by our photographer in her garden at Darling Point. Mrs. Shepherd leaves shortly for India.



## Wedding Surprise

FRIENDS just hearing of wedding of Mrs. Dorothy Palmer and Kenneth Tonkin, barrister of this city... Couple averse to fuss and pother and arranged quiet ceremony just before Christmas... Bride is popular secretary of Forum Club... Furnishing taking up all spare time... Flat at Darling Point to be garnished with antiques... Overcrowding accounted deedly sin and general effect aimed at is space and harmony.

Aline Edwards and Codge Barrett sail for Europe by Otranto this month. Both girls popular and sure to be life of party on ship.

## Vogue for Mime

DIANA REEVE, tall and blonde, is attractive newcomer to Little Theatre world of Sydney... New arrival travelled from England via America... Is friend of Gwen Ffrangcon Davies, brilliant tragedienne, and Henry Oscar, best known of English producers... Diana stage-managed several shows for Oscar at Albert Hall and Arts Theatre... After three years at Summer School of Speech Training at Albert Hall, where she collected all prizes, Diana chosen for Grace Stafford's elocution studios in Sydney... Mime is latest London vogue and Diana played Harlequin at season given by London Institute of Mime recently.



## Notabilities Arrive

NOTABILITIES and titles dotted on Otranto passenger list... Earl of Selborne, with many initials after name, and Countess of Selborne have New Zealand in view... Lord Selborne bore standard of Union of South Africa at Coronation of late King George... Admiral Sir W. R. Hall, of distinguished war service, and Rear-Admiral Pudsey-Dawson, R.N., were fellow-travellers... Rex Faithfull and wife from Wandoo Station, Wagga, Sir Harold Moore, Sir Francis and Lady Dent, Mrs. Vanbrugh Bourchier, and Sir John and Lady Handles also disembarked.

Mr. Drummond, Minister for Education, now keen surf-o-plane enthusiast. Manages rubber board with skill at Manly.

## Gold and Big Game

AUSTRALIAN mementoes in shape of boomerangs and koalas, as well as garments knitted in Australian wool, will figure at big charity bazaar at Capetown come May... Mrs. Ragnjild Palmer, prime mover in South African charity works, just left Sydney on homeward voyage... Visitor is Norwegian, and late husband was headmaster Wesley College, Melbourne... Most of life spent in South Africa... Has been big game hunting in Swaziland and watched kaffirs gold-mining down depths of famous Robinson mine.

## Ideal Summer Home

MRS. LEN CAMERON spends all fine afternoons with racquet and tennis balls at Royal Sydney Golf Club... Country hostess down for usual summer holiday... Is staying with parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Crossing, at Point Piper home... Tennis court at water's edge and convenient harbor swimming pool make position ideal for change... Mr. and Mrs. Crossing invariably entertain large family parties through hot weather... Sons with wives and young hopefuls come from country each year.

Lord Barnby and cousin Marjorie Rushworth at present on Queensland tour. Marjorie contemplates stay at Moreton Club, Brisbane, while rest of party visits out-of-way districts.

## From Active Service

LIEUTENANT FRANK GEORGE, R.A.N., sailed close to Sydney home as ship made for moorings... His mother, Mrs. George, of Point Piper, returned from travels the other side of world in time to greet returning sailor man... Before marriage in Sydney last year Mrs. Frank George was Stella Malkin, lovely English girl... Is staying with relatives in North of England; returns shortly to Sydney... Lieutenant George has been in vicinity of Haile Selassie at Alexandria on board H.M.A.S. Australia.

## Have You Noticed—

Snappy black frock worn at Anniversary meeting by Charley Morgan Jones? Cuffs and collar made of black-and-white embroidered organdie in unusual design.

Jane Anne



## Enjoy the Sun



—Without Danger of Sunburn

Hinds relieves and corrects sunburn, but do not wait until your skin is actually tanned and burned. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream NOW. Apply it to the face and body, then powder . . . and do not fear the sun.

Hinds protects your skin and at the same time softens and beautifies. It is the only cream with the genuine Hinds formula. Use no other!

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## Those Unsightly Grey Wisps

Beautiful hair provides one of the chief allurements of femininity, and Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain restores the natural shade with such perfection that it is used exclusively in the leading beauty salons. Application is so easy that private treatment is safe and sure. Allen's stain provides an inexpensive way to make the hair rich and glorious. All Chemists, 1/- per bottle in brown or black. Made by Patton, Grimwood, and Doernbein, Ltd., Melbourne.

"WELL, that's two of the three people most concerned," replied John Geste, "Consuela and Spanish Maine."

"Now as to the third person most concerned, Sir Harry Vane . . . It's difficult to say . . ." John Geste paused.

"Look here, Otis," he continued. "I know you would never, in any circumstances, take any sort or kind of offence at anything I might say, because you'd know how impossible it would be for me to wish to be offensive."

"Say on, John. Say what you think plainly."

"Well, what I'm driving at is this. Is it quite the clean potato, as far as Vane is concerned?"

"What do you mean? Letting him in for being blackmailed himself, later on, by Maine?" asked Vanbrugh.

"Well, I hadn't got quite as far as that, though of course that does arise—later. What I meant is . . . well, is it right—apart from any question as to whether it is wise and—er—decent?"

"You were always great on what's 'decent,' weren't you, John?" interrupted Vanbrugh with the faintest shadow of bitterness in his voice.

"Yes, like yourself, Otis. I hope so."

"To anybody," murmured Vanbrugh. "Is it right," continued John Geste, "to let Vane marry Consuela to absolute ignorance of her . . . past?"

"Isn't he in love with her?" answered Vanbrugh hotly. "Desperately, madly in love with her? What does anything else matter? What's it matter what may or may not have happened before he set eyes on her? Doesn't he love Consuela as he sees her and knows her, I say?"

"No," was the quiet, sad reply. "No, he doesn't, Otis. He loves Consuela as he imagines her to be. A girl of his own sort and class and kind, with background, heredity, environment and experiences similar to his own; probably by no means ignorant, but certainly innocent."

"Environment and experiences similar to his own?" sneered Vanbrugh.

"Wealthy young Guards in a fast set—not ignorant but innocent! A man of the world—a man about town—a London club-man? Do you suppose his

## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 5

gardenia is the white flower of a blameless life?"

John Geste slowly shook his head.

"It won't do, old chap; and you know it won't. Rightly or wrongly, that's a different thing altogether. And I've no reason for supposing that Harry Vane isn't just what you said, a noble-minded, pure and unspotted from the world."

Otis Vanbrugh laughed unpleasantly.

"But, as I say, that's neither here nor there. Doubtless unfair, I admit, that the man should demand absolute innocence and purity of the woman, while the woman scarcely expects it of the man."

"By Heaven! You make me . . ."

exploded Vanbrugh.

"Not a bit as though he were an ordinary nobody," continued John Geste. "And I'm not, as you think, talking mere mobism. It's a big position that he has got to fill, with big duties and responsibilities; and he's got to marry the right woman. Just, as to compare small things with great, a king has got to marry the right woman."

"To hush with kings," growled Vanbrugh.

"Now, answer the

question honestly, truthfully, and with detachment, if you can. Is a girl born out of wedlock—and the English law unfortunately is cast-iron and cruel on that subject . . ."

"It was no fault of hers!" burst out Otis Vanbrugh. "She was . . ."

"I know," I know, Otis. But the facts remain. Now then—I hate saying it, as much as you hate hearing it—is that girl a fit and proper wife for a man in Vane's prominent position?"

"Well, I'll answer your question, John. As God's my Judge, I believe Consuela is a good enough wife for any man on this earth. She's as well-behaved as your Lady Drusilla. Better perhaps. She's clever, wise, witty, kind, brave . . ."

"Damn it, man, tell me anything she's not, or rather that she hasn't, in the way of accomplishments, endowments and virtues."

"Consuela not a fit wife for Sir

Harry Vane? To hush with Sir Harry Vane and all the rest of your stiff-necked high-bat aristocrats. She's fit to be wife of the President of the United States, I tell you; and would be an ornament to the White House."

"You've answered my question, Otis. You do honestly and truly consider her to be a fit wife for Sir Harry Vane?"

"I do."

"Right. Well, now then, do you consider it right that she should become the wife of Sir Harry Vane without his knowing anything whatsoever of her past?"

"Yes, I do."

"You don't."

"I do, I tell you, John."

"You don't, I tell you, Otis. You don't think anything of the sort. You think, and I honor you for it, that Consuela has had the cruellest, unfair-fate and luck and existence that a woman could possibly have—but you feel that it is no fault of hers, and that she deserves every compensation that the world can possibly give to her. You feel that Man has made her what she is—what she was, I mean—and that Man should make her what she wants to be."

"To come from the general to the particular, you feel that your father made her what she was; and that Sir Harry Vane, or any other man, is good enough to make her—his wife. You think, or you feel, that the act of Homer A. Vanbrugh made her a half-caste and that the act of Sir Harry Vane should make her an honored and honorable wife, a lady of rank and title, Lady Vane in short."

"That's what you feel, Otis. But you don't feel—you don't think, either—that it is right. That it's right it should be done at Harry Vane's expense, without telling him a word of the truth. It can't be right. You know it isn't—and, as you are about to tell me, you don't give a good-god-damn whether it is right or not."

"You've said it."

"Very well, Otis. I've said it—and you agree. It isn't right. Well, old chap . . . Lord! How I hate talking like this . . . if it isn't right, don't do it—for no good will come of it."

"To Sir Harry Vane."

"To Consuela, I mean; and to Sir Harry Vane; and to all their circle; and to you."

"Well, what's the alternative?"

"Tell him the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"What?"

"Let Consuela tell Harry Vane everything—and abide the consequences."

"Well, we know perfectly well what they will be, don't we?"

"No, we don't. And in any case they won't be worse than the consequences of her marrying him dishonestly . . . deceitfully . . . criminally."

"Strong language, John."

"Yes, I'm sorry, old chap, but I want it to be."

"And she is to address the family circle at Vane Court?"

"Certainly not. As I see it, the matter is entirely between Consuela and Harry Vane. If, having heard the truth, he chooses to marry her, that is his business, and the concern of nobody else."

"Not Lady Drusilla Vane's?"

"No. It's not she who's marrying Consuela. It's Vane; and it's Vane's affair."

"Do you imagine for one moment, John, that Sir Harry Vane is big enough, is man enough, is gentleman enough, to hear her story and say:—"

"What does all that matter to me, Consuela? It's you I love. You the girl you are, the girl I know. I met you, and love you, as Consuela Vanbrugh. I never knew you, never heard of you, as the Hours of Rouen. She doesn't interest me. She exists no longer. There is no such person."

"Is he man enough for that, John?"

"I don't know. It would be a terrible test—of love. You say, 'Would he be man enough?' I don't think it's a question of that, so much as of whether he'll be lover enough."

"I don't know, I'm sure . . . And there's one thing, Otis. You can't quite realise what a tremendous deed it would be if a man in Vane's position could say, and did say, 'I don't care.'"

"You think a hell of a lot of 'position,' John."

"Do I? I don't think so. But Vane's name . . ."

"Oh, damn Vane's name. Look here, John, you've been telling me to answer questions as honestly and truthfully as I can. Answer me this one. Suppose it were yourself. Suppose you'd been in Vane's place on that ship, had met Consuela, seen her, danced with her, talked with her, gone around with her for weeks on end, and fallen head over ears in love with her; had proposed to her, and been accepted. Just suppose that the poor girl in a moment of madness, the madness of love, had accepted you, and then I'd come to you with this story. Would you have turned her down?"

"Please turn to Page 46

## A TIP from GWENDA

OH, GWENDA, JACKS BRINGING TWO FRIENDS HOME TO LUNCH.



YES, I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY. YOU HAVEN'T A THING TO GIVE THEM EXCEPT COLD MEAT.



WELL, DON'T WORRY DEAR. IT'LL ONLY TAKE A SECOND TO MAKE A SALAD.



GWENDA'S TIP WAS A HUGE SUCCESS. THANKS TO THE MELLOW FLAVOUR OF CHAMPION'S

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Painful cuts stop hurting, and burns are prevented from blistering, when cool, healing, Oatine Cream is used. Keep a jar handy for use in everyday accidents—as well as for nightly facial cleansing.

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GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE, taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of Colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey, Children will take it Freely. OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES.

Famous for over 60 years

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WHAT'S DONE IT MARY?

DOCTOR SAYS ALL TEETH—ESPECIALLY CHILDREN'S—NEED MORE EXERCISE THAN THEY GET FROM SOFT MODERN FOODS

"AND WRIGLEY'S KEEPS THE TEETH CLEAN AND THE BREATH SWEET TOO! DICK LOVES IT"



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**WRIGLEY'S**

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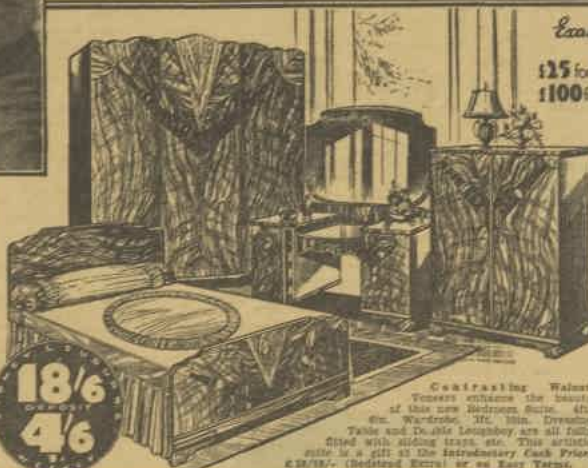
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See this year's wonderful display featuring elegantly designed and finished Venues of Oak and Walnut at attractive prices. The Palm Box shown in this page is two-tone colour-Cash Price 11/6



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With All Metal Valves this superb Dual Wave Radio is the latest development of science. London, Paris, New York, etc. and perfect local and intermediate reception guaranteed. It has glorious tone and is quite different to cheap Dual Wave Sets. Save £5 by securing at the introductory Cash Price, £16/19/6, or £21 Metropolitan Easy Terms:-



15/- and 4/6  
DEPOSIT WEEKLY



This 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet is a new model in a modern style. It is fully fitted with drawers, cupboards, shelves, etc., and the breakfast doors are particularly attractive. Do not miss this bargain at this week's Cash Price

85/-

(OR ON EASY TERMS) 5/- and 2/- DEPOSIT WEEKLY



### BED SETTEE

Bed Settee is reliably made with closely-woven wire seat. Full Panel Back. Two-tone finish. This Week's Cash Price

29/6

(Without Cushion). Cushion extra, according to quality.



Comfort, appearance and sturdy construction are features of this new Cane Chair. Built of mottled Malacca, with colored headings, every home in Sydney should have one or more at the introductory Cash Price

### OAK BEDSTEAD

This comfortable Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable wire mattress. This Week's Cash Price

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14/6 3/9

Distinctive in appearance, with Polished Walnut Veneers, this new Dining Room Set is extraordinary value. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has usual drawers (one lined) and cupboards. 5ft. Rectangular Table has two ends, and Four Chairs (two only illustrated) have upholstered seats and backs. You can secure at This Week's Cash Price, £14/14/- or on Easy Terms.



20/5

Upholstered in Genoa Velvet, with fully-opening loose cushions, this sumptuous Lounge Suite is a remarkable example of Warehouse Value. Settee and Chairs are full-size, solidly constructed and will give maximum comfort and long life. This week you can secure at introductory Cash Price, £19/19/-, or on Easy Terms.

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### HALL CARPETS REDUCED

Wilton  
Width 4ft. Per Yd.  
22in. 9/11 Now 6/9  
27in. 9/11 Now 7/9  
36in. 13/6 Now 10/6

Amminster  
22in. 10/6 Now 9/2  
27in. 12/6 Now 10/2  
36in. 19/6 Now 16/6  
Inspect our stock of Lawn Mowers and Garden Hoses - all marked at Warehouse Prices.



### CARPETS and LINOLEUMS

### AXMINSTER CARPETS REDUCED

Now 23/15/- 24/5/- 24/19/6 25/17/6 26/15/-  
Now 26/5/- 27/10/- 28/15/- 29/19/6

### GENUINE CORK LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE  
5/3, 5/11, 7/6 per yard

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Mrs. John McCale, of Pitts Point, Sydney, says: "Corn Flakes are the most popular breakfast at our house. I don't wonder the children ask for more—Dad and I like Kellogg's too!"

"I don't wonder the children ask for more—Dad and I like Kellogg's too!"

It's the flavour that keeps increasing the popularity of Kellogg's Corn Flakes! There's no cereal quite like those crisp, crunchy, golden flakes for delicious goodness! Pour on some cold milk or cream—you never tasted anything better! Add sliced bananas or peaches, or berries

if you like! And remember, that Kellogg breakfast—so tasty, so easily digested, so simple to prepare—is full of nourishment and energy. It's perfect for the Australian climate—it's good for the whole family! Order some to-day and serve them regularly!



**Kellogg's**  
**CORN FLAKES**

FREE RECIPE BOOK  
Send your name and address to Kellogg's, Box 1, Botany, Sydney, and you'll receive a Kellogg Recipe Booklet—free—by return mail.



## The SHARE PUSHER

Continued from Page 14

IT had been an inspiration that had led Leon Gonsales to Somerset House.

He glanced at his watch. Late as the hour was, there was still a hope of finding Mrs. Green. His car was waiting in the park in Wellington Place, and ten minutes later he had stopped before the doors of Hanover Mansions. A lift carried him to the third floor. He pressed the bell of No. 1009. A light showed in the fanlight, and it was Mrs. Green herself who opened the door to him. Evidently she expected somebody else, for she was momentarily taken back.

"Oh, Mr. Gonsales!" And then, quickly: "Have you had news of Margaret?"

"I am not quite sure whether I have or not," said Leon. "May I see you for a few minutes?"

Something in his tone must have warned her.

"It's rather late, isn't it?"

"It will save me a journey in the morning," he almost pleaded, and with some reluctance she admitted him.

It was not the first visit he had paid to her flat, and he had duly noted that, although her method of living was humble, the flat itself was furnished regardless of expense.

She offered him a whisky and soda, which he accepted, but did not drink.

"I want to ask you," he said, when she had settled down, "how long you have had Margaret in your employ?"

"Over a year," she replied.

"A nice girl?"

"Very. But I told you about her. It has been a great shock to me."

"Would you call her accomplished?"

Did she speak any foreign languages?" Mrs. Green nodded.

"French and German perfectly—that was why she was such a treasure. She had been brought up with a family in Alsace, and was, I believe, half French."

"Why did you send her out to the chemist for smelling salts?"

The woman moved impatiently.

"I have already told you, as I told the police, that I had a very bad headache, and Margaret herself suggested she should go to the chemist."

"For no other reason? Could not Mr. True have gone?"

She nearly jumped at this.

"Mr. True? I don't know what you mean."

"True was with you that night; you had been dining tete-a-tete. In fact, you were dining as one would expect a husband and wife to dine."

The woman went white, was momentarily bereft of speech.

"I don't know why you're making such a mystery of your marriage, Mrs. Green, but I know that for five years past you have not only been married to True, but you have been his partner, in the sense that you have assisted him in his—er—financial operations. Now, Mrs. True, I want you to put your cards on the table. When you went abroad you took this girl with you?"

She no longer dully.

"What was your object in going to Budapest, Bucharest and Vienna? Had you any other object than to enjoy yourself? Was there any business reason for your move?"

He saw her lick her dry lips, but she did not reply.

"Let me put it more plainly. Have you in either of those cities a private safe at any of the banking corporations or safe deposit?"

She sprang to her feet, her mouth open in surprise.

"Who told you?" she asked quickly.

"What business is that of yours, anyway?"

As she spoke, came the gentle tinkle of a bell, and she half turned.

"Let me open it for you," said Leon, and before she could move he was down the passage and had flung open the door.

An astonished financier was standing on the doormat. At the sight of Leon he gaped.

"Come inside, Mr. True," said Leon gently. "I think I have some interesting news for you."

"Who—who are you?" stammered the older man, peering at the visitor, and then of a sudden he recognised him. "My God! One of the Three Just Men, eh? Well, have you found that girl?"

He realised at that moment that the question in itself was a blunder. He was not supposed to be interested in the missing maid.

"I haven't found her, and I think she's going to be rather difficult for any of us to find," said Leon.

By this time Mrs. Green had recovered her self-possession.

"I'm awfully glad you came, Mr. True. This gentleman has been pink-

ing the most extraordinary statements about us. He is under the impression we are married. Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?"

Leon did not attempt to refute the absurdity of his suggestion until they were back in the little drawing-room.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Bonnor True, his pompous self, "whatever do you mean by making—"

Leon cut him short.

"I will tell you briefly what I have already told your wife," he said; "and as to your marriage, that is so indisputable a fact that I will not attempt to show you the marriage certificate which is in my pocket. I'm not here to reproach you, True, or this lady."

The question as to your treatment of the unfortunate people who have invested money with you is a matter for your own conscience. What I do wish to know is whether it is a fact that in certain Continental cities you have safes or deposits where you keep your wealth?"

THE significance of the question was not lost upon the stout Mr. True.

"There are certain deposits of mine on the Continent," he said, "but I don't quite understand—"

"Will you be perfectly frank with me, Mr. True?" There was a hint of impatience in Leon's tone. "Are there in Budapest, Bucharest or Vienna safes of yours, and are you in the habit of carrying the keys of those safes?"

Mr. Bonnor True smiled.

"No, sir; I have places of deposit, and they are in fact safes. But they have combinations—"

"Ah ha!" Leon's face lit. "And do you by any chance carry the combination words in your pocket?"

For a second True hesitated, and then he took from his waistcoat pocket, fastened to his platinum guard, a small golden book about the size of a postage stamp.

"Yes, I carry them here—and why on earth I should be discussing my private business—"

"That's all I wanted to know." He stared at the visitor. Leon was laughing softly but heartily, rubbing his hands as at the best joke in the world.

"Now I think I understand," he said. "I also know why you sent Miss Margaret Lein to the chemist to get a little smelling salts. It was you they were for—his accusing finger pointed at the financier."

True's jaw dropped.

"That's true: I was taken suddenly ill."

"Mr. True fainting," Mrs. Green broke in. "I sent Margaret up to my room to get some smelling salts, but they were not there. It was she who volunteered to buy them from the chemist."

Leon wiped his eyes.

"THAT'S a great joke," he said; "and now I can reconstruct the whole story. What time did you call on Mrs. Green that evening?"

True thought.

"About seven."

"Are you in the habit of drinking cocktails, and are they usually waiting for you in the dining-room?"

"In the drawing-room," corrected Mrs. Green.

"You took a cocktail," Leon went on, "and then you suddenly went out. In other words, somebody had doctored your cocktail with a knock-out drop. Mrs. Green was not of course, in the room. When you fell, Margaret Lein examined your book and got the combination words she wanted. She had been abroad with Mrs. Green, so she knew this playful little method of yours of catching your ill-gotten gains."

True's face went from livid red to ashy white.

"The combination words?" he said huskily. "She got the combination words? Oh, my God!"

Without another word he flew from the room and they heard the front door thunder as he slammed it.

Leon went at greater leisure, but he arrived in Curzon Street in time for supper.

"I'm not going to investigate any further," he said, "but it's an odd that those safes in Budapest and Vienna are empty by now, and that a very clever girl, who is certainly the daughter of one of Mr. True's deluded clients, is now in a position to help her parents."

"How do you know that she has parents?" asked Manfred.

"I don't know," replied Leon frankly. "But I am certain she had a father—I wired to General Fole last week to discover if his clever daughter was staying with him, and he wired back that 'Margaret had been abroad finishing her education for the past year.' And I suppose that acting as lady's maid to the partner of a share crook is an education."

(Copyright)



# THE MOVIE WORLD

February 8, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 31

## CALLING Australia!

### Hollywood News As It Happens

By Cable from JOHN B. DAVIES  
Our Special Representative

#### Mae's Memoirs

**C**ABLOID newspapers have caused quite a flutter by the announcement that Mae West is writing her memoirs. If this is true, the book should be a wow!

So far, however, no credence should be placed in the rumors going the rounds to the effect that several males prominent in New York or Hollywood circles are preparing to fly the country.

Meantime the news that Mae is Hollywood's highest-salaried star attracted the attention of extortionists, one of whom has been trapped by the actress and detectives.

**S**HIRLEY TEMPLE drew more patrons to the movies during 1935 than any other actress, and is now working overtime to take full advantage of her fleeting youth. Her life is run strictly to schedule. She rises at 7 o'clock, dresses her doll, and then, after a light breakfast, goes to the studio for the morning and afternoon's work. Between takes she is tutored for her next scenes, and it is not until late afternoon that she is allotted any recreation. She retires to bed at 8 o'clock, after a day's work that would try any adult actress.

#### Lovers Reconciled

SINCE last autumn when John Barrymore whisked out of New York with his 20-year-old protegee, Elaine Barrie, hot on his trail, Movieland has been wondering how the romance would end. We have now proof of a reconciliation having been effected when Barrymore and Elaine, seemingly enraptured with each other, appeared before the awed gaze of Hollywood at the premiere of the Russian ballet. For four months lawyers, managers, seas, and mountains had kept the infatuated pair apart.

Barrymore's Romeoing off-stage met with the stern disapproval of his producers, but he is giving a magnificent performance as Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet," and making such a real comeback that studio executives hesitate to tell too strongly to him. Barrymore intends later to sail to India with Reginald Denny to produce a picture wherein Barrymore will play the part of a native maharaja.



IRENE DUNNE and ROBERT TAYLOR

These popular stars are to be seen soon in "The Magnificent Obsession."

#### Town is Built

TO secure the correct Foreign Legion atmosphere a complete replica of the Algerian town, Saida, has been built on 20 acres of ground at the 20th Century Fox Studios. The whole thing cost 250,000 dollars, and here Ronald Colman and Victor McLaglen are sweating in a production based on Quila's famous story, "Under Two Flags." Nothing has been missed to get "atmosphere" for this production, so that the casual visitor, seeing the narrow streets packed with Moors, also Arabs and soldiers would swear he was in Africa.

#### Dix Coming

It is expected that Richard Dix will leave for Sydney, Australia, in about a month. He will be accompanied by his wife and two young twin boys. No information is available as yet regarding whether the trip is purely a holiday, or whether he is to make a picture for an Australian company.

#### Chaplin Autocratic

DEFYING the Hollywood tradition of selecting sensational titles for films, Charlie Chaplin insisted on the simple title, "Modern Times," for his long-

expected picture which opens in New York on February 2. Fellow executives of United Artists wanted to call the picture "Machine Age" or "The Mute," but Chaplin was immovable.

#### Rochelle Buried

DURING the filming of a picture in the High Sierras at Truckee, California, a snowslide buried Rochelle Hudson, who was unconscious when the movie crew dug her out. Fortunately the star was uninjured, and recovered after an hour, insisting, then, on resuming work.



# WHY STARS Go BROKE ★

## £200 A Week Will Not Cover Expenses

By JEANNETTE MACMAHON

**JUST T'OTHER DAY—** about a fortnight ago, to be more precise—you probably read in John B. Davies' cable a list enlightening you on the seemingly fabulous salaries which were paid to some of our leading screen luminaries during 1935. Curvaceous Mae West topped the list with a mere 339,000 dollars (£67,400).

"CHICKEN-FEED!" you say, sarcastically. And then you start wondering that anybody, no matter how extravagant, could possibly go through that many "greenbacks" in a lifetime, let alone twelve months.

**L**OTS of your favorites don't! They lead more or less routine lives, giving most of their time to their work, save as much of their money as is possible without being positively frugal, and put the spares that are left, after providing for the essentials and having a good many luxuries, certainly, into the bank. But it's the people that don't, and who go on the rocks, despite a salary of 1000 dollars a week, who cause wonder among the general public. How can they do it? the ordinary man or woman asks.

Let's start with this question!

"If the Government were to limit all salaries to 1000 dollars weekly, a mere \$2,000 a year, could the stars struggle along on such a reduced income?"

"Don't be completely screwy," you say. "What I couldn't do with \$200 every seven days just wouldn't be worth while."

Maybe you're right! But there are illustrations right before our eyes in Hollywood to-day that show all phases of the struggle. We'll inspect many of them, from Jean Harlow to George Raft, but first of all, because it affords such a thorough, all-round example, with elements in it of humanness, drama, and pathos, let's consider Jack Mulhall.

Jack, who was seen in silent pictures opposite a greater number of feminine stars than any other leading man, and who was in greater demand in those days than Clark Gable is to-day, blossomed out further in talkies. He had an excellent voice and a convincing manner of speaking his lines for the microphone. So he was made a star, with leading ladies of his own, rather than second-fiddle roles opposite feminine stars.

### Economy Fatal

**SO** much for a few short years ago. Some little time back a grocer sued Jack for a small bill which he was unable to pay. He was getting ten dollars a day for extra work, and was darned glad to get it. In the very few years that had passed a run of bad pictures and a brief delay in getting a new contract had wiped him out.

How did it happen that such good money went so quickly? Just as it has happened to a great many more stars, and will certainly happen to others. Jack was no reckless spender in the accepted meaning of the word. Even during his more prosperous days he tried many economies. Once, for instance, he said: "I'm giving up my Beverly Hills place. The tennis court and swimming pool consume too much liquor."

And it's the same story to-day. Stars, producers and directors come to a house such as Mulhall had, attracted by a genial host and the chance for a swim or a game of tennis. They bring wives, sweethearts—or even groups of strangers. Naturally, there has to be liquid hospitality available, and expensive food, it's like running a very fine hotel for a select, non-paying trade.

Yet giving up such a fine home and such free-and-easy hospitality is often fatal, for it gets one out of touch with influential people, and hints of economy, a deadly sin in Hollywood. You've got to put on a "front" or presently even the chance to make a bare living is denied you. It's quite possible that Jack Mulhall unwittingly wrote "RHS" to his

starring career by giving up that Beverly Hills home. Bankruptcy proceedings list the spendthrift and conservatives alike, Cliff Edwards, maestro of the ukulele, had liabilities set at \$68,307 dollars, and his assets a few suits of clothing.

### No Assets

**ESTHER RAISTON**, beloved by fans the world over some time back as a blonde Venus, had practically no assets, with debts amounting to 53,291 dollars.

Blanche Sweet owed 13,819 dollars, Herbert Rawlinson 10,939, Jeanne MacPherson, author of Cecil de Mille's greatest stories, 32,937. Hop! Gibson said in



GEORGE RAFT, another one who, in the past, has been near bankruptcy. His troubles are over now, temporarily, at least.

court that his assets consisted of one dollar. Mary Nolan said that all she had in the world was 15 cents. Yet among their accounts were unpaid income-tax levies of thousands of dollars, showing that they had once been colossal wage-earners.

One fairly recent example of stellar financial trouble is suave and sinister George Raft. Sitting pretty now, George was so broke after the completion of "The Trumpet Blows" that, according to his agent, he couldn't pay a trifling bill for personal services rendered.



THIS—believe it or not—is Jean Harlow. She is one of the stars who have found it difficult to make ends meet on their salaries.

So, if you laughed when you heard that Jean Harlow, platinum temptress, and one of the ace drawcards on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, stated that she could not only fail to make ends meet on 1250 dollars a week, but was falling behind and getting into debt, perhaps now you will believe it.

However, you will, with perfect justification, ask why!

Facts and figures show that the average star who earns 1000 dollars a week is in a position economically worse than a man or woman who earns £5 weekly in some more obscure occupation. It is possible to make small but consistent savings on £5 weekly, but the star who earns 1000 dollars weekly must as consistently go into debt if he keeps up the appearances so necessary to his career. Let's see why.

First, there is the salary of the business agent who looks after a star's affairs. Experience has proved quite definitely that these experts can save any star, be he ever so gifted himself, the cost of their own salaries and commissions by cutting down various other expenses, a matter quite apart from their other functions—getting the star jobs, contracts, and salary increases. Therefore, they are a necessity.

### How It Goes

**THESE** agents' salaries are usually in the form of 10 per cent. commission, hence the 1000 dollar weekly star pays them 100 dollars, or £20 per week in Australian currency.

Income taxes are a heavy nick in the big salaries, too, and then there are legal fees.

A star needs legal services frequently, even if he stays sober, has no fist-fights and no divorces. These are ordinarily cheaper if he pays a good lawyer a relatively small retaining fee, rather than bigger sums when he needs special legal assistance. Various forms of insurance are other expense items; ordinarily his contract stipulates he must purchase them.

If he wishes to remain a "comer" instead of becoming a has-been, he must indulge in personal advertising. And if he wishes to remain in the best good graces—and on the pay-roll as often time—he must purchase space in countless "special editions" and trade paper advertisements, representing certain pictures, in

which he appears, or congratulating the producer on his or the company's birthday. "Variety," or "The Motion Picture Herald," or "The Hollywood Reporter" are always replete with these ads.

Press clippings are almost a necessity at 20 dollars a week, and part or full-time services of a personal press agent at about 50 dollars weekly. A star's share of his fan-mail expense—some studios pay half of it—is about 50 dollars weekly, his personal photographic bill 20.

### BUDGET OF 1000-DOLLAR WEEKLY INCOME

	Dollars
Rent, three servants, food, upkeep of car . . . . .	285
Doctor, dentist, masseur, expense money, etc. . . . .	80
Clothes, personal and professional . . . . .	100
Policy charities, gifts, entertaining . . . . .	80
Non-policy charities, relatives, gifts . . . . .	75
Income tax, insurance, legal services . . . . .	175
Secretary, fan-mail, photos, clipping bureau . . . . .	140
Agents' commission . . . . .	100
Personal advertising . . . . .	125
Approximate weekly expense . . . . .	1160

dollars weekly. If the star is a woman each of these expense items is considerably greater. In fact, most expenditures are a bit heavier for the feminine celebrity.

What with wardrobe expense and a few other items as necessary to the star as saw, hammer and nails to a carpenter, his purely professional outlay totals 305 dollars, according to the best estimates.

Continued on Page 40





IT MIGHT have belonged to Louis Quinze—Mae West's bed.

**B**EFORE the rise of the lush Mae West, sex in the United States was treated either with extreme seriousness, even to the point of dolor, or it was laughed at and razzed.

MAE WEST, by adding a slightly burlesque over-tone to the by-play between the sexes, made everybody feel more comfortable — except the censors, who felt rather vaguely that there was something wrong in her technique, though for the life of them they never made it clear whether it was because they took her acting seriously or as something amusing.

MISS WEST can invest the simple phrase, "How do you do?" with a sexy quality which is the distilled essence of all time. One of her best tricks is the way she eyes a man, beginning by staring at his shoes, and gradually allowing her gaze to wander up to his neck and face.

With her small-waisted figure, her undulating hippy strut, her nasal whine and her meaty lips, she has made sex a thing gorgeously panoplied, as it was in the brave days of that old minstrel of the boudoir, King Solomon. There are more stories about her, most of them off color, than ever were told about Pat and Mike. She has taken what is known as woman's priceless possession, added a few circus touches, and put a laugh in the libido.

Her Hollywood apartment is typical of her character. Her specially constructed front door is of the speakeasy type; visitors are carefully squinted at through a grilled slit by a butler. The color scheme of the apartment is white and gold. All the furniture, including a large grand piano, is white.

An oversized bed dominates the bedroom. It is white and frilly, with a regal canopy, and stands on a dais carpeted with white bearskin. A huge mirror is imbedded inside the canopy so she can survey her famous figure as she lies outstretched in one of her favorite black lace nightgowns.

### New Shakespeare

MISS WEST likes to go to prizefights, and follows the work of the pugilists with the eye of an expert. Her father was Battling Jack West, a Brooklyn middleweight. Between fights in the summer he worked as a bouncer in a Coney Island dance hall, and in the winter he threw out the rowdy ones at Fox's Folly in Brooklyn. Miss West's mother was Mathilde Diker West, a French actress of reputedly Jewish blood, who died in 1930. Battling Jack, who became a chiropractor, died in Hollywood in 1934. Miss West is fond of fighters, and tries to give as many of them as possible parts in her productions.

At the prize-fights Miss West is usually accompanied by James Timony, a large

## BLONDE MAE ... the Screen's Foremost SIREN!

... MAE WEST'S stage and screen success has been built up on the lure of the flesh ...

Now she is one of the most famous living women of the world. This story, taken from "Mrs. Astor's Horse", by Stanley Withers, tells how and why.



NO PICTURES could be more typically Western than these two. The dress and ostrich-feathered headgear are worn by Mae in "Klondyke Lou."

red-faced man who has been associated with her since 1935. From time to time somebody starts the rumor that Timony and Miss West are married, but there has never been any proof of a wedding. Timony, a Broadway lawyer, with theatrical interests, organized the Morale Production Company, which produced the play "Sex."

It was pretty well known at the time that the principal financial backer was Owen Madden, New York's veteran racketeer, but he naturally remained in the background. Owen was a great admirer of Miss West's play-writing ability, and with his friends regarded her as the Shakespeare of the underworld. In 1927 Miss West, Timony and Charles W. Morganstern, associated with the production, were indicted for staging an indecent performance, "Sex."

### Hollywood Snooty

AT the trial Timony took a rosary from his pocket and fingered the beads in prayer. It was no use. With Miss West and Morganstern he was fined 500 dollars and sentenced to ten days in jail.

Miss West really became famous as a motion-picture star by her entrance line in "Night After Night." A hat-check girl remarked, as she entered wearing more diamonds than clothes, "Goodness, what lovely diamonds!" Miss West's comeback was, "Goodness has nothing to do with it, dearie."

Hollywood was inclined to be snooty towards her at first, but at the premiere of her picture, "I'm No Angel," even the most high-toned stars turned out. This grand opening was described over two radio stations. Miss West, in a silver lace gown closely set with crystal beads and trimmed with yards of white fox, swished her hips and strutted them all.

The West library, of which she is proud, is a small collection of books composed entirely of the more elementary erotica and the lives of famous courtesans. Fiction does not interest her, for, as she says, she can write her own.

As a child, known as Mary Jane West then, she was coached by her actress mother, but had little schooling. At the age of six she appeared in a Brooklyn stock company. As a youngster she played Little Eva, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Little Willie in "East Lynne," and between acts she sometimes said, "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with me Now!"

Continued on Page 46





# ENGLISH Producers Working FULL TIME

Pictures of All Types in Production!

- Newsreel Triumphs • Exodus from Hollywood
- Boxer Star • Australian Scenarist
- Robeson Again • Bergner Secluded

By Cable from JUDY BAILEY, Our Special London Correspondent.

**N**EWREEL cameramen and workers are the film heroes of the past week. Their exploits, and the terrific amount of work done by them in covering the events arising from his late Majesty's death and funeral are well-nigh incredible.

Gaumont-British alone made twelve hundred copies of the pictures taken of the Royal funeral. This represented no less than one hundred and ninety miles of celluloid.

Five British newsreel producers operating along the route used 150 cameras to get a complete record of the solemn event. Forty telescopic lenses were used in order to obtain close-ups of the Royal Family and important mourners.

★ ★ ★

**L**EN HARVEY, who made his debut in films in the picture "Excuse My Glove," the night he lost his fight to Peterson at Wembley, is going to be a winner on the screen, at any rate.

The picture contains some of the best fight sequences that have been put on celluloid, and showmen are predicting a big box-office success for it.

★ ★ ★

**T**HE American invasion of British studios is gathering still more force. Richard Dix's outstanding success, with Leslie Banks, in "The Tunnel," may be helping things on, but, whatever the cause, Hollywood is losing some of its nearest and dearest to British producers.

Edmund ("See You") Lowe has just arrived to star in "The Wrecker," for Gaumont-British. Others to arrive soon include Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Sylvia Sydney, Robert Montgomery, Richard Arlen, Franchot Tonne, and Charles Ruggles, while Maureen O'Sullivan is expected to make "Soldiers Three" with Victor McLaglen. England will soon have a thriving Hollywood colony.

**M**EANTIME, Paul Robeson is completing "Song of Freedom." This picture, which is expected to be a smash hit, is based on the incidents of Robeson's own life—a kind of celluloid autobiography. Of particular interest to Australians is the fact that Australian Philip Lindsay, collaborator in the scenario of "The Private Life of Henry VIII," is adapting the material of Robeson's career for the screen.

★ ★ ★

**R**OBERTSON HARE, popular comedian of the Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn films, has now been selected to star in his own right. In his first film, he acts as Press agent to a temperamental film star, played by Frances Day. The part is an excellent one for Hare, offering ample scope for laughs, and, in particular, giving him the opportunity of exploiting his own particular line of timidity.

★ ★ ★

**T**HERE'S plenty of gore slopping around the English studios these days. "The Cardinal" includes a first-class throat-cutting, while "Marie Martin, or the Murder in the Red Barn," and "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street"—both being produced at Sound City—have their full complement of blood-letting.

★ ★ ★

**H**AVER and Lee, who appeared with effect in the "Radio Parade of 1935," have had a new comedy, "The Sea Beggars," specially written for them. This is in production now, and, according to report, is a riot of nonsense in the peculiar Haver and Lee copyrighted style.

★ ★ ★

**A** COMPLETE system of defence keeps stray curiosity seekers from the Eistree Studio, where Dr. Caimner is directing "As You Like It," in which his wife, the great Bergner, is starring. Although the actual defences consist solely of two commissioned, the bold POSITIVELY NO VISITORS sign has a moral effect that is definitely enough.

## A Front Rank Star Again

★

AN advance picture of Richard Dix as he appears in "The Tunnel," a British picture which has received a great welcome in the States, and which has put Dix right back among the top-liners.



# AUSTRALIAN SINGER'S Triumph At METROPOLITAN Hollywood to Follow?

From JOHN B. DAVIES, Our New York Correspondent.

It has been my privilege to be present at the Metropolitan debut of an Australian who seems destined to have a brilliant future in opera. Thrilling to her magnificent voice myself, I experienced an even keener pleasure in hearing the plaudits of an audience accustomed to performances of the world's greatest singers!

The opera was "The Valkyrie"; the singer Marjorie Lawrence, who reached fine heights in the role of Brunnhilde.

With Hollywood going operatic, the Metropolitan to-day may mean the screen to-morrow; the time may not be far distant when this splendid artist will be seen and heard in picture-theatres the world over.

**O**F all the many operatic and dramatic performances I have attended, I can remember none in which the entrance of a new star—one making her first appearance, and hence, one would expect, nervous—has been so artistically correct and emotionally satisfying.

The introductory "Ho-yo-to-ho" of the Brunnhilde role is one of the most difficult ever written for a soprano, but it and the succeeding passage were delivered with so much fire, in so fine a dramatic spirit, that even the hyper-critical Metropolitan crowd committed one of the cardinal sins of opera audiences by bursting into a spontaneous and enthusiastic roar of applause.

It was extraordinary. Everyone was taken by storm. For some time the performance was held up until, at last, the clapping died down and the singer resumed.

From then on, the evening was an inspired one. Being an Australian I was, perhaps, more stirred even than the

many who, with me, were hearing the glorious voice for the first time. Marjorie Lawrence revealed during those few hours that here was someone who had everything needed for the operatic stage—voice, appearance, and intense dramatic capacity.

Even to have appeared, as she did, in such illustrious company was a test of Miss Lawrence's temperament and artistry. To sing Brunnhilde to the Ring-mund of the great Melchior is a test from which only a truly great artist could emerge triumphant. This Australian girl did it, and in such fashion that critics and public alike have acclaimed her.

## Critics' Praise

I HAVE attended many performances of "The Valkyrie," but I can say sincerely that I have never seen the role of Brunnhilde more thoughtfully and consistently developed. When Marjorie Lawrence listened to Wotan's narrative (Wotan being sung by Friedrich Schorr), she did so with a concern, intensity, and variety of expression that would have caused the audience to strain to hear the

recital even had Mr. Schorr not been so commandingly eloquent.

Seldom has a young singer earned such a chorus of praise as that which appeared in the New York papers the morning following the performance. "The Metropolitan," is very fortunate in this addition to the ranks of its dramatic sopranos. "There is every reason to expect the most of her, to anticipate the pleasure of watching the development of a leading Wagnerian singer of this generation." "... a young artist, tremendously in earnest, intelligent, and of a consummatingly dramatic temperament..."—these are but a few of the generous tributes the hard-boiled critics of New York laid at her feet.

I must admit that Marjorie Lawrence's phenomenal success took me by surprise. Sentiment drew me to hear her, although I knew very little of her history. To me, she was a fellow Australian, and, as such, I wanted to hear her. Even a minor success would have pleased me. As things turned out, I witnessed a triumph.

## Now What?

**A**ND now what? With the sweetness of success still in her mouth, it is hardly to be expected that this newly-risen star will immediately desert the Metropolitan—goal of all operatic singers. She will stay long enough to savor her triumph.

But Hollywood is a siren who can beckon very temptingly on occasion, and, for one, should not be surprised—say in a year or two—to hear that Marjorie Lawrence had been persuaded into making a film.

Just take a swift glance over the studios to-day, and note the Metropolitan singers who are prominent there. Grace Moore has found pictures worth her while. Nina Martin fills the seats with his tenor notes. Tibbett's magnificent baritone is earning him more in pictures than the opera proper could offer; Gladys Swarthout is another recruit, and also the world-famous Lily Pons.

It is not running a great risk to prophesy that Marjorie Lawrence will find her way to the West Coast. And when she does, lovers the world over of good music and fine voices will receive a treat.



**ROBERT TAYLOR**  
AND  
**IRENE DUNNE**  
in  
**MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION**

MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF FEMININE HEARTS WILL THROB ANEW TO THE DARING PERSONALITY OF ROBERT TAYLOR AS THE NEER-DO-WELL WHO ROSE TO FAME THROUGH A WOMAN'S INSPIRATION AND LOVE!

WATCH FOR IT SOON!



# "Peter Ibbetson" Dramatised for the Screen



## FIRST GLIMPSES of the PICTURE:

**G**ARY COOPER is here seen as Ibbetson, the young architect hero of the story. Lovely Ann Harding takes the leading feminine role; it can be seen how admirably her aristocratic beauty fits the part. Together, the two make a glamorous couple, with Christian Rub, as Major Duquesnois, to give comedy relief. Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler are Gary and Ann before they grow up.



# HERE'S Hot News from All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY,  
Our Hollywood and London Representatives.

**JOHN BARRYMORE**, who has always been known for his eccentricities among stage and screen folk, is now developing acute absent-mindedness. Working on the part of Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet," Barrymore several times made his appearance on the set without his trousers. He is so well-poised, however, that the discovery of the little omission embarrassed him not the slightest.

Barrymore is once again the subject of Hollywood chit-chat. His ex-protegee, Elaine Barrie, who distinguished herself by a valiant if unsuccessful pursuit of the famous actor, is hunting for a home in Beverly Hills, the beautiful residential section outside Hollywood. None other than the great Barrymore himself is her escort. Developments are being watched with interest.

**NED SPARKS**, who is in England to match his melancholy wit against Gordon Barker's sorrowful antics in "Two's Company," tells me that it was real hard luck made him funny that way. This wise-cracker was, according to himself, ambitious to be a romantic actor. In small American shows he was a pas-

## Dots and Dashes

**VELYN VENABLE** and husband Hal Mohr celebrating their first wedding anniversary by taking the new baby home from hospital to the tune of great rejoicing... Jean Harlow planning to attend the local cat show, where, as a loyal cat fan, she will watch the prize mamma and papa of her equally prize kitten strut their stuff... John Wood getting lots of thrills here, not the least of which was a bank hold-up, of which he was unwillingly in the middle... Wally Beery covering the banisters with velvet to keep young Carol Ann from sliding... Charlie Chaplin wearing splints on an injured hand...

sionate and romantic lover, but "guys like John Barrymore," he says, "made it tough for boys like me, and I got lugubrious looking for jobs!"

"One day it struck me that if I took my woes on to the stage with me they might amuse people. They did, and I might tell you in confidence, they amused me even more—for I began to eat regularly. Figure it out any way you like, but it's quite true that people are inclined to laugh at another bimbo's tough luck. They certainly did at mine, which immediately stopped being tough. But I was wise enough to keep that dark."

**MERLE OBERON** likes to be surrounded by lovely things and doesn't hesitate to indulge himself. He has a most elaborate portable dressing-room.

and loves to entertain. Sumptuous teas are served all the day by herself between shooting, otherwise by her companion—secretary, Ruth Fraser. There is always a visitor to be found in her dressing-room, generally a male.

At the entrance to her dressing-room is a table, and on it stands a small silk British flag. Australia's fair daughter is loyal.

**NEVER** before has Norma Shearer taken a role so seriously as her characterization of Juliet. Remembering the many great performances by famous actresses, she determined to portray a Juliet that would redound to the credit of the screen and would definitely establish her as a genuine artist.

She stepped herself so thoroughly in the play that she lived the role day and night. At every social function she appeared in costume of the period; and indeed it was no hardship to the eye to observe her as the Veronese lady in billowing skirts, tight-fitting bodice, and elaborate ruffles at the throat. It was so that she appeared at a dinner given to H. G. Wells, and was quite the sensation of the evening.

**ZOLTAN KORDA** is now packing up for a visit to Arabia, where he will direct "Revolt in the Desert," London Films' title for their picture seven around the career of Lawrence of Arabia. Col. Stirling, who was Lawrence's right-hand man during the Arabian campaign, is going with him as technical director.

**SAW** the beautiful Miriam Hopkins sunning herself by the swimming-pool of the Desert Inn at Palm Springs, a resort 100 miles from Hollywood. Glad in blue shorts and sweater she looked the picture of comfort. But the perfect coiffure, tied up with a blue bow, indicated that Miriam does not go near the water. Later met

her strolling up the main street of the little town window-gazing with a friend. The stars love Palm Springs. In the grand desert air they can indulge in bike-riding, swimming, horseback-riding, hiking, or just sunbaking, and no one will bother them.

**JEAN HARLOW'S** platinum tresses of world-renown are forever gone. She has permitted her hair to grow back to its natural light-brown color. It photographs beautifully.

Now that she has parted with her white-gold locks and hard-boiled she plans to play "good girl" roles. She is anxious to prove that she can play something besides the siren.

Jean is much smaller than she appears on the screen. She weighs little over

seven stone, measuring five feet two. To keep thin, she drinks hot water and lemon-juice before breakfast, which is a very light one, has practically nothing for lunch, but eats a medium-sized dinner. She consumes lots of cottage-cheese and avoids meat.

When working on a picture, she shampooes her hair daily.

**TALKIE** subjects run in cycles, and Capitol Films, to be in the fashion, are going to produce an operatic film in a few weeks' time—"Pagliacci." And Max Schach, ex-journalist-director, has picked the great Taubert for the role that was Caruso's favorite.

Everybody knows the charm of the Austrian tenor's voice, but it is doubtful if even he can produce the sob with which Caruso tore the hearts of opera audiences all over the world.

Capitol's purchase of the Pagliacci music has caused quite a pother in screen circles. They bought the rights for £20,000—in five minutes.

**MARLENE DIETRICH** is coming down a bit closer to earth in her new picture, "Desire." In the scenes where she portrays a Russian peasant, she wears her hair parted in the middle with a bandana of braids. Her eyebrows are less finely etched, and her

lips are rouged to appear fuller. I need hardly add that her beauty is undiminished, even though she plays the part of an ordinary woman.

Marlene in the studio is liked and admired for her unassuming manner. Unlike most other stars, she has only a simple dressing-room, and leaves the door open. When there is a long interval between scenes, she will relax on her couch, in negligee, and find it restful to have the phonograph or radio playing. So feminine that even in the days when she



MARGARET SULLAVAN, star of "The Good Fairy," at Alex King sees her. Her work in this film, with Herbert Marshall and Frank Morgan, should add considerably to her popularity.

affected masculine attire she lost none of her womanly charm. Miss Dietrich has more admiring male onlookers than any other star. She does not seem to notice their presence—but I wonder.

**BRITISH** films are rushing in where Hollywood fears to tread. Twentieth Productions have arranged to star Maurice Chevalier in "The Beloved Vagabond," William J. Locke's best-seller. The great Maurice has been begging and imploring Lubitsch—who made him—to let him forget both the straw hat and the epaulettes of a smiling lieutenant.

Lubitsch, who undoubtedly knows a good thing when he sees it, was not convinced that Maurice, sans these "props," would cause a storming of the box-office, and he refused to let him away from the musical comedy roles. So Maurice is going to make his escape in England, and an Australian girl, Betty Stockfeld, is going to help him tear down the bars.

**JOAN CRAWFORD'S** reputation for snobbery has been dealt a blow. She was caught in the act of yielding to a sweet and generous impulse. In the midst of a hectic shopping tour she stumbled on a group of youngsters who were eyeing her wistfully, but were too shy to approach the screen celebrity. To their unbounded delight and amazement, Joan gathered them all up, took them off, and treated them to ice-cream and autographed their messy little scraps of paper.

**ROBERT FLAHERTY**, who made the now famous "Man of Arran" picture, has cabled London Films from Mysore, India, that he has just completed some extraordinary shots of a herd of wild elephants for the picture, "Elephant Boy." They corralled this herd in one of the biggest stockades ever built in India. He claims that Sabu, the boy star, will be a revelation in the film.

## Together—two great stars GARY COOPER

adding greater glory to his achievements in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

## ANN HARDING

charmingly beautiful as Mary, Duchess of Towers, lover of Peter Ibbetson.



Believing that this picture is one of the entertainment triumphs of to-day, Paramount has chosen two beloved stars for the leading roles in this glorious romance of a love that never dies. Du Maurier's famous story lives again in all its magnificence. Prince Edward next Saturday.

## "PETER IBBETSON"

with IDA LUPINO, JOHN HALLIDAY, DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE, VIRGINIA WEIDLER, DICKIE MOORE

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY. A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

## Joan Crawford No Snob

lips are rouged to appear fuller. I need hardly add that her beauty is undiminished, even though she plays the part of an ordinary woman.

Marlene in the studio is liked and admired for her unassuming manner. Unlike most other stars, she has only a simple dressing-room, and leaves the door open. When there is a long interval between scenes, she will relax on her couch, in negligee, and find it restful to have the phonograph or radio playing. So feminine that even in the days when she



# WORN BY IRENE DUNNE

Renaissance  
Elegance in  
Chic Modern  
Guise



THIS lovely opalescent evening gown is worn by Irene Dunne in the coming film, "Magnificent Obsession." Tiny paillettes are sewn solidly on a background of pale yellow chiffon. The matching cape is lined with transparent velvet of yellow.



A RENAISSANCE gown of copper metallic matelasse is shown at left. Red, jewelled buttons match the magnificent belt of copper and gold. The skirt draperies come to the front and the sleeves are extremely full.



A CHARMING afternoon gown of Ethiopian-red made in rico crepe. The front fullness is cleverly obtained by narrow folds of the materials stitched together for a few inches and then allowed to fall free to the hem. The same folds furnish the blouse drapery.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE AMAMI MAKES

Use Amami—the 47-ingredient Shampoo. 26 ingredients nourish and strengthen the roots, 21 enhance the beauty in every strand of your hair. Get the Shampoo made specially for you. No. 1 for Brunettes, No. 2 for Blondes, No. 3 for very fair hair, and the Beach Application to bring

fresh tints and brightness to dull hair. For those who prefer a Soapless Shampoo, use No. 12. 9d. per tin.

After your shampoo, set waves and curls with an Amami Wave Set. Takes only five minutes. Six lasting settings from the smaller stick bottle!

**AMAMI SHAMPOOS and WAVE-SET**

THE formal gown shown above is made of safuri-blue velvet with glimmering stars in the form of well-known constellations giving a mystery motif which is most intriguing. The gown is slightly trained. The accompanying sandals are composed of silver-and-black strips of velvet.



BEAUTIFUL SONGBIRD OF THE OPERA.  
IN A DREAM OF ROMANCE SET TO MUSIC

LILY PONS

I DREAM TOO MUCH

MUSIC BY JEROME KERN



# PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

## ★ STARS OVER BROADWAY

Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir. (Warners.)  
It seems unfair to give this effort only one star when "Broadway Hostess" scores the same decoration. The difference is that this picture makes the grade easily, and with a bit to spare; its "Hostess" companion does so by the skin of its teeth.

Audiences will not have to knit their collective brows in an endeavor to follow new lines in story or treatment in this offering; it has nothing fresh or original in either department, but, on the other hand, as entertainment for an hour or so it fills the bill.

The main purpose of the film is to introduce to the screen two more of America's radio stars: James Melton and Jane Froman. Both can sing. Jane Froman is the more attractive personality of the two, and, I should say, more likely to make a place for herself in pictures. Melton, except when he is singing, seems a vacuous sort of individual, principally composed of a wide, shallow smile and teeth. The best thing in the picture is the singing of "Celeste Aida," but if Melton did it well, anybody is at liberty to skin me alive.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

## ★ BROADWAY HOSTESS

Genevieve Tobin, Lyle Talbot. (Warners.)

THERE is nothing out of the way to distinguish this picture from dozens of others that are showing in theatres all over Australia; nothing, that is, except, maybe, the fact that Talbot doesn't marry the girl with whom one would tip him as clinching for the last, lovely fade-out.

Wini Shaw contributes quite a lot of singing—mostly songs written in blues rhythm; gutter laments for men who've done her wrong or left her cold, or in some foul and heartless fashion broken her young heart. I can sympathize with a girl who's endured harsh treatment of that nature, but why pass the buck on to ineffectual audiences who pay to be amused? It isn't Wini's fault; her voice is O.K., only she hasn't been given the right material for it.

Apart from the musical features, the picture will give you another glimpse at Broadway, an idea of the way things are worked in high-class gambling halls, a rather badly handled love affair between Lyle Talbot, as a parvenu, and Genevieve Tobin in the role of one of New York's monied aristocrats, and a shooting.

Just about enough to earn it one star.—Piazza; showing.

## ★ THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM

Lionel Barrymore, Helen Mack. (R.K.O.)

THERE will not be any heated controversy about this show, but those who see it will be divided into two camps: those who will be mildly entertained and those who will be mildly bored. I should say the two schools of thought will be pretty evenly balanced numerically.

To bring the spirit of a dead man to the screen is always a risky business, but, in this case, R.K.O. have done the job well, conveying the illusion of unsubstantiality by splendid camera work.

The basic idea of the picture is simple: the return to earth of the spirit of a man who, after dying, realizes his mistakes and wishes to rectify them. Difficult as is the job of communicating with fresh and blood people, the revenant succeeds in his mission.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

## ★ NO LIMIT

Florence Desmond, George Formby. (B.D.F.)

AN English comedy that just about gets by—only just! The opening scene, thick with Lancashire dialect and full of that sticky kind of comedy which makes the actors appear to be trying to win a quarter-mile dash on a fly-paper track, is more than a bit boring, but the action livens up after a while and the picture concludes with a motor-cycle race which, if it is not over-humorous, at least packs plenty of thrills.

Whether you'll like Formby or not is more than I can say. Personally, I dislike dialect comedians. Formby is one; he belongs to the "Eh-lad, eom-t' hoo 'n' 'ave coop o' t'w' school. His face is reminiscent of Alfred Fith's, his teeth of a horse's. Now the decision is on you.—Lyceum; showing.

## ★ POWDERSMOKE RANGE

Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson. (R.K.O.)

AS Westerns come, this one is the goods. Getting away from the milk-and-water, namby-pamby methods evident in so many of the recent films of this nature, pictures in which the hero

## OUR FILM

### GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

mustn't be allowed to plug his enemies, and even the villain has to commit suicide (usually over a cliff) to allow the story to end—getting away from this type of watery gruel, R.K.O. have put out an offering which is packed with action, a story in which guns are drawn equally readily by good hombres and tough ones.

I forget now how many gentlemen are "galvanized" (how I know my West!) before the picture reaches its inevitable happy ending, but the whole thing left me with the impression that a good fifty years would have to pass before the population of the particular section of country in which Senors Carey, Gibson, and Williams were operating could hope to reach normal again.—Civic; showing.

## ★ RED SALUTE

Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Young. (United Artists.)

GIVING one star to this picture shows my innate fair-mindedness; it has some entertainment value, although from first to last it infuriated me, as it must infuriate everybody else of average intelligence.

Actually it is a propaganda film, directed against Communism. Well, that's all right; not too many people want a Bolshevik paradise at any rate, but the propaganda in this story is so puerile, stupid, childish and ridiculous that it is likely to win converts to Communism instead of weaning radicals into the right path.

Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Young, with Hardie Albright assisting with the comedy (and there IS comedy when the fool producer forgets he has a Mission and gives the story a chance), do the best they can. If the studio executives had shown a little more common sense, these three could have made a real picture of it.—Piazza; showing.

## THE CROUCHING BEAST

Fritz Kortner, Wynne Gibson. (R.K.O.)

PEOPLE who see this picture will witness two spectacles: a dull piece of alleged entertainment and the butchery of a fine actor, Fritz Kortner, to wit.

It is nothing short of a crime that a man of Kortner's abilities should be given such a vehicle for his talents. The very fitness of his acting betrays him at times in this film; it is so incongruous alongside the utter mediocrity of the picture as a whole. Occasionally, at moments when the action rose to what the director no doubt intended to be a terse, dramatic level, the first-night audience laughed. I can't blame them, although I personally felt embarrassed and ashamed.

No greater tribute could be paid this German actor than to record the fact that, with everything against him, he succeeds in some sequences in arousing sympathy for a character whose record and actions, on the surface, should awaken nothing but repugnance.—Civic; showing.

## WHERE'S MY MAN?

Tom Walls, Cicely Courtneidge. (G.B.)

JUST what the producers intended this picture to be is a problem that could fill the long watches of many a winter's night. If it was conceived as a farce, the whole thing has been planned and executed too seriously; if audiences are to take it as a serious contribution to the mass of historical films, there are too many elements of farce in it to allow it a semblance of even screen reality.

Even the more simple souls among theatre audiences will find it hard to ignore the illusion of realism while Cicely Courtneidge is cutting musical comedy capers before their startled eyes. Lord knows whether the director wanted her to play convincingly the part of a woman masquerading as a man in Marlborough's army, but whether he did or not, the result is deplorable.

This criticism could not be levelled against a picture that set out, quite frankly, to be comedy pure and simple. It does, however, apply strongly to a hybrid production of this kind. To see Tom Walls playing a satisfactory and artistic Marlborough to Cicely's principal boy actor is just ridiculous.—Lyceum; showing.



RADIO STAR GOES TO HOLLYWOOD. Harriet Hilliard, until recently featured soloist of Ozzie Nelson's band, is making her screen debut in a romantic leading role supporting the Astaire-Rogers team in "Follow the Fleet," R.K.O.'s successor to "Top Hat." Those in the know claim that Harriet is booked for a big future.

# LETTERS Pouring in for Shirley COMPETITION

## Readers Enthusiastic

A remarkable feature of the "Shirley Temple" competition is the almost equal number of entries that are coming in in the two sections—the adult and juvenile sections.

Both the attractive prizes that have been offered and the amazing popularity of the little screen actress explain this, no doubt, but so many entries are coming to hand from all over the Commonwealth that it has been found necessary to engage a special staff to handle them.

AS has already been outlined in previous issues, The Australian Women's Weekly is offering 100 Shirley Temple dolls as prizes in this competition. The aggregate value of these prizes is £200. Forty-six dolls will be awarded to juvenile readers under the age of 14 years for the best letters of approximately 50 words giving the reasons, "Why I like Shirley Temple?"

In the adult section there will be 54 prizes of Shirley Temple dolls, ranging in value from 33/- to 95/-. All these dolls, in both sections, are exact replicas of little Shirley herself, and are beautifully dressed.

They have been specially cabled for by The Australian

Women's Weekly for the purpose of this big competition.

They are valuable and delightful presents, which any admirer of Shirley Temple will be thrilled to have in the home.

Another feature of the competition is that everyone who sends in an entry, whether it secures a prize doll or not, will be entitled to a beautiful portrait on art paper of Shirley Temple, suitable for framing. The only condition of this offer is that a penny stamp must be sent with the entry to cover the cost of postage of the portrait.

## Typical Letters

HERE are typical letters—not necessarily of outstanding merit—which are coming to hand in hundreds by every post.

"I love Shirley Temple because she has

the capacity to fill every situation without realising or appearing to realise that she is acting. She has a childlike simplicity, and a taking manner to go with her clever dancing and brilliant acting."

That is what a young Victorian girl of 13 thinks of Shirley Temple.

Here is what another country youngster from the far west of N.S.W. writes:

"I believe that the reason Shirley Temple is so popular is because she is so natural. Besides being a very talented actress, which alone would be enough to make people love her, her face is set in a halo of curls, while her twinkling eyes, flashing smile, and dainty, tapping feet combine to make her the world's most versatile, irresistible, and beloved child actress."

## Match Your Skill

YOU can write a short letter like these. Of course you can. Why not enter for this fascinating competition now and give yourself a chance of winning one of these beautiful dolls? And what better mental enjoyment can you have than matching your skill and wit against those of thousands of other readers of The Australian Women's Weekly? It goes without saying that to win one of these prizes in an Australian-wide competition will carry with it no small degree of honor and credit.

Readers who enter for this competition are informed that the decision of the judges on the merits of the entries received is final, and no correspondence will be entered into on the subject.

All entries must bear the name and address of the competitor, and must reach the judges before February 21. Letters should be endorsed "Shirley Temple Competition" and should be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 137CC, G.P.O., Sydney.



# It's Hard to Stay Human in Hollywood!

## Gene Raymond Tells the Reason

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Hollywood Correspondent.

**L**IFE, for a Hollywood star, is not all champagne and fun.

He, or she, must be forever watching his, or her, p's and q's. A proper carefulness with money may lead to the accusation: "Tightwad". Too much flinging of it around may bring the equally-disastrous charge of ostentation.



A SCENE from "The Seven Keys to Baldpate" Raymond with Sally Eilers.



GENE RAYMOND, who gives the low-down on a star's cares.

**T**HEN there are other things. Even a movie idol has a right to a certain amount of privacy. But it's hard to get without being labelled "high-hat." It's a tough life, no foolin'! If you don't believe me, here's what Gene Raymond told me himself; and his case is a typical one.

For several years, blonde Gene Raymond has been a star in Hollywood. "I tell you," said Gene emphatically, as we sat in a new cocktail bar, "try as you will, it's difficult to remain human in this man's town, when you're a movie star."

"Look at the autograph seekers first. When I was new to Hollywood I tried to be very, very polite and accommodating to everyone who asked for an autograph. Then I suddenly discovered they were handing me such things as nude pictures of pretty girls to sign, hard-boiled eggs, the heels of women's shoes, their handkerchiefs and lingerie and what not. There I drew the line. Can you blame me?"

In Hollywood, Gene believes, a star must regulate his life for the demands of the Press.

"He can't get away from it," Gene told me over a dry martini. "For if he dines or lunches with any girl once the columnists and scandal writers immediately print that he is romancing with her. A trip to Palm Springs on the same week-end and they are vexed."

Two weeks out of town with her in succession and he's... well, you know what. They always insinuate the worst.

"So a star must watch his step. He has little chance really to get to know a girl properly, for both of them immediately pick up the papers and see the dark rumors and it makes them both stand-offish. They are slightly embarrassed when they go out and soon it's all off, when it might have been a sweet romance and perhaps even a marriage. Such stuff as that 'orchid' day by special messenger? To Gaynor, as they printed on me. Gaynor resented it and so did I, but what could we do?"

"When we made 'Flying Down to Rio,' continued Gene, "I handed Dolores del Rio an orchid one day. Almost before the day was over the rumor was out that she and I were romancing. Great Scott, she is a happily married woman, and I certainly don't chase men's wives, so there was a strained silence between us which had no right to be there. That's what I mean, you can't be human and be a star."

### A Natural Blonde

**T**HEN, just as a joke, Gene had a huge bunch of scallions wrapped and sent to the Mexican star. She brightened up when they arrived, thinking them a bunch of flowers from an admirer. She retired behind some scenery to open them, and the company heard her scream and then burst into hysterical laughter. The assistant director came on

the run, and Raymond was also doubled up with laughter.

"You and Del Rio fighting?" the assistant asked.

"No!" laughed Gene. "Just a little gag I pulled on her. Sent her scallions. When I sent orchids they said we were romancing. Now let's see what they'll say about me sending scallions!"

"Fred Astaire," said Gene, "works like a dog on his dance routines. It takes him months to learn a new one to work enough out for a picture. That's why he can't make more than three films a year, and

yet the word got out that he was high-hat. High-hat my eye. No finer chap alive than Fred, but that was the false interpretation the Press and the public put upon his action in only making three screen appearances a year!"

"I never knew a town where the Press and the public like to take a knock at an actor, like Hollywood does. When I first came out here, they referred to my platinum-blond hair. My hair is not platinum-blond, it is a natural blonde and I have never tried to make it any more so. But they refused to believe it and compared me with Harlow, who does bleach her hair."

### Ordinary Pleasures

**I** AM very fond of Mary Bryan, and so is Dick Powell, but when I take her out to cocktail parties the Press reports that I am cutting in on Dick. Mary and I have no romantic leanings towards each other; we are just good pals who like each other's company. But there you are.

"A movie star's life in Hollywood is not his own. If he tries to be a perfectly natural, sane, commonplace human being, he runs its fur the wrong way. It was reported not long ago that I had 75 suits of clothes in my wardrobe, more than 50 pairs of shoes, and 30 hats. Why, I never had that many clothes in my whole life altogether. But could I deny it? I could not, or I would have been condemned by the scandal-mongers."

"Another thing is the matter of drinking. I like to play in during the late afternoon, every day, and have a couple of cocktails at some place, but that's all."

I'm not a drunkard by any stretch of that imagination, but the rumor goes around. As a matter of fact, any movie star in a cocktail bar is a sucker for every chiseler in town. I buy five cocktails for people I scarcely know to every one for my real friends and myself. But refuse them, and you get a sneer and a turned-up nose and the whisper that Gene Raymond is a tightwad who won't be sociable with the gang.

"Then, too, I like to do things which the ordinary fellow enjoys. I like to go down on the amusement pier at Venice and throw rings at canes for packages of bacon. I like to play those games, have my palm read just for fun, and do all that sort of thing. But the boys of the Press don't think I should. I should be throwing big, elaborate parties for the upper-crust and letting more party-crashers than guests break in to drink my liquor and eat my food, as well as walk off with my expensive cigarette-lighters and whatever other small bric-a-brac their fancy dictates."

### Things About Raymond

**GENE RAYMOND's** real name is Raymond Guion; he was born in New York City on August 13, 1908. He is 5ft. 10in. tall, and weighs 11st. 3lb.; has blue eyes and naturally wavy, fair hair.

He was educated at private schools; is unmarried; and his favorite hobby is horse-riding.

Gene's acting career began on the stage; he appeared in "Cradle Snatchers," "Young Sinners," "Mirrors," "Take My Advice," and other plays.

His films included "Zoo in Budapest," "Ann Carver's Profession," "Brief Moment," "Red Dust," "If I Had a Million," "Flying Down to Rio."

The average star's home, after a big party, looks as though the Goths and Vandals had just taken their loot home across their saddle-bags with them. I like to entertain my friends, but no one can be more highly insulted than a party-crasher, discovered and asked to leave.

"And the boys who sell cars. Nothing less than a Rolls-Royce or a Packard or Cadillac 16 for a fellow who makes the money Gene Raymond does. Personally, I buy modest cars and find them satisfactory. But that does not please the big car lads, who whisper that I must be selling it down for my old age."

"But I guess I'll go by. I have learned through many a hard lesson that a man must learn to say 'NO!' in eight different languages in this man's town, and I know them all. Let the spendthrifts sow wild oats, but when this blonde hair of mine begins to silver and they want me to play grandfather roles I'll just lean back in my easy chair and laugh. I'm going fishing up in Canada. In my safe deposit box are three big annuities and a flock of tax-exempt Government bonds, and all I have to do for my exercise is to clip the coupons. I'll have this old game whipped to a standstill, and you see if I don't. But my hair will turn grey quicker, and my back will bend earlier, just because I'm a movie star. That's the way it goes."



### THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

We knew all the folks would go just crazy about Eleanore (she's the tap) Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1936". But we weren't QUITE prepared for the raves that those newspaper scribes are handing out. Which just goes to show that a fellow can be too stingy with his superlatives, sometimes!

The MGM musical that has been voted by the thousands who have already seen it at the Sydney St. James as "So NEW - It's a Year Ahead" bids fair to equal the amazing records that it has established overseas - thanks to the appreciation of you good people.

And the Sydney St. James is not the only theatre that's drawing appreciative audiences. No, sir!

Joan (the darling) has played the folks in Melbourne... with the braucous ushers working overtime at the Metro, as myriad Craven-fair folk no see their idol in her newest and happiest film. And how the lassies' hearts go pitter-patter when virile Brian Aherne puts Joan across his knee and administers a sound spanking. Unusual for Joan, you say. But then "I Live My Life" is that kind of picture.

More heart throbs, too, for patrons of the Metro, Bob Montgomery and Helen Hayes make the swell team which brings Hugh Walpole's "Vaneasa" - "Her Love Story" to the screen. Some programme, we'll say.

Brisbane, despite the heat, is all set to welcome Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Wally Beery in "China Seas". It'll be a case of "his weather knocked cold" when those stars come to town.

And back in Sydney, some of the city's personalities, headed by the Minister for Education, gave "Mutiny on the Bounty" the once-over 'o'other night... and have joined in the universal catchphrase which says in no uncertain manner, "The Greatest Motion Picture Ever Made". You'll hear more anon about Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone in this last of MGM's screen masterpieces.

No more for the present. We've "Mutinied".

-LEO.



# CURRENT FILMS

Condensed Reviews for  
Country and Suburban  
Theatre-goers.

♦ **AGE OF INDISCRETION.** Paul Lukas, Madge Evans (M-G-M.). Drama. It is unfortunate, but this picture is not good enough for two stars, although it is above the average.

♦ **BROADWAY GONDOLIER.** Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou (Warner Bros.). Musical comedy. Will certainly amuse.

♦ **BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936.** Jack Benny, Eleanor Powell (M-G-M.). This show starts off with a bang, and keeps going. There are no flat spots in it; when a really "hot" dance number is not being given (and do they dance in this film) somebody is getting off wise-cracks that really have a snap to them.

♦ **CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS.** The Warren Williams, Genevieve Tobin (Warner Bros.). One of the most enjoyable murder mystery comedies of recent months. This is a verdict that will be expected by those who see this picture.

♦ **CHARLIE CHAN'S SECRET.** Warner Oland, Rosina Lawrence (Fox). Mystery drama. Oland's fans will not be disappointed.

♦ **CHINA SEAS.** Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery (M-G-M.). Drama. You won't be disappointed in this picture. It is first-class entertainment and includes a perfect screen drunk.

The stars indicate our grading.

♦ **DARE ANGEL THE.** Fredric March, Merle Oberon, Herbert Marshall (U.A.). Drama. Good show.

♦ **EAGLES BROOD, THE.** William Boyd, Jimmy Ellison (Paramount). This film is a Western, in which these chivalrous caballeros, Hopalong Cassidy and Johnny Nelson, reappear.

♦ **FRECKLES.** Tom Brown, Carol Stone (R.K.O.). Mystery drama. Fair!

♦ **GOOD FAIRY, THE.** Herbert Marshall, Margaret Sullivan (Universal). Comedy. A good show for any mood.

♦ **GUYNOR, THE.** George Arliss (Gaumont-British). Drama. Has sagacity quality that, presenting as it may be to 25 per cent of picturegoers, is quite likely to go over big with the other 75 per cent.

♦ **HERE COMES COOKE.** Gracie Allen, George Burns (Paramount). Farce. Good entertainment.

♦ **HI GAUCHO!** John Carroll, Steffi Duna (R.K.O.). Drama with incidental music. Not a show you'd break an appointment to see, but there are aspects of it that will enable you to take it in your stride as a support.

♦ **I LIVE MY LIFE.** Joan Crawford, Brian Aherne (M-G-M.). An amusing and entertaining show, with the cast well up to its job.

♦ **LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, THE.** Preston Foster, Basil Rathbone (R.K.O.). A historical drama of the Roman Empire. The production on the whole good.

♦ **LOVE ME FOREVER.** Grace Moore, Leo Carrillo (Columbia). Musical. A very good show, with singing that outshines any other female screen star.

♦ **MARK OF THE VAMPIRE.** Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allen, Bela Lugosi (M-G-M.). Fantastic mystery drama. Vampires play a large part in the picture.

♦ **METROPOLITAN.** Lawrence Tibbett, Virginia Bruce (Fox). If you have only half an ear for music, don't miss this picture. The singing is splendid.

♦ **NAVY WIFE.** Ralph Bellamy, Claire Trevor (Fox). Drama. As entertainment this picture would not win an international award.

♦ **OASIS.** Travelogue by Capt. Hurley (Cinesound). Photography good and selection of material interesting.

♦ **PEG OF OLD DRURY.** Anna Neagle, Sir Cedric Hardwicke (B.D.F.). A delightful romance. Speeches from "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III" provide some of the highlights of the film.

♦ **PAGE MISS GLORY.** Marion Davies, Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell (Warner Bros.). Light drama. Production too long.

♦ **PADDY O'DAY.** Jane Withers, Pinks Tomlin (Fox). Musical comedy. Some good, popular song hits in this production.

♦ **RAIN MAKERS, THE.** Wheeler and Woolsey (R.K.O.). Farce. A few good laughs to be had out of this picture.

♦ **RAVEN, THE.** Kay Hoff, Bela Lugosi, Irene Ware (Universal). This is a thriller of unusual type. Using Edgar Allan Poe's weird preoccupation with torture as a starting-off point, the author has built up the story. This picture has its thrills.

♦ **SUPER SPEED.** Norman Foster, Mary Carlisle (Columbia). The story and photography poor. The acting? Well, a bit in advance of the two just-mentioned ingredients.

♦ **SANDERS OF THE RIVER.** Paul Robeson, Leslie Banks, Nina Mae McKinney (United Artists). Drama. Very out of the ordinary.

♦ **SCROOGE.** Sir Seymour Hicks, Donald Calthrop, Athene Seyler, Oscar Asche (B.D.F.). A few faults, but still good entertainment.

♦ **TOP HAT.** Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers (R.K.O.). Musical comedy. Take this show any way you like, and it's good. Entertainment plus.

♦ **VINTAGE WINE.** Seymour Hicks, Clair Luce (B.D.F.). English drawing-room comedy. Ever-present humor and smart dialogue.

♦ **HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE.** Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Ralph Bellamy (Paramount). A good comedy that works up to an effective emotional climax. Good entertainment.

♦ **HERE'S TO ROMANCE.** Nina Martin, Anita Louise (Fox). Musical comedy opera. Several good singing numbers.



ALL THE STARS have their own particular bobbies. Anna Sten's is the collection of national dolls. In this picture she is seen with an array of Russian dolls presented to her by admirers in the U.S.S.R.

## The Screen's Foremost Siren

Continued from Page 33

BY 1911 she was appearing in small parts on Broadway. From 1913 to 1918 she did burlesque and vaudeville, where her singing, dancing and figure were appreciated. Sometimes she sang off-color songs. When she appeared with Ed Wynn in "Sometime," she showed the walk which was to make her famous and rich.

By 1920 she figured it was time she amounted to something. She appeared as Mary LaMonte in "Sex," of which she was both heroine and author. The high points were a seduction scene and one of Miss West's shimmy dances in a skin-tight gold dress.

The next sensation was "Diamond Lil" in 1928. Like most of the other West masterpieces, it was about a bad woman who got what she wanted, with sex triumphant and unrepentant. The philosophy underlying the stories is that "any dame that can outsmart a man ought to have her head examined."

All was very well, but she got into trouble when she put on "Pleasure Man." It was too much for Mayor

Walker, and a raid was ordered. The trial of Miss West and accomplices in General Sessions was amusing, but the jury failed to agree, and the District Attorney gave up.

In Hollywood Miss West, following the same old formula, has been the despair of the censors. It is probable that her picture, "She Done Him Wrong," was directly responsible for the organization of the powerful Legion of Decency, which worried the motion-picture bosses.

Miss West says that in making her pictures she "always thinks of the kiddies" by putting in a scene they will like, such as the time she lassoed a man and shot through his hat. She says:

"I know how what they want and what they don't want. I've found out that the things that the censors think are bad I think are all right, and I've learned that there are a number of things that I shy at that they see nothing wrong in. I'm supposed to be a good woman and my fans don't like to see me in those kind of pictures."

Miss West's fan mail is tremendous. A large part of it is unprintable. The rest comes largely from the lovers and from women and girls who want to develop sex appeal. Sometimes Miss West drifts sex appeal as "the radiation of an attractive personality." Usually Miss West replies to the seekers after wisdom with the simple advice: "The best way to hold a man is in your arms." Which would seem to settle that.

## Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



CORA SUE COLLINS HAD TO QUIT PUBLIC SCHOOL BECAUSE THE OTHER PUPILS STARED AT HER SO MUCH THEY COULDN'T CONCENTRATE ON THEIR LESSONS.

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## WE'LL Tell YOU

A section for readers who seek information.

**L. V. McCaughey (Rushcutter Bay).**—Here is the complete cast of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"—Mrs. Cheyney, Norma Shearer; Lord Arthur Dilling, Basil Rathbone; Charles, George Barraud; Lord Elton, Herbert Dunston; Lady Maria, Hedda Hopper; Joan, Moon Carol; Willie Wynston, Cyril Chadwick; Mrs. Wynston, Madeline Seymour; William, Finch Smiles; Mrs. Webber, Maude Turner; George, George K. Arthur (the was not in silent version).

**Mrs. E. Harris (Kirribilli).**—Grace Moore was born December 5, 1901.

**Harold Crossley (Belbaird).**—Jean Harlow was born on March 3, 1911. She is 5ft. 2in. and weighs 110lb. Ruby Keeler was born 1909. She is 5ft. 4in. and weighs 105lb. Jeanette MacDonald was born June 7, 1909. Ann Dvorak was born August 2, 1912 and weighs 110lb. Height 5ft. 4in. Norma Shearer was born August 10, 1904. Height 5ft. 1in. and weighs 110lb.

**L.J.S. (Bondi).**—Francis Lederer is 35 years of age. Height, 6ft. He has brown eyes and is not married. One of his latest pictures was "Romance in Manhattan." His name is usually pronounced with a long "e."

**Elvy Foley (Limeburners Creek).**—Their real names are: Mary Pickford, Gladys Smith; Shirley Grey, Agnes Zetterstrand; Shirley Temple, Shirley Jane Temple; Elissa Landi, Elizabeth

Marie Zanardi-Landi; Myrna Loy, Myrna Williams; Marian Nixon, Marian Nixon; Kay Francis, Katherine Gibbs; Helen Twelvetrees, Helen Woody (nee Jergen); Clara Cooper, Frank J. Cooper; Tom Brown, Tom Brown; Charles Farrell, Charles Farrell; Rochelle Hudson, Rochelle Hudson; Norma Shearer, Norma Shearer.

**C.T.B. (Randwick).**—Robert Taylor studied to be a doctor. He sings, plays the cello, and does radio work. His hobby is collecting all different-colored and types of sweaters.

**Jack Smith (Lidcombe).**—Stanley Laurel was born in Ulverston, England, June 16, 1895. Oliver Hardy at Atlanta (U.S.A.), born January 18, 1892. Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi did not appear in "Radio Parade of 1935."

**Miss D.P. (N.S.W.).**—Nelson Eddy's name is his real name, and so are Rochelle Hudson's and Jeanette MacDonald's; Myrna Loy was born Myrna Williams; Richard Cromwell, Roy Hadsbough; Robert Montgomery, Henry Montgomery; Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

**Miss G. Pluck (Randwick).**—Franchot Tone and Myrna Loy may be found at M-G-M. Studios, Culver City, California; and Jan Kiepura, c/o Paramount Studios, Marathon St., Hollywood, California.

## Why the Stars Go Broke

Continued from Page 32

WE have seen what happened to Jack Mulhall when he gave up his "front," that is, his Beverly Hills home, swimming pool, tennis court, and so on. Your 1000-dollar-a-week star does not have to display quite so much luxury in household appearances that some are expected to exhibit on a more princely salary. But the food-and-shelter budget, servants, one car—two cars are less necessary than three servants, due to a star's peculiar social and business requirements—and a few other items pertaining to keeping up appearances total over 400 dollars weekly.

## Still More Expenses

ON top of this formidable expense is an item labelled "charities." A star can hardly dodge them, because to collectors 1000 dollars weekly is a huge salary. Moreover, there are many company-sponsored charity drives to which contributions are as necessary, for policy reasons, as for the producer's wife and Christmas presents to all studio hands.

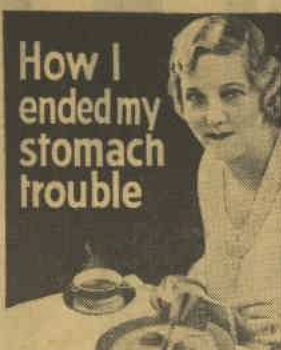
These estimates take no account of parasitical relatives, and assume that the star has no human failings such as

the desire to court lady luck or chase expensive blondes. Yet, fragal as he may be in spirit, he either goes steadily into debt, or by snatching to buy necessities scrims himself out of a job.

It's all evidence that your highly-paid actor spends so much on professional necessities and near-necessities in his struggle for fame that he cannot save anything for a rainy day until his salary reaches an impressive peak; that he denies himself even some of the snug little luxuries called "thrift" and "fore-sight" in which Mr. and Mrs. General Public of considerably smaller income may indulge.

As a result, in dingy flats around Hollywood to-day there are men and women awaiting studio calls, former great stars who earned thousands per week. Now they starve and are evicted from their lodgings, and their clothes are pitifully shabby. These are facts actually on record. Yesterday it was 7500 dollars per week forty weeks in the year. To-day it is seven dollars some days, some weeks.





How I ended my stomach trouble

"I can eat what I please and digest it with ease."

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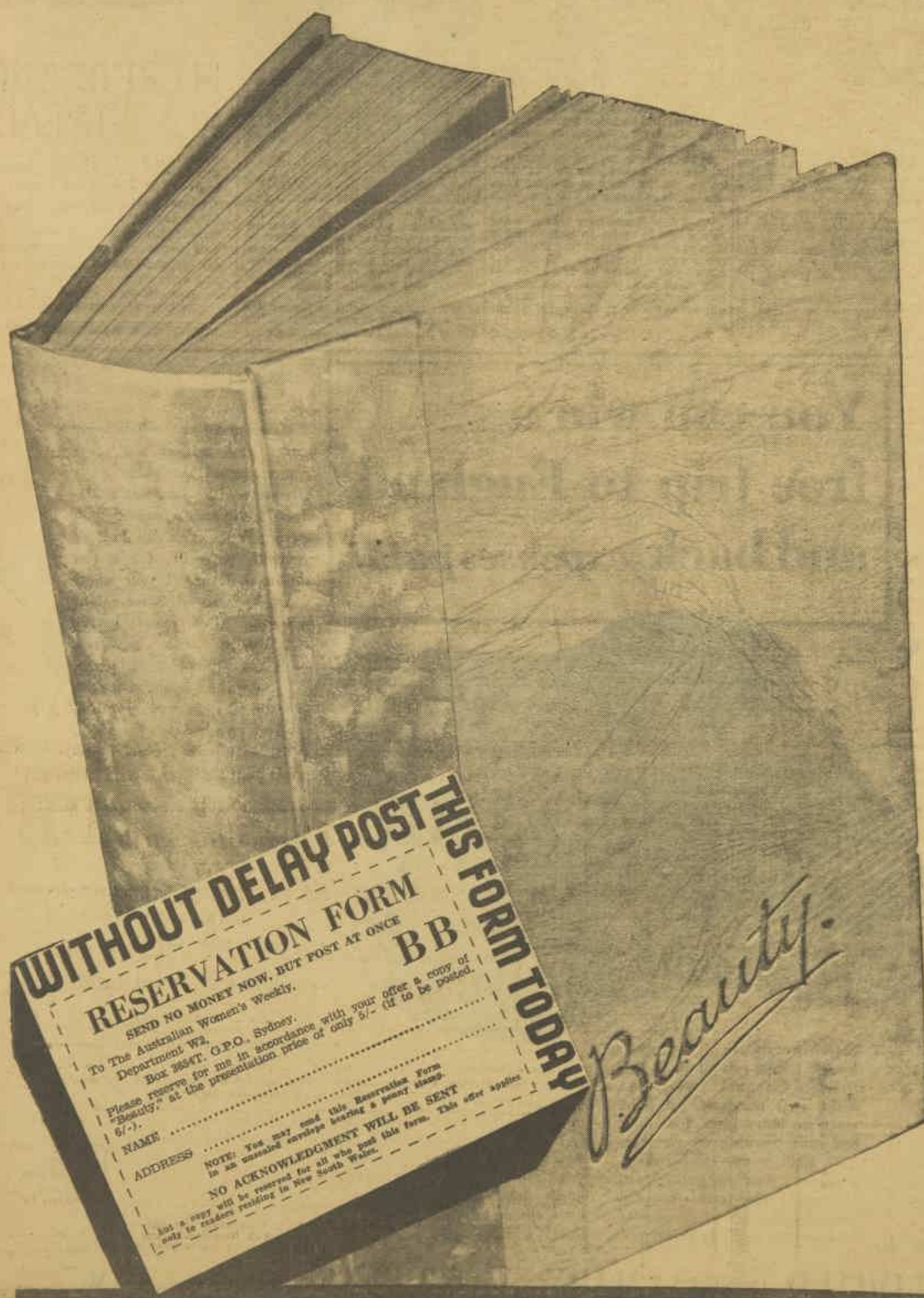
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*Beauty.*



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Again 2GB chooses the work of the master story-teller, Charles Dickens, for its nightly dramatic serial at 7.50 p.m. And this time it is "Nicholas Nickleby," the story of the infamous old-time schools where the boys were starved, beaten and ill-treated. Many famous characters are to be met in this dramatic tale, including Mrs. Nickleby, Squeers the headmaster, and the half-witted pupil Smike. Commencing next Monday.

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## BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

### Billy Boy was Not Bothered to Win for "Miss Lorna Doone"

By BETTY GEE

I won't tell you anything about my betting adventures on Wednesday, except to say that after having three nice wins on Water Waggon at previous meetings, I could not see Tom Haylen's colt beating Bonnie Legion in the Widden Handicap. To my sorrow, the Roschill-trained horse cantered in at 14 to 1 without even having a saver on him.

But let's get on to Saturday.

DICKIE and I had a little argument as to whether we should lunch in town and give the hurdles a miss. Of course I won the argument, and when we reached the course at 1.30 p.m. we found that Fashion Star had romped in, and, of course, Dickie claimed that was the horse he had intended to back. He'd have said the same thing no matter what won.

I shouldn't have laughed at him, but he's such a bad-tempered little devil that he left me inside the gate and went off to see an owner who had promised to put him on to a good thing. I didn't run into him again until after the fourth, and I'm sure he was dodging me. What's more, I told him so. I made up my mind to save the rest until we got home; but was so happy at the end with the generous way the bookmakers and the Tote treated me that I let him off.

### Bare Half Dozen

In the Kennell I could see at least half a dozen that I thought had equal chances. Then I remembered that I'd had a "perm" on Friday and my hair-dresser had advised me to get it cut a little shorter. It came to me like an inspiration. Short Wave—that was the office. I put 10/- on the win tote. When Short Wave rushed out and won easily by nearly a length, and I got £6/5/- back for my first bet of the day. I made up my mind to have another "perm" next week. Dickie followed the public money and lost a whole £1 on Heritor.

I told all you girls a week ago that a little lady named Cereza would not catch me asleep again, at she did at Warwick. Well, I ask you now, was it a race at all?

### Missed Saver

THE price—6 to 4 on—I reckoned was over the odds, but I laid out £4/10/- to win £1. A girl friend wanted me to save on Mrs. P. H. Osborne's Salamander. However, I couldn't see any of the other ladies in the race having a ghost of a chance with Cereza, and when I saw her coming down the straight half-a-dozen lengths in front of the field, with little Jackie Pratt peeping over his shoulder to see if there was any danger, I knew that my £7/10/- was safe. I could quite easily have picked up another £5/- by toying Salamander, but why be greedy? After winning £8/15/- on two races, I decided to leave Dickie at the gate next time.

Although everybody on the course seemed to think that the Novice Handicap was a match between Stalwart and Domica, I remembered that Mr. Austin's mare Imagine had run third at Warwick Farm and paid £23/5/- for 10/-. So I toted £1 on Imagine, ridden by E. Waller. When it ran nearly last you could hear my "Waller" all over the course.

### Gland Treatment

REMEMBERING my win on Curator at Warwick Farm I decided again to back the son of Curialis and Lipstick, and was really pleased when the bookmakers made it favorite. But over the final furlong Mr. Kerry and Viceroy wore my mount down. Mr. Kerry must be nearly as old as Dickie, but he won the two long distance events at this meeting like as if he had had the Viceroy treatment.

Just then I ran into Dickie again and came up behind him as he was collecting the odds to £2 from Jack Shaw. I often with my Dickie had as much taste in clothes as Jack Shaw.

I know from experience that "Miss Lorna Doone" does not keep anything in her stables that can't gallop, and I heard during the week that her Pantheon colt Billy Boy was expected to turn out another Sylvaudale. Everybody else, including the bookmakers, seemed to have heard the same thing, and I

had to take £1/10/- to £1. Well, it was a great race for a time between Barramul, the second favorite, and Billy Boy. But not even Darby Mamro could get another ounce out of Barramul, and I had the satisfaction of seeing my choice win by two lengths. Believe you me, girls, this is a horse you should keep in mind later on in the year when the big races are on in the Spring.

Never was a poor girl so confused as in the last race of the day. I stood beside Ernie Vandenberg and waited to see what the big money would come for. First of all everyone wanted to back Fernacre. Then there was a rush for Bombus. I saw one man take £400 to £20 in cash against Downham, and hundreds of pounds were splashed on Fanfare, King Moab, Antoland, Bamlar and Hammerhead as if there was never to be



"Miss Lorna Doone" (Mrs. Leslie Uitz) who won another race at Randwick on Saturday with her promising colt, Billy Boy.

a settling day. Then I saw the rush of money for Lone Raider. I looked him up in my form guide, and saw that he had not won a race since coming from New Zealand 18 months ago. What I forgot to notice was that Frank McGrath had scratched his other horse in the race, Cid, which should have had a great chance in a field like this.

### Think of Cid

However, there was nobody to help me with any advice, and I invested £1 on Antoland, which had won easily at his last start. I took £15 to £1. The other New Zealander won easily, with Antoland second, and then I realised that I could have got five guineas by putting my £1 on Antoland on the place Tote.

However, that was the end of an interesting day, and if I do as well at Rosehill next Saturday I will be well satisfied.

Haven't seen the entries yet, of course, but I heard a whisper that Cid might be on the job next Saturday. I am going to find out in the meantime and have a mild flutter on Mr. Coward's horse.

Grace Bros.' Summer Sale. UNUSUAL features mark Grace Bros.' big summer sale which will be continued until February 21. Not only is there 2/- in the £1 discount on every bill—in addition to the sale reductions—but special buses are running from Wynyard and St. James stations to the store and back again. In 15 minutes you will be able to travel to Grace Bros. in comfort for the special charge of 1d per person each way!

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## Continuing

"I DON'T know. Truly, honestly. Otis, I don't know."

"Well, I do," replied Vanbrugh. "I do. You wouldn't have been capable of anything so damned cruel—so damned wicked—as to have turned her down."

"Very well," replied John Geste, "give Harry Vane the chance of doing as you think I'd have done."

"And suppose he's not such a man as you, John? Suppose he does talk it over with Mother. And has the honor to regret, but unfortunately..."

"Well, once again, far better that, a thousand times, than let him find it out after marriage. My dear chap, think of the state of mind in which she'd live, day after day, night after night, day and night; the state of anxiety and fear in which she'd spend the rest of her life. Why—can't you see that if this Spanish Maine had never come into it she'd still have lived a life of fear and anxiety that something would crop up to betray her?"

"BUT as it is, with this remorseless, implacable, merciless bloodhound—no, a bloodhound's a decent animal—this hell-bound, on her track, absolutely at the door, actually threatening the very fate that she must anyhow spend her life in fearing... Why, man, the thing's absurd. Honestly, I marvel that you could ever have contemplated such a thing as letting Vane marry her in ignorance of her past."

"That's your last word, is it, John?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, I quite agree with you," said Otis Vanbrugh, sadly. "I've felt it that way in my bones—the whole time. Besides, if Vane, knowing the whole truth, had married her, that wouldn't affect the position as to Spanish Maine. He'd merely black-mail Vane instead. And though Vane would be willing to play Mr. X on his own account, he wouldn't dare risk his wife's name. As we agreed, all her life would know about her, if he left the Guards, and drop out of Society altogether... Rain... And yet I don't know what to do. You see, it's her life, John. I verily believe; and I've made her my life, so to speak. Made it my life's work to see that she gets a fair deal at last."

"Well, this would not be a fair deal for Vane or for her."

"No, I'm admitting it, John. I've known it all the time. I knew it from the first—and I ought to have interfered at the start. But when she told me, although my heart sank into my boots, I couldn't bring myself to



BROCADED LAME is the material used for this evening blouse worn by Mona Barrie, a Fox player. Medallions of gaudy frills trim the shoulders, and front. These motifs are repeated on the sleeves which feature the new three-quarter length. Barbic jewelry is worn.

do it—to interfere. I somehow felt that things might come right. I could no more dash that cup from her lips than... Well, damn it, John, if a little child can laughing to you, run across that great lovely lawn in the glorious sunlight to-morrow, run laughing to you with its arms outstretched—you couldn't kick it in the stomach, could you, John?"

"Of course you couldn't. And no more could I—when Consuela told me—say."

"Stop it! Drop it! Come off it, d'you hear. You know what you are... I couldn't, John. And I've let it drift on till now, hoping, And God knows what I hoped for—or rather how I could possibly hope."

"Probably you hoped that you or Consuela would decide to tell Vane, and that Vane would—truthfully—say that he didn't care, that love was the beginning and the end and the all of

## SPANISH MAINE

From Page 28

It. Love—everything; the rest—nothing."

"Something like that, probably," sighed Vanbrugh. "Something like that; but without any real hope, because there is another aspect of it, as I've recognized from the first. We don't want him to marry her out of pity; marry her with a smile that hides a shuddering horror and disgust."

"And another thing, too," he went on. "We don't want him to marry her in the heat of passion and the folly of infatuation; and then, gradually, as the glow and the glamor, the romance and the rosiest fade, to awake to facts."

"For when the stark facts began to obtrude, to stand out, to grow clearer and clearer, one day the skeleton would walk out of the cupboard—and, during a tiff or a sudden fit of anger, Vane, suddenly, before he knew what he'd done, might call her what she... I mean, say something unforgivable, unforgettable."

"He's not that sort of man, Otis."

"Perhaps not to-day, John. What sort of a man will he be five or ten or twenty years hence?"

"But you haven't much hope, John, much faith, if the wedding did take place!"

"FRANKLY, no," replied John Geste. "I haven't. I don't think—I can't think—that a marriage could happily and successfully survive a start like that, a handicap like that. It isn't the easiest relationship in the world. It isn't the easiest conceivable thing for two people to live their lives out together quite happily—never getting on each other's nerves, and that sort of thing—when the conditions are ideally favorable. But in such conditions as these..."

"You don't think that the very unattractiveness, the very difficulty, might work favorably; might make for greater consideration, on his part, greater forbearance and..."

"My dear chap, that's not happy successful marriage! Forbearance, good God! Suppose Sir Harry Vane were a stone saint out of a niche in a cathedral wall come to life. Is he to stand gazing forbearance at every pore, for the whole of their married career? Radiating forgiveness for the poor fallen woman whom he has raised up to her feet, raised up to his noble level? Ask yourself, Otis."

"I'll ask you something, John, instead. You have asked me not to take offense and I'll ask you not to take offense. Suppose it had been—Isabel?"

"Don't. I..."

"But I do, I ask you."

"Well, I can't answer you."

"You mean you refuse to imagine such a thing, refuse to talk about it?"

"No. Sorry, Otis; I don't. I did for a moment; but I don't. I mean I

simply cannot answer you. I don't know. It doesn't bear contemplation."

"John, you don't understand Consuela. I do. She's been my constant companion for so long now that I know her inside out; and the one thing that'll give her an interest in life, if Vane turns her down, will be telling this black hound, Maine, where he gets off. And I tell you this. If things come to eternal smash for her, Consuela is going to see that Spanish Maine gets his. Now, here in England, this mightily law-abiding country, that might cause a lot of trouble."

JOHN GESTE agreed that it might indeed cause a lot of trouble.

"Now Consuela mustn't have that sort of trouble on top of the other."

"No. Indeed she must not, Otis," agreed John Geste.

"Though, mind you, there's only one way of preventing it," continued Vanbrugh. "She's not a Britisher like you, John. She's not an American like me. She's got some very wild blood, and some very wild instincts; very quick on the trigger, metaphorically speaking; and I should say uncommonly quick on the knife, literally speaking. Well, dead men not only tell no tales, but—they cannot be killed by impulsive girls looking for trouble. That's why I'm going to get Spanish Maine—partly. Before she does. Will you help me, John?"

"No."

"John Geste, I hate to say it. It makes me sick at my stomach to hint at it. But—did I, or did I not, do my damndest to give my life for yours?"

Did I save you, John? Did I send you back? Did I send you straight to Isabel whom I...?"

"You did, Otis. You did one of the finest and bravest, one of the noblest, most unselfish things of which I ever heard. You did save my life at the risk of your own, and almost at the cost of your own."

"And you are indebted to me, John?"

"I am, eternally; as much as ever one man was indebted to another."

"Will you pay that debt?"

"If I can. I'd give my right hand to do..."

"Once again, will you help me get this Spanish Maine?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Lots of reasons."

"Give us a few."

"First of all I don't wish to see you hanged in a British gaol."

"Nor," continued John Geste, "will I agree to Harry Vane's being deceived about Consuela."

"And that's all your friendship and gratitude are worth, eh?"

"John Geste rested his elbows on his knees, his head on his hands, and sat in silence, his face concealed, the while Otis Vanbrugh watched him closely, eyed him thoughtfully."

"What can I do? What can I do?" groaned John Geste.

Otis Vanbrugh rose to his feet, crossed to his friend, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Do? You've done it, John! You've given me true advice. The only sound advice. You are right... Once again—I thank you, John. Good-night."

And leaving John Geste staring into the fire, Otis Vanbrugh went from the room.

NEXT day, Otis Vanbrugh had a temporary farewell to his host and hostess at Brandon Abbas, to pay his promised visit to Lady Drusilla and Sir Harry Vane at Vane Court, where, for the previous few days, Consuela had been their guest.

One of the show places of England, though far from being as ancient and historical a seat as Brandon Abbas, it interested the American greatly.

How different from the great sprawling Wyoming ranch-house in which he had grown up. How truly beautiful—and inevitably suffocating. On the whole, he decided he'd rather live on the ranch and visit Vane Court than live at Vane Court and visit the ranch.

Other things apart, could Consuela stand it?

Could she bear this ordered, muted life of social ritual and routine; one's risings-up and lyings-down, one's comings-in and goings-out, one's meals, one's indoor amusements, regulated, arranged, decreed—a religion of which the butler was the High Priest? Yes, of course, that's what

friend of Mr. Geste at Brandon Abbas; and that you were staying there; and that we should go on there from here."

"And that seemed to hearten the dame some, eh?"

"Yes, Otis, Lady Drusilla seemed quite glad to know we were old friends of the Geste of Brandon Abbas; and that you'd known the present Mr. Geste for years and years and years, and had travelled and been shooting with him abroad. You did go shooting with him, didn't you, Otis?"

"Yes, honey... Arabs... Quite a shooting party."

"And after that she wanted to know if the Geste of Brandon Abbas knew our people."

"Which they certainly do," smiled Vanbrugh.

"And so I told her:

"Oh, yes; my other brother has known the Geste of Brandon Abbas even longer than Otis has. He was an old friend of Michael Geste and Digby Geste as well as of John; and I said that our brother went shooting a lot with them, too."

"Thank certainly did," agreed Vanbrugh. "Quite a lot of Arabs."

"And I told her you used to visit at the house and play with them when they were all children; and that

And that our father went to America from Brandon Regis; and it was to visit his mother, our grandmother, that you came to Brandon Regis when you were a boy; and that was how you came to know the Geste, Lady Drusilla seemed quite glad about Sir John Vanbrugh."

"You certainly put it over them, Consuela."

"Yes; and although she'd been kinder itself all the time, she seemed to like me even better when I talked about our being friends of the Geste of Brandon Abbas and descended from a relation of Sir John Vanbrugh of Brandon Regis. She said:

"Why, you are practically English."

"Get!" ejaculated Vanbrugh. "What did you say to that?"

"I said:

"Well, I don't know about that, Lady Drusilla; but I do feel that if I stay in England much longer, I shall become little better than an Englishwoman."

"Good. And you've had no trouble from—him?"

"Only a letter."

"Demanding money?"

"Yes."

"Did you keep the letter?"

"Mon Dieu! Yes, I'll make him eat it some day!"

"We may be able to do better with it than that; though I don't know. He hasn't been here, of course?"

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"Have you heard anything from—that man, Otis?"

"No. But he's heard something from me. I sent him a cheque for one hundred pounds."

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"Because he won't let me—be a bet. And because it may be worth it—worth it, to be able to prove that he's had a hundred pounds out of me already... He may be the wise guy he thinks he is—and possibly I may be the wise guy he doesn't think I am."

"Where did you address it?"

"Here. To Vane Court. This is his address. Can you beat it?"

"It will be Brandon Abbas next!"

"I shouldn't be surprised."

As her brother prophesied, and as he phrased it, Consuela felt for John and Isabel Geste at first sight. Here was genuine kindness. Kindness incarnate, without criticism or reserve.

Obviously they both loved Otis, and that fact alone opened the road to her heart; and again, obviously, they were prepared ready, willing, and anxious to love her for her brother's sake. Also, and evidently before long, for her own sake.

"My dear," said Isabel Geste to her husband, "I think she's fascinating; absolutely delightful and charming. So utterly different from anyone I have ever met."

"I'm sure he did," agreed Vanbrugh. "He must be ten years younger than I. Oh, well; he might, I suppose. I was sixteen then. He might have been a kid of six. There was a bunch of them."

"And then Lady Drusilla said:

"Oh, yes; are you related to Sir John Vanbrugh?" and I said he was a distant relation."

"He certainly is," agreed Vanbrugh again. "Distant."

Possible. When ever it was possible, Otis, I told the exact truth. Exactly how old I am; exactly what a wonderful huge big ranch we have in Wyoming; and such millions and millions of cattle; and what a wonderful man you are, dear; and how you've travelled and been a soldier; and how you are the great



## RAINDRIFT

I think that they who never felt  
the rain  
Drenching the face and cling-  
ing to the hair;  
Driving you on, grey shape amid  
the grey,  
Have missed the subtle clean-  
ness of the air.

I think that they who never stood  
alone  
Upon some headland darkened  
in the night  
And watched the rain-drenched  
stars blow by  
Have missed some magic shaft  
of inborn sight.

—Joan Lintott.

## Can Consuela's Friends Find a Way Out?

simply cannot answer you. I don't know. It doesn't bear contemplation."

"John, you don't understand Consuela. I do. She's been my constant companion for so long now that I know her inside out; and the one thing that'll give her an interest in life, if Vane turns her down, will be telling this black hound, Maine, where he gets off. And I tell you this. If things come to eternal smash for her, Consuela is going to see that Spanish Maine gets his. Now, here in England, this mightily law-abiding country, that might cause a lot of trouble."

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"No."

"John Geste, I hate to say it. It makes me sick at my stomach to hint at it. But—did I, or did I not, do my damndest to give my life for yours?"

Manton was a High Priest. No wonder he looked like a Bishop. Yes—and the valets and footmen and under-footmen were the vicars and curates committed to his charge.

How would Consuela take a life like this—other things apart, one again? What about minor omnia vincit, or words to that effect?

"Well, my dear? How have you made out?" he asked, as Consuela and he walked alone in the Italian garden.

"Oh, I've been lovely, Otis. Perfect. I've never been so happy in all my life."

"And I never shall be again," she added sadly. "I couldn't be. I don't think we are meant to be as happy as I've been this last week. Not but what I've been happy for years—ever since you came back to me, Otis. But this has been... Oh, I can't explain... Restless... Madness..."

"Yes, my dear. That's what it has been, I'm afraid. Madness..."

"And Lady Drusilla has been so kind, such a dear. Of course, she's pumped me a lot... and I've told her a lot."

"Any of it true?"

"Oh, yes, Otis. I told her the exact truth whenever it was..."

"Convenient?"

"Possible. When ever it was possible, Otis, I told the exact truth. Exactly how old I am; exactly what a wonderful huge big ranch we have in Wyoming; and such millions and millions of cattle; and what a wonderful man you are, dear; and how you've travelled and been a soldier; and how you are the great

Isabel Geste was a very dear friend of yours; and that you knew Claudia; of course; and their Aunt Patricia; and that no doubt you must have met Harry over there, because when you were in England, as a boy, you used to be one of Michael Geste's band, and Harry used to stay there, too. And he said he quite remembered being admitted to it as what Michael called one of the squeakers, and was allowed to be a thief when they were playing robbers and thieves, and an ancient Briton when they were being Romans, and riding them down in chariots. They used to do that with a pony and trap, Harry said. And Harry says he thinks he remembers your teaching them to be Red Indians, and how he was told that they were going to set him on fire. He said the name Vanbrugh was familiar directly he heard it; but he thought he must have been connecting it with Sir John Vanbrugh, who lives at Vanbrugh Castle. And then, when I began to tell them—in the drawing-room last night when Lady Drusilla was pumping me again—all about your visiting at Brandon Abbas as a boy, he began to remember."

"I'm sure he did," agreed Vanbrugh. "He must be ten years younger than I. Oh, well; he might, I suppose. I was sixteen then. He might have been a kid of six. There was a bunch of them."

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"My dear," said Isabel Geste to her husband, "I think she's fascinating; absolutely delightful and charming. So utterly different from anyone I have ever met."

Please turn to Page 48



# Mandrake the Magician



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS GREAT SERIAL ARE:

**MANDRAKE:** The Master Magician, is in Arabia, hot on the trail of  
**SAKI:** The world's most successful thief. Mandrake's task is hard, as Saki is a master of disguise. A very beautiful friend of Mandrake's,  
**PRINCESS NARDA:** Has been robbed by Saki of her Crown jewels, and, seeking them, Mandrake goes to the notorious Thieves' Market with

**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant. They meet  
**OLD KATE:** Who after leaving Lothar captive in a cellar offers Narda's jewels for sale in the auction-room. She is cornered by Mandrake and proves to be Saki in disguise. Saki trades the jewels and Lothar for his own freedom. Mandrake returns the jewels to the grateful Narda. Now read on.

WELL, MY OLD FRIEND DUFFY.

MANDRAKE! YOU'RE SAFE! DID YOU CATCH SAKI?

NARDA, THIS IS INSPECTOR DUFFY. DUFFY, I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THAT YOUR STOOL-PIGEON, TURO, WAS REALLY SAKI.

WHAT? TURO--SAKI?

MANDRAKE, EVERYBODY'S SAKI. HE'S FIFTY PEOPLE AT ONCE. IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF WHO IS SAKI. THE PROBLEM IS--WHO ISN'T SAKI?

SO YOU HAD TO FREE SAKI TO SAVE LOTHAR. COULDN'T BE HELPED, I GUESS.

HE THREATENED TO COME BACK AFTER THE JEWELS. HE SAID I WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM A SECOND TIME.

HE'S--HE'S COMING BACK AFTER MY JEWELS? MANDRAKE, WE MUST PUT THEM AWAY IN SAFETY. HE MAY COME AT ANY MINUTE.

INSPECTOR DUFFY--YOU KEEP THEM FOR ME.

ME? NO SIR.

OH INSPECTOR, YOU'RE SO STRONG AND FEARLESS. YOU WON'T FAIL ME, WILL YOU?

---WELL, IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, PRINCESS, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CONSIDER THE PROPOSITION.

BUT A RECEIPT IS NOT NECESSARY, INSPECTOR.

I INSIST, PRINCESS. HERE'S MY RECEIPT. THIS IS A BIG RESPONSIBILITY, YOU KNOW.

MANDRAKE, THIS HAS GOT ME A LITTLE NERVOUS. COULD YOU SORTA FIX ME UP WITH ONE OF THOSE CIGARS AGAIN?

A PLEASURE, DUFFY.

THESE CIGARS MANDRAKE GETS OUT OF THE AIR ARE THE BEST EVER. HOW MUCH FOR A MAGIC LESSON, MANDRAKE?

YOU'LL FIND SOME IN YOUR LEFT TOP POCKET, TOO, DUFFY.

AT MANDRAKE'S GESTURE DUFFY IS SUDDENLY SUPPLIED WITH CIGARS.

I WON'T WALK ALONE THROUGH THE STREETS WITH THESE JEWELS, MANDRAKE.

LOTHAR WILL GO WITH YOU, DUFFY. GOODBYE.

PRINCESS NARDA, FEEL BETTER NOW YOU HAVE JEWELS. HER AFRAID SAKI.

ME AFRAID SAKI, TOO, LOTHAR. BUT DON'T TELL THE PRINCESS THAT. SHE'S SOME GIRL. FACT IS I WOULDN'T DO THIS FOR ANYBODY ELSE, BECAUSE SAKI WILL STOP AT NOTHING--TO GET BACK THE JEWELS.

HERE'S MY OFFICE, LOTHAR. YOU WON'T HAVE TO COME ANY FARTHER. IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO GET THESE IN MY SAFE.

ME TELL MASTER YOU ALL RIGHT.

THAT MUST BE LOTHAR, MANDRAKE.

HE COULDN'T BE BACK SO SOON.

MANDRAKE! HOW ARE YOU? WHERE'S SAKI? DID YOU CAPTURE HIM?

WHAT'S THIS? BACK AGAIN DUFFY?

BACK AGAIN? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN TWO WEEKS!

TWO WEEKS! YOU LEFT HERE NOT FIVE MINUTES AGO WITH NARDA'S CROWN JEWELS.

CROWN JEWELS? WHAT CROWN JEWELS? AND WHO IS NARDA?

To be Continued.



## TWO WHO'D NEVER TURN BACK



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"YES," agreed John. "an intriguing, fascinating girl, if ever there was one."

And, studying her, he thought back and wondered if it were possible that she could be the girl who, to save Otis from Selim ben Yusuf, had handed herself over to the French patrol. Vaguely and faintly he remembered the girl in Arab dress as Yusuf ben Amir's camp.

Could this English-speaking, Paris-dressed, and obviously European girl, chic, poised, soignée, cool, balanced and sophisticated, be the termagant of whom Otis had at that time spoken the girl who had danced before Sergeant Lehaudy and his men as Salome danced before Herod?

Well, Otis had done a wonderful work there. But, then, of course, blood will tell and if she had Arab blood she also shared the blood that ran in the veins of the wonderful brothers Hank and Otis Vanbrugh.

But was Lady Vane? No, he couldn't see her as Lady Vane.

And he wouldn't if it could be prevented.

Neither for her own sake, nor for that of Harry Vane must such a thing be permitted.

But how could he prevent it unless, indeed, what he had said to Otis should bear fruit in strengthening Otis' conviction that it could not be done; that it must not be done.

Otis could prevent it by telling the whole truth to Harry Vane.

But could he? Suppose Harry Vane turned stubborn—and he was a lad with a chin, a lad whose ancestors had been noted fighting-men and fine fellows for hundreds of years—and merely said, with the beautiful ardor and candor of young love, that he didn't care; it didn't interest him; he didn't give a damn.

One couldn't forbid the banes; one couldn't literally and actually prevent their marrying.

And supposing Otis, finding Harry Vane undeterred by the truth, went with the story to Lady Drusilla?

How much would her wish, her objection, her prohibition, her horror weigh with her son?

There could be no possible doubt as to what her attitude would be.

She'd be shocked and horrified to the depths of her being.

Naturally. Very naturally and very rightly. It made one "so hot and cold all over" to think of it. In fact, it was unthinkable.

And how was she to be described in the announcement of the wedding?

"A marriage has been arranged and will take place between Sir Harry Vane, twelfth Baronet (son of the late Sir Harry Vane of Vane Court and Lady Drusilla Vane, only daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Dorset) and Consuela, daughter of the late Homer A. Vanbrugh of Wyoming, U.S.A. and..."

Yes and when they got to the "and" what was to follow?

Either an absolute abominable lie or the absolute abominable truth. One of the two.

And as they couldn't put the truth they'd have to start their engagement with a public lie, marry in the ugly grinning presence of the lie, which would be repeated in the register, and

## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 46

spend the rest of their lives under its shadow.

Yes, grinning, like a skull, the skeleton in the cupboard, the skeleton at the feast, when they were alone: the skeleton at the feast of life.

But couldn't all reference to her origin be omitted from the announcement?

No, that would at once start every-body talking, inquiring and ferreting.

Nothing could seem more suspicious in the eyes of the County, than complete suppression of such information. How could ten thousand tea parties possibly progress without the information? As well attempt to have a tea party without tea.

What was the commonest remark one heard at that sort of function?

"Who was Lady Blank? Why, my dear, she was a De Vere." "Of course she was. I was thinking, for the moment, she was a FitzGerald."

Well, why have any banes or Press announcements of the engagement at all? Why not a registrar's-office wedding? A wedding without public pomp and ceremony, fanfare of trumpets, and the usual rather horrible show-business?

Well, that would be just as bad from the point of view of gossip.

Why should Sir Harry Vane and Consuela Vanbrugh sink into a side-street municipal office and be married by a registrar?

Something queer about that. Very fishy. An absolute scandal.

Rather hard on Lady Drusilla, who'd simply love a St. Margaret or a Guards' Chapel wedding.

And why not?

It would, of course, be proof positive to her that there was something wrong. Something very wrong. Something ghastly, ghastly, if Harry came to her and said that they wanted a wedding of that sort. Disappointment for the whole family, family circle, the vast circle of relations, friends, and acquaintances as well as for the tenants.

The Vane's did not do things in that sort of fashion, and it wasn't as though Harry had ever been eccentric, a crank, a person with views on the subject of weddings and other social functions.

He was a perfectly normal young man of the world, who enjoyed life and had always acted according to the fashion of his kind, the manner of his kin, and the customs of the caste, class, and circle in which he had grown up.

Still, he might triumph over all that; or, rather, love might. If one were to call it a triumph—to insist on his own way in spite of the wishes of those who loved him and all who knew him.

But, after all wasn't this perhaps rather petty, and hadn't Harry a perfect right to go his own road, do what seemed best to him in the matter of so private and intimate an affair as his wedding? Go his own way and live his own life?

No, not with a girl who'd been what Consuela had been. It really was unthinkable.

And yet look at her.

Look at her there. A picture. A picture of beauty, grace, culture, and refinement. Horrible words, but quite agreeable realities—culture and refinement.

And—when all was said and done—she was now an absolutely good girl. Probably no woman in England less likely ever to go off the rails than Consuela Vanbrugh.

Why, it was, on the whole, probably more likely that some hand-picked ornament of County Society, chosen by Lady Drusilla herself, would err, throw her nap over the windmill, than this girl would.

By Jove, that would be an extraordinary thing, an interesting though deplorable thing, if young Harry Vane, in the mellow light of reason, on the promptings of his own common sense, and by the advice of his admirable mother, backed out of this engagement, turned Consuela down, married the desirable girl of his later—or his mother's later—choice, and the said girl made a mess of her life and his, caused a

## Mermaids in London

By Air Mail From Our London Office.

TWO very distinguished persons recently landed in London and have now taken up residence at the London Zoo.

Zoologists call them manatees—but from time immemorial sailors have referred to them as mermaids.

Manatees are the only vegetarian mammals that have taken to life in the water. In place of hind-legs they now have a tall flattened like that of a whale. Their forelimbs have become flippers.

"The transformation from land to water life probably took place from 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 years ago," said Mr. Julian Huxley, secretary of the Zoological Society.

Incidentally, he apologised for his "rather rough" figures.

horrible scandal in Society, and bolted with another man, a brother officer of Vane's, or, perchance worse, a riding-master, her child's music-master, or a footman.

Heavens! Whither were his thoughts tending?

Still, it was the sort of fantastic little irony of which Fate was not only capable, but rather fond.

However, that got one nowhere.

THE point was that Harry Vane was engaged to Consuela Vanbrugh—and it wouldn't do. Not even if Harry knew absolutely all there was to know and accepted it, or, rather, counted it as nothing beside his love.

Truly, "Love is a madness." A man in love is a madman, and may be expected to do mad things.

It was quite possible that he'd take the wrong line.

But was it wrong? Who was to say so? After all, what are titles, lands, worldly possessions?

If a man truly and wholly loves a woman, loves a woman; and the woman truly and wholly loves the man, loves the man; does anything else matter much? Is not this love, this holy, sacred, God-given love, this colossal thing (that more than all else distinguishes Man from the beasts), greater immeasurably, infinitely greater, than titles, estates, position?

Yes, of course it is.

No, of course it is not.

There is a greater thing than love. Duty.

A man has his duty, not only to himself, but to his ancestors and his descendants, to his position, his relations, his people.

Selfish love.

But isn't all love selfish?

No, there had been nothing selfish about Otis Vanbrugh's love.

Heaven above, I was a problem!

But, however involved and insoluble, there was one thing clear. Crystal clear. No deception.

Harry Vane must know.

And once he knew, was one to pray that he saw wisdom and put an end to it all, while there was yet time; or that he saw a higher wisdom, and said:

"I am a man and this is my woman. To the devil with my title and estates and everything else."

And which was the higher and which was the lower wisdom?

What would Isobel think about it?

Of all people in this world, he looked to Isobel when he needed advice, counsel; someone with whom to talk things over.

He did not pretend that she was a female Solomon, and was very glad she wasn't one. It might be extremely trying and difficult to live with a female Solomon.

Please turn to Page 49

# £25 Cash Must Be Won

## "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 21

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WHO OBTAINS THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES FROM THE LIST GIVEN BELOW. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below is made up of names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example, GRETA GARBO, the extra unnecessary letter being "T". Include this name in your solution as Number 1. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISPELLED NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS. IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution, and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 5d. each.—(stamps will not be accepted), and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1936. "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O. Box 3834T, SYDNEY N.S.W.

No. 1. GRETA	GABROT	GARBO	No. 9. G	RENTBY
2. J	PIEOK		10. J	LUHAL
3. M	STEWY		11. R	MESSYBATHLER
4. G	PERCOOD		12. M	OKIPFORDC
5. L	TONERS		13. D	BANKSYFAIR
6. R	AMTES		14. B	OWYCKSTAN
7. B	DEVOL		15. R	NLNYN
8. K	BURNHELP		16. C	NARDLOMB

Prize Money is deposited with "Australian Women's Weekly."  
Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 29th.

### "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 18

RESULT:  
Twenty-three competitors submitted fully correct solutions, and they share the prize money £25 cash, each receiving £1/3.  
VIOLET PARRETT, Ipswich, Q.; Mrs. J. YOCKING, Broken Hill; Mr. B. FRANCIS, Colindale, N.W.; G. VIERCE, Randwick; Mrs. E. FLOOD, Newcastle; H. C. TOP-BAM, Sydney; Mrs. E. STORRICK, Ulverston; C. W. J. CARTER, Bexley; Miss D. TECKER, Abernethy; E. SPEARMAN, Parramatta; E. BROWN, Elizabeth Bay; Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, Puntchari; Mrs. A. B. COLE, Ashfield; Mr. E. DANCY, Chislewood; H. CONNELLY, Annandale; Mr. C. MORGAN, Ryde; Mrs. L. A. PRICE, Mudgee; Miss S. ASHLEY, Croydon, Vic.; E. A. EVANS, Geelong, Vic.; I. E. COTY, Box Hill, Vic.; Mrs. L. FOSTER, Leeton, S.A.; E. GERRARDY, Teesdale, S.A.; Mrs. M. J. HARDY, Jabuk, S.A.

### SOLUTION:

No. 1. Wallace Beery; 2. Richard Carle; 3. Leonard Carey; 4. Marlene Dietrich; 5. Josephine Dunn; 6. Gloria Swanson; 7. Olive Brook; 8. Reginald Denny; 9. Ruth Chatterton; 10. Betty Compson; 11. Barry Jones; 12. Herbert Marshall; 13. Warner Oland; 14. Kay Francis; 15. George Raft; 16. Shirley Temple



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# SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 48

BUT she was broad-minded, sane, sensible, poised, and wise. She was not, like so many women, ruled entirely by her emotions. She could think as well as feel. And she was so infinitely kind, understanding, sympathetic. Her outlook was always so reasonable and unbiased.

He would thrash it all out with her, and then she'd talk it all over with Consuela—provided Consuela asked for her opinion and advice—and try to be to her what a really wise, good, and loving mother would have been. Not that Isabel was old enough to be Consuela's mother, but she was old enough to be her great-great-grandmother so far as knowledge, wisdom, and understanding of English county life and the ways of English society were concerned.

Other things apart, married life together might be well enough for Harry Vane and Consuela if they proposed to live in tents in an Algerian or Moroccan oasis to wander about with a caravan, lead an al fresco desert life.

Or again, if they were going to live as the wealthy Vanbrughs did, on the great cattle-ranch in the Far West, where it was a day's ride across their own estate; where their neighbors were few and far between, and very far away; where there was no public to form and cherish an adverse public opinion; where there were no such things as gossip, scandal and ostracism as there was none to gossip, scandal-monger, or ostracise.

But Harry Vane was anchored, rooted; as much rooted in the soil of his estates and his county as were his historic trees. The life that he and his ancestors had led was his life, the only life for him, and in any other he'd be like a fish out of water.

God knew that he, John Geste, was the last man in the world to think or speak cynically of love, but could it possibly be, in such a case as this, an instance of "the world well lost for love"?

Would not Harry Vane—if he lost Consuela—find sooner or later (and probably a great deal sooner) another girl as beautiful, attractive, intriguing and fascinating as Consuela?

Of course he would.

BY all accounts, he'd found one or two already. And what a truly dreadful thing it he wrecked and ruined his career and his life over this girl; and, by the time the ruin was well and truly effected and complete, he found that some Miss Fine Flower of English Girlhood and Society was his real soul-mate, the woman for whom his heart had been waiting.

Of course there had been English earls, lords, viscounts, baronets, and what not who had either risen or sunk to be seamen, cowboys, miners, lumberjacks and so forth; men of little poise out into the wide open spaces (or the "wide-open" towns) of the United States and the Colonies, and who had returned from ranch, mine, planta-

tion, ship or jungle to civilisation full of boners—or complaints.

But what earthly reason was there why young Harry Vane, at the very outset of his career—a career that might, and probably would, be one of great usefulness to his country and his country—throw in his hand, break everything off, abandon the life to which he was born, and for which he was fitted?

It was absurd. It wasn't right or fair—to himself or to his family, his friends, his estates, his dependents and employees or anybody else.

Well, somehow or other, he'd been thinking wholly and solely about Sir Harry Vane—looking at the matter entirely from the point of view of a neighbor and brother landowner.

But what about the girl? Hadn't she a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

Wasn't she as much to be considered as Harry Vane?

In point of fact, was there not a very great deal in what Otis contended, that, as Fate had given her such a raw deal, Life had been so cruel to her, she had a right to far greater consideration than Harry Vane, whose lot had been cast in such pleasant places; Harry Vane, who had been born in the purple, had grown up on velvet, and always would be on velvet?

In the sight of God, Consuela Vanbrugh was as good as Sir Harry Vane, as important as Sir Harry Vane, in every way as deserving of happiness as Sir Harry Vane.

And a great deal more so, one might imagine, if there were more rejoicing in Heaven over a lost sheep that was found than over the ninety and nine that had never strayed out into the wilderness.

And this poor lamb had not strayed out into the wilderness at all—it had been born there!

Of course Consuela Vanbrugh had as much right to happiness as Harry Vane had; as much right to salvation; and it was fairly arguable that this would be her salvation.

As much right to happiness? But had anybody any right to happiness at the cost of that of someone else? No, definitely not. And yet, what a terrible amount of happiness, pleasure, joy, success was built on other people's misery, pain, grief, failure.

Oh, well! . . . What would the dear old chaplain have said? An interesting speculation, that. Doubtless it would have been:

"We are in the hands of God, my dear John. Leave it to God."

Yes, but Heaven helps those who help themselves; and it doesn't do, as a matter of actual practice, to sit idly by, with folded hands and leave things to God. One wouldn't apply that doctrine to the case of a child wandering along the edge of a cliff, or to that of a friend in danger.

If one were going to drag the Almighty into the matter, one might begin by thinking back and realising that the Almighty didn't interfere to prevent the poor girl from being born into the Street of Bowmen, and from thereafter inevitably growing up to be what her mother taught her to be.

Nor did Providence interfere to prevent her travelling by the Amazon and meeting not only Harry Vane but Spanish Maine as well.

NO. Things happened, things were what they were, either by the will of God, ordained in His infinite though unfathomable wisdom; or else things were just the mess that men made of them.

Anyhow, this wasn't the time for speculating on what the chaplain would have said, though it might very well be the time for realising that, being a man incapable of wrong-doing, he would have begged one to do the thing one believed to be right.

He would never, for one moment, have counselled doing the slightest wrong in the hope that right might come of it; would never agree to do a little evil that good might follow.

But then again what could one do, wise or otherwise, right or wrong, except give what one believed to be the best possible advice if it were asked for?

He believed he had done that in the case of Otis; but would he be given the opportunity of doing it in the case of Harry Vane? And if not, should he make an opportunity?

No, he couldn't.

What Otis had told him had been told in absolute confidence, after he had given his word. He must never repeat it to a living soul.

Of course he couldn't warn Harry Vane.

Could he presume to offer his alleged wise counsel to Consuela?

No, not unless she invited it.

But he hoped and prayed she'd talk to Isabel.

Please turn to Page 50.

# DESTROY! These PESTS.

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# SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 49

SUPPOSE Isabel—perhaps strongly aided and abetted by Otis—could induce Consuela to go to Harry Vane and herself tell him the whole truth; and suppose Harry played the noble, foolish, gentlemanly and glib hero, one might then be able to butt in, perhaps; try to show the boy that he had no right, in his position, to marry Consuela, and that it could not possibly lead to his happiness.

And one might possibly be able to persuade Consuela that she had no right to marry Vane, and that her doing so could not possibly lead to her happiness.

But that would be Isabel's job if the affair developed in that direction and reached that stage.

Good! What a business! What an impasse! What a tragedy!

Anyway, first things first. He'd got his duty as host to perform, and he must do something. She didn't play cards or billiards.

By Jove, an idea! That would take her mind off things for a while, and genuinely interest her. He could show her something she'd never seen before, in spite of her experience and travels. Yes, as he and Isabel were now the

only two people alive who knew the trick of it, he might very well disclose it to Consuela and Otis.

"Consuela," said John Geste as she and Vanbrugh, strolling up and down the terrace, passed one of the open french windows of the drawing-room. "How would you like to see the Priests' Hole?"

"And who's made a hole in the poor priest?" asked Consuela, smiling at her admiring host.

"No, it isn't a hole in a priest. It's a hole for a priest."

"And why do you put the poor priest in a hole and make him say?"

"Mon Dieu! I am in a hole! I'm in a frightful hole."

"For safety, when people were hunting him."

"Oh, and you have priest-hunting—like fox-hunting and otter-hunting—in England?"

"Not—er—to any extent, nowadays. It's not a popular sport. It used to be, though. When the King or Queen was Roman Catholic, it was close season then for Catholic priests; and

Protestant priests were hunted. But when that King or Queen went—to Heaven, perhaps, who knows?—and a Protestant King or Queen followed, then all those priests came out of their holes, said 'Feign-its' and it was the turn of the Roman Catholic priests to go into the holes."

"WOULD you really show us the Priests' Hole, John?" cried Vanbrugh eagerly. "That intrigued me a lot when I was a boy. Michael used to tell wonderful tales about it."

"Spent half his young life trying to find the secret of it, too," smiled John sadly. "Yes, he was always drawing plans and sketches, and trying to find what he called an unaccounted-for space. Always thumping panels and tapping on floors, and saying he was on the trail. Poor old Michael."

"He never found the secret, did he?" asked Vanbrugh.

"Nor anyone else. I believe the secret has never been discovered. It is passed on from father to son, or from owner to owner; and only one other person is supposed to know it, so that if the father never told the son, or they both died together, or something of that sort, the secret would not be lost. Of course, in the old days it was a jolly useful thing to have a hiding-place in the house, whether for yourself, one of the household, a friend, or for valuables. There have been both Catholic and Protestant priests hidden in this one; as well as at least one Royalist during the Great Rebellion. There's a legend of course that Charles the Second hid in it. We've documentary evidence that Father Campton was concealed there in Queen Elizabeth's time. The wonder is that she never slept there."

"Perhaps she did," observed Consuela. "Could I sleep in it to-night?"

"Well, you could, my dear, but I wouldn't advise it. A bit stuffy and uncomfortable, not to mention dusty. It has not been opened for years and years and donkey's years."

"Oh, you don't use it nowadays for valuables?" asked Vanbrugh. "The famous Blue Water Sapphire used to live there, didn't it?"

"I did. The chaplain used to go and get it and fetch it downstairs, when Aunt Patricia would let us have it out to handle and look at. But since it disappeared—and Michael and Digby . . . disappeared—we have never used the place at all. Never shall. In point of fact, I hate it. Reminds me of the others too much."

"Don't bother about showing it to us, then," protested Vanbrugh.

"Oh, yes; rather. I'd love to. I'm sure it would interest you both enormously. We'll open it up this once; and then I don't suppose I'll ever touch it again. Come along."

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# SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 50

CROSSING to an old armchair, a tall oak press or cupboard richly carved, some seven feet in height, four in width and one in depth, John Geste opened its heavy doors and pointed to a row of strong thick pegs which ran along the back of it at some five feet above the ground, pegs apparently intended for the hanging up of cloaks, swords or plumed hats.

"Here we are," said John Geste. "That's the door."

"But it's a cupboard!"

"Yes. Unscrew the second peg at each end. Shall I do it?"

"No, no, let me. Do," replied Consuela, and her strong little hands were soon at work, trying to unscrew the peg at each end.

"No, not that way. Do it the wrong way again."

And with a sturdy wrench, Consuela turned the peg to the right and unscrewed it.

The iron screw portion, hitherto concealed in the wood, protruded remarkably long.

Similarly with the other one.

OWING to the large number of entries in the China Sens Tour competition, the judging has taken longer than anticipated, and the name of the winner cannot be announced until next week.

Following John's directions, Consuela placed her hands on the top of the cupboard and pulled hard.

"Stand back and let it go. It won't fall," said John Geste.

To the amazement of Consuela and her brother, neither of whom had ever seen or heard of this device, the ancient heavy cupboard came slowly forward and, having been started on its downward way, continued without pause or audible impact until it lay flat on the floor before them. Two long iron arms, semi-circular, extended from the back of the cupboard through iron loops, and ended in large, heavy balls of metal.

And, while watching its slow descent, they realised that it was uncovering and disclosing the entrance to a flagged passage, some three feet in width, that led between rough stone walls to the foot of a flight of narrow steep steps.

"There we are," said John. "The way to the Priests' Hole. And don't

be afraid to walk onto the back of the cupboard. It's of solid oak, two inches thick. The iron-lined hole at each side of the entrance is where the screws of the pegs go in and hold the cupboard in place. The wing we are going into now is part of the original masonry, and must be seven or eight hundred years old. It is rather interesting to notice how little worn the flags of the passage and the stone steps are. Obviously it wasn't a frequented thoroughfare, or very much used. I should think that in the pre-Reformation days, when there was no Catholic, Protestant strife, and no need for what was later called a Priests' Hole, it was a sort of oubliette."

"What is that?" asked Consuela.

"Well, as you know, 'oubliette' is 'to forget'; and I imagine that an oubliette was a place where people were—conveniently forgotten; sealed-up so to speak; thrown into the secret cell and never heard of again. There are several traditions and legends about desecrated corpses in a dress of bygone years, having been found here, in each of the centuries that have passed since the place was built. There used to be a very quaint old hat knocking around when we were children, a hat that had been found in the Priests' Hole by Sir Hector Brandon's great-grandfather, and which must have been left in there about the time of James the First."

"It was a wicked shame that it wasn't taken care of. Ought to have been put in a museum. And there's a sword I'll show you by and by—still hanging up in one of the corridors downstairs—that was found in the Priests' Hole, too. Probably left there by one of the Royalists who hid here during the Great Rebellion. This part of the world and Cornwall were very loyal to the King, you know. Now then, let's go upstairs."

And the party trooped in single file, along the narrow passage and up the stone stairs, at the top of which was a very narrow old door.

"Hullo, the key's in the lock! Whoever was up here last should have locked that door and brought the key down. Of course, it ought to have been in the mantelpiece under Uncle Archibald. It used to turn very easily."

CONSUELA turned the key, lifted the heavy loop handle

with both hands reversed it, and leaning against the door, pushed it open, disclosing a high oblong room paneled from the floor to within a foot of the ceiling in ancient black oak.

Above the panelling on the left-hand side, one or two arrow-slits and apertures in the thick wall admitted sufficient light.

"Is this it?" asked Consuela.

"By no means," smiled John Geste. "more to do yet."

"How many panels do you imagine there are in the room?" he asked.

"Oh, hundreds."

"Yes, as a matter of fact, there are a good many hundreds. Forty short of a thousand. Nine hundred and sixty. And of those nine hundred and sixty panels—each of which, as you see, has a small boss or knob in the middle—one does this trick."

"Anybody, not knowing the secret and getting as far as this, has got to pick out the one, from nine hundred and sixty, and then find out how it works. First the bottom right-hand corner of the right-hand wall, looking from the door and count up along the central diagonal line of knobs to the ninth one. Then, along the line in which that ninth knob is, count five knobs. Then go up two and that is the knob we want."

"Why not take it direct from the right or left-hand side, or up from the bottom?" asked Vanbrugh.

"Because you wouldn't get it. The panels are, as you see, of different sizes, and you can't count straight along from left or right or straight up from the bottom. Nine, five, and two, is the direct way of it."

"Now, Consuela, both hands on it, and press hard."

The girl obeyed, pressed heavily with the base of the thumb of the right hand, which the left hand covered. Suddenly there was a loud click, as though a powerful spring had been released, and the panel, about twelve inches by nine in size, tilted outward into her hands as she withdrew them, disclosing, as it did so, a smaller aperture in the stone, and a strong steel chain that hung inside it.

"There we are. Now take the chain, pull hard" downwards, and don't be surprised at what happens."

Seizing the chain, Consuela pulled. There was a faint rumble and a section of the panelling, some five feet high by three feet wide, on the im-



ONE OF THE NEW shades of green, so popular for evening wear, is used for this frock featuring a halter neck and the new front fullness. Rachelle Hudson, Fox player, wears this charming gown.

mediately opposite side of the room, rose upward and outward from the wall—and out of the room. The base of this section of panelling was now five feet from the ground, level with its hinged top, and opening out of the room toward yet another door. It was really a flap which now rested on a level with its own doorway, and was held in place at the inner end by its horizontal hinges, and, at the outer end, by the chain to which it was attached, and which had pulled it up.

Please turn to Page 52

## Makes Frail Kids "fat as butter"

Little Girl Gains Tills—Eats Well.

Mother!—here's news about raising strong, rugged children! Doctors say Cod Liver Oil is 350 times as rich in vital health-building elements as butter even—and it's the most powerful flesh-producing agent ever known! And now you can give your kiddo all its wonderful benefits, triple-concentrated in tiny tasteless tablets that are as nice to take as lollies! Ask your chemist for McCoy's Cod Liver Compound Tablets, which are guaranteed to put a pound of flesh a week on any thin, puny, rickety or sickly child and make him strong and healthy. Don't doubt it! These happy Australian mothers now are proud of their children. "My little boy aged 1 was real run-down, had no appetite, was all fits and starts in his sleep," says Mrs. A.L.G. "My sister advised me to give him McCoy's and in a week he began to live up and in a month was quite a different child." While A.L.G., of S. Australia, says: "Our little girl, three years, increased 7lb. in one month with McCoy's Tablets, and now she eats with relish and always asks for her 'pills' afterwards." After sickness in men, women or children (and where rickets are suspected), McCoy's Cod Liver Compound Tablets are invaluable. In fact, they are sold only on the condition that they help any underweight person gain 5lb. in 30 days and you feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—or their cost is refunded. Every careful mother will insist on the original and genuine McCoy's. Why not get a box to-day!

(Copyright)

## NOT EVEN THE PRETTIEST OF YOUR FRIENDS—

has hair as beautiful as yours can be tonight if you use "Hennamum" Shampoo! Your hair, when you use this wonderful Kathleen Court secret, will shimmer with soft, warm, gleaming lights and tones... an alluring beauty that will cause quite a little envy... and attract a lot of glances that otherwise might not come your way. "Hennamum" is sold in powder form (two shampoos in packets, 6d. or liquid form, large bottles 1/6, of any colour). So sure it's "Hennamum" as an ordinary shampoo does not beautify like this. S.O.S.



## Save money—no bar soaps to buy

You can cut bar soaps right off your grocery list—you don't need them with Rinsol! Wherever you find really stubborn dirt, shake on a little dry Rinsol and rub lightly in the soak water.

Safety is the key to Rinsol's success for all washing. Safe for colours—nothing in Rinsol to harm them,

YOU CAN DEPEND ON SAFE WASHING WHEN YOU USE RINSO

no rubbing to make them streak or fade. Safe for silks, and woollies, too—keeps them new-looking, soft and unshrunk.

A LEVER PRODUCT





## AVOID INERT CREAMS

What woman does not sigh after this radiant freshness, this juvenile tint that excites admiration? CREME SIMON makes the skin lovely—it is always active and is delicately perfumed.

For Perfect Beauty use CREME SIMON

also  
POUDRE SIMON  
(7 Shades), and  
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## "VAREX"

## FOR BAD LEGS

## NO RESTING REQUIRED

There's no need to lie up with a bad leg. One man actually worked overtime while using "Varex" Treatment. Four to six dressings—one a week—usually suffice. "Varex" heals all sores, old or new. Very soothing, and relieves pain quickly and permanently. Easy and inexpensive. Write for free booklet to-day to Ernest Beasley, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dynac's Building, 424/2, George Street, Sydney, and 92/2 Collins Street, Melbourne.\*\*\*

A COMPLEXION OF YOUTHFUL RADIANCE  
... soft ... petal-smooth ... was treasured then, as now. And then, as now, lovely women guarded their beauty with gentle Cashmere Bouquet.



Scene from the RKO all-colour picture "Ducky Sharp"

... its *Whispering Fragrance* lingers



Colgate's  
**Cashmere Bouquet**  
Cleansing Cream Tissue Cream Foundation Cream

Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are: Toilet Soap, Face Powder, Lipstick, Perfume, Rouge (Cream or Compact), Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliance (Liquid or Solid).

5/356

"WHAT makes it stay up there?" inquired Consuela.

"There's a heavy weight on the other end of the chain," was the reply. "The chain, of course, runs across up in the roof, hidden by a beam at the end of which are pulley-wheels, and comes down inside this little ante-room between the panelling and the Priests' Hole. Directly you pulled the chain you disturbed the balance in favor of the heavy weight that slides up and down inside the panelling over there on the other side of the room. When we pull this flap down again behind us, the leaden weight will come up into its place. . . . Now for the key, my dear, and we are in the Priests' Hole. Pretty ingenious, isn't it?"

And with the key that she had brought up from John Geste's den, Consuela unlocked the door of the Priests' Hole, pushed it open, and entered a small bare stone room, containing nothing but a heavy table and chair, both obviously of ancient make. "You keep nothing at all hidden up here nowadays then, John?" asked Vanbrugh.

"Absolutely nothing. It's quite empty, as you see. For some reason I dislike the place too much to use it. The Blue Water sapphire used to live here, in a casket kept in a small safe that Sir Hector Brandon had brought up to the room. Rather unnecessary, as, presumably, anyone ingenious enough to find his way here could tackle an ordinary safe easily enough.

## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 51

"It's in my dressing-room nowadays."

"What, the Blue Water sapphire that Oda was telling me about?" asked Consuela.

"No, my dear, the safe I meant. Isabel's pearls and things live in it now. The Blue Water went back to India, you know—to a descendant of its original owner. It was a family jewel, belonging to the Sultans of Mysore, or one of the other great ruling houses, and the seventh Sir Hector Brandon pinched it during the conquest of the Deccan, and brought it here. No, there's nothing in this room but that furniture—and a curse, I should think."

"AIR isn't too bad," observed Vanbrugh.

"No, it's amazing, isn't it?" agreed John Geste. "A shaft must run from that hole in the stone roof there to the outer air somewhere. Though probably not in a straight line. And another remarkable thing about the place is that no noise made inside it is audible anywhere in the house or outside it. You could shout. A woman could scream. Or you could fire a gun in here and you wouldn't hear a sound of it, even in my den, or out in

the grounds. There used to be a window, I believe, or rather a light-shaft; but it has been walled up at some time."

"Well, no, I suppose no sound would be heard," replied Vanbrugh, "seeing how thick the walls and doors are; and what a long way it is from the inhabited part of the house. Do you know exactly where we are?"

"Yes, roughly. Somewhere near where the sixteenth century house was built on to the ruins of the ancient monastery. Fairly high up, I imagine that there's a walled-up passage somewhere about here, that once led from that outer room into the monastery, probably to the Abbot's Parlor. Anyhow, it's marvellously concealed, isn't it? No wonder nobody ever discovered the secret of it. No, and if they did, they'd still need two very special keys, if both the doors were locked."

"And we three are the only people in the world who know the secret of the Priests' Hole at Brandon Abbas!" smiled Vanbrugh.

"Four," corrected John. "Isabel knows it. But you and Consuela are the only two people in the world who know it, except Isabel and me."

"Mighty interesting! Mighty interesting!" mused Vanbrugh. "Well, we thank you very much indeed, John, for the pleasure and for the honor."

"We do indeed, Mr. Geste," agreed Consuela.

"John, please."

"Thank you, John—then—if I may, it's kind of you. I've enjoyed it so. It's such an honor, as Oda says."

"And you won't tell anybody."

Consuela laughed.

"Hardly! It would be a bit difficult, if one wanted to, wouldn't it? May I put it all straight, again?"

"Yes. You've only got to pull this door shut and it locks itself. . . . That's it. Now, Oda and I will go into the panelling room, then you reach up to the foot of the panel flap-door, give it a good pull, and step out as it comes down. It will come quite slowly."

Consuela obeyed, and the heavy hinged flap quietly came down into its place, while the chain was seen, through the aperture of the panelling at the other side of the room, to be travelling slowly upward.

"Wonderful how it fits," said Vanbrugh, "and, of course, every other section of panelling of the same size and shape is made to look exactly like it."

"Yes. And it all stands an inch or two away from the stone wall behind it, so that wherever you tap you get the same sound. Now, to put the panel back into the hole."

This Consuela raised from the floor, inserted into its frame and pressed.

A sharp click announced that the panel was once more secure as well as obscure, among its nine hundred and fifty-nine counterparts.

"Now we'll go out of the room, and if you will pull the door to behind us it will lock itself. We'll bring the key away this time, and put it along with the other, under Uncle Archibald. . . . Now, down the stairs, along the corridor, into my den. . . . Stoop and put your fingers under the edge of the cupboard here, and you'll find it will go back into place quite easily. Very little strength is needed, as the weights counterbalance it. There we are. Now put the two keys in the hole and put Uncle Archibald back in his place. Better let me do that."

"No, no, please let me do it. I should love to be able to boast—indeed myself, of course—that I alone had done it all: all the things to get into the Priests' Hole and then—undo them."

And without difficulty Consuela dropped the keys into the well in the woodwork, replaced the wooden figure and screwed it back into position.

"Now, I consider that the most interesting thing I've ever seen, John. I certainly am grateful," said Vanbrugh.

"I, too, John. You're a dear. I could kiss you."

"You could, you can, and you shall," smiled John, and "made it so."

"That's that then," he said, as they seated themselves in the den, "and I'll never go up into that place again as long as I live. . . . It's haunted. . . ."

Consuela shivered slightly.

To be concluded

The next move will come from Spanish Maine. Will Consuela be able to defeat it? Next week's final instalment presents a dramatic and unexpected solution.

## MARRIED WOMEN



## WHY THEY LOSE THEIR LOOKS!

THERE'S a terrific strain on any woman in just being married—making ends meet, worrying over children. Tidying up after their play, scrubbing clothes, ironing, rubbing floors, all take a toll on almost every woman, just as they did on Mrs. D.M. at North Walkerville, S.A., but she knew what to do. She wrote: "I was very ill for months. My head ached terribly, in fact at times it seemed as though it would burst. I was so highly strung that I would send the children at the least sound from them. From the first dose I could feel it doing me good. After four bottles I have never felt better in my life. This is just one of thousands of reports flooding in to us from all over the country, telling how this new great tonic is curing nerve troubles, building new red blood and making pale, weak, nervous women, and men too, feel that well. Bidomak contains vital food minerals lacking in ordinary diet, in predissolved liquid form, thus ending 'chemical' starvation."

## BIDOMAK

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT DEPRESSED FEELING

3/- of all Chemists and Stores

Product of the Douglas Drug Co. (Dist.), based by the Douglas Drug Co., Sydney (S. C. Park, Manager); Douglas Drug Co., Adelaide; Ricketts-Townsend Ltd., Melbourne; Wood, Son & Co., Perth and other branches.

## Don't Speak to Me!

Another irritable wife. "I want to be alone!" she cries. No husband can understand what makes his wife so grouchy. Those dreadful headaches and backaches. . . . that bearing down feeling. . . . those quivering nerves. . . . These things only a woman can understand. It is always a trying time. . . . But there's no excuse for needless suffering! Watch your calendar. . . . and a few days before you start taking Myosone. Remarkable little tablets! Take one with your morning cup of tea. Doctors say they "regulate the circulation" . . . banish those blues—and every pain (in 7 minutes)—and wipe out those tell-tale dark shadows. (Many girls say Myosone helps keep away those awful pimples, too!) Get a box of these new, drugless, headache tablets at your chemist—or most pharmacy counters. Keep them handy for every sort of headache, toothache, etc. (Copyright).

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food (even if digested) just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel nervous and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more powerful movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harshness, gentleness, and a natural bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the same Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only, 1/2 and 3/4. Present a substitute. S.S.S.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes there does not appear to be the disappointment of husband and wife. A link on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent in postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Chiswick 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Republished 2/1937.



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

February 8, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

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## Sunny Morning Breakfast Linens!

Bertha Maxwell takes the rising sun, clumps of bright-hued sunflowers, some linen, and creates the brightest morning set you've ever set eyes on.

**T**HIS sunny set comprises traycloth, tea-cosy, serviette—and egg-cosy if desired. You may have it in white, cream, or colorful linen; also in four different shades of Cesarine.

**B**REAKFAST in bed is a delightful luxury for busy people, a little event belonging to holidays and special dates; even when you cannot have a holiday, a well-set bedside tray, followed by a few hours' rest, is wonderfully helpful as a rejuvenator.

And here is the tiny set of

and see that it is always laundered ready for instant service.

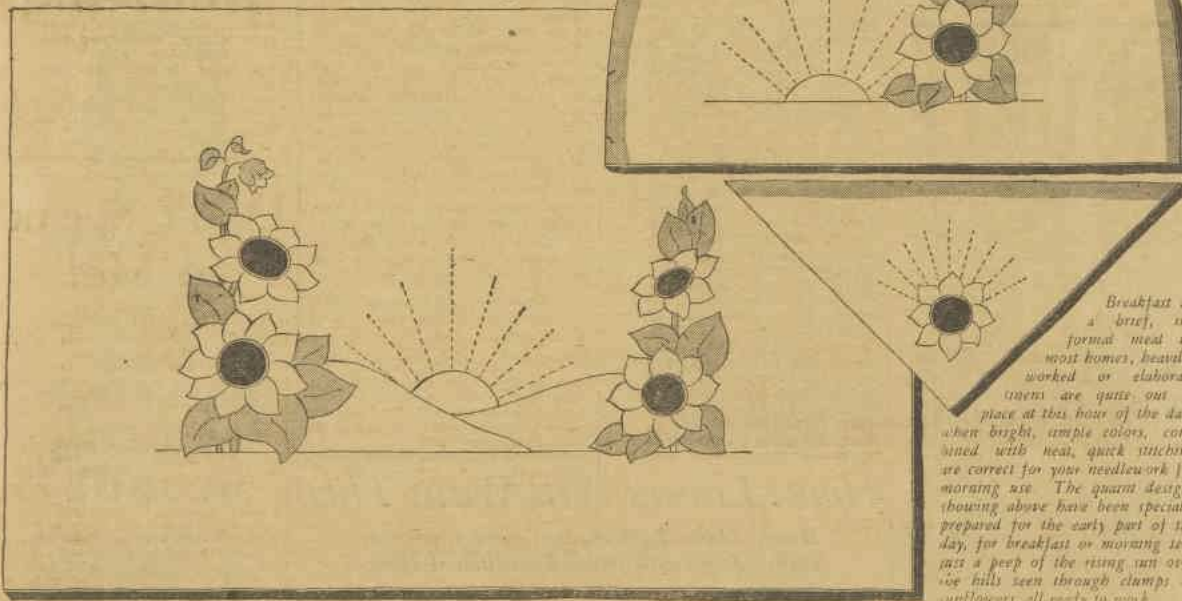
These are the prices and materials of the three pieces shown, and there is an egg-cosy if you wish.

Breakfast set, comprising 11 x 17-inch traycloth, 7½ x 11-inch cosy and 11 x 11-inch serviette. In cream, white, blue, lemon.

WE are constantly being asked whether Bertha Maxwell's linen designs, patterns, and transfers, previously featured in The Australian Women's Weekly, are still available. In reply, we wish all to know that every Bertha Maxwell design dating from February of last year can be obtained on application to our offices. A few days' notice is all that is asked.



**WHAT BRIGHTNESS** to greet the new day! Here is a sketch of Bertha Maxwell's newest 1936 design which, when worked, is guaranteed to dispel the mists of gloom on the dullest morning. Home-lovers will not be able to resist such a set; neither will the girl who is getting her "box" together.



Breakfast is a brief, informal meal in most homes, heavily-worked or elaborate utensils are quite out of place at this hour of the day, when bright, ample colors, combined with neat, quick stitching are correct for your needlework for morning use. The quaint designs showing above have been specially prepared for the early part of the day, for breakfast or morning tea; just a peep of the rising sun over the hills seen through clumps of sunflowers, all ready to work

sunny linens for a perfect occasion, for your guest, for the invalid in the home; sparkling with rising sunshine, golden with sunflowers, those gems of the late summer mornings, this quick little set will delight every home-maker. For a rainy day its cheerful yellow tints will banish the mists of gloom.

When you have had a breakfast tray in a strange house, do you remember the interest with which you have noticed the patterns on the china, the stitching—or lack of it—on the linen? And how pleasant it has been when these appointments have shown care and thought on the part of the hostess. So will your own guest be influenced by the same things, in the same manner.

Keep a well-made linen set ever in readiness for the chance guest or the treasured friend,

pink or green linen. Price, 3/9. With spoke-stitched edges for crochet or lace, 1/- extra.

Egg-cosy, in linen, with or without hemstitching, costs 6d.

Breakfast set in pink, blue, lemon or green Cesarine (including egg-cosy). Price, 3/3. If you desire the set with spoke-stitched edges for crochet or lace, please add 1/- extra.

### Choosing Colors

**L**IGHT yellow from the sun and its rays; blue, mauve or green for the hills on the cloth; deep yellow flowers, brown centres, medium green leaves; and black or dark green for the long line across the bottom of the picture.

If you are adding a crochet edge to hemstitching, let the crochet cotton match the linen or one of the colors in the design.

### Different Methods

**A**PPLIQUE is a useful method of working the centres of the flowers: small pieces of brown linen or strong cotton material can be neatly hemmed in place, and fastened securely with a few scattered stitches through both materials, the applique piece and the background. The remainder of the design can then be stitched.

**Outlining:** This is a very useful stitch for quick work, and can be used all over the design. The centres of the flowers can be run round in brown and left like that, or more brown stitching can be worked round and round inside the circle until it is filled. Small seed stitches or dots are also quick for centre fillings.

**Buttonholing:** All the heavier parts of the design such as leaves

and flowers will respond to this lovely stitch, with or without a few rows of padding beneath; but it should not be used in the landscape lines and sunrays, which are better kept light and fine.

### The Edges

**T**HESE are left plainly cut if you wish, or you may have them hemstitched for crochet.

The advantage of plain edges is that you may turn them in to fit your own trays; they can then be invisibly hemmed at the back, or fastened down with french knots or knotted trail on the right side.

If you have never tried plain hemming on embroidered linens before, you will be surprised to find how attractive it appears to the eye; it is a wonderful time-saver.



**LACQUER AND PAPIER-MACHE.**—Lacquered and papier-mache goods cannot be washed in the ordinary way. Therefore, mix enough flour and olive oil to make a fairly thick, smooth paste. Apply this to the goods to be cleaned with a soft rag and rub it in vigorously. Wipe the paste off with another rag, and give it a final polish with an old silk handkerchief. Papier-mache trays by this method can be successfully revived.

**USING UP STALE BREAD.**—Make a suet-crusted pudding, fill it with fresh fruit, and use the stale bread this way: Soak it in water, then, before using, squeeze out all possible moisture. Then add the soaked bread to the suet and flour for the pudding. This will make the suet crust beautifully light.

**USE FOR EGG-SHELLS.**—Save eggshells, for they soak decanters or small-necked glass bottles. Break the shell into pieces small enough to go through the neck of the bottle or decanter. Add warm water, and shake well. This will do the trick.

**MILDEWED GARMENTS.**—Garments or curtains that have become mildewed can be set to rights if they are soaked overnight in buttermilk.

**BOOKS AND EYES.**—To prevent books and eyes on your clothes from becoming rusty when laundered, before using them boil them in strong soda water. They will not rust when washed later.

**USING UP SOUR MILK.**—Milk turned sour is not the tragedy it may seem, for you may make delicious cream cheese from it. Let the soured milk become solid, and put in a piece of muslin made into a bag. Hang over a basin to drain. Leave for a week, pressing occasionally. Then firm into a mould, and leave for a further three days. Before using, season with pepper and salt to taste.

**PIPE-CLEANERS.**—Invest in a packet of pipe-cleaners, and you will find them indispensable about the house. You may put oil in inaccessible places, and clean all sorts of crevices with them.



# TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To make your teeth  
**NATURALLY  
WHITE**

**-he says KOLYNOS**



Regular use of Kolynos—which is best used on a DRY brush—will quickly show you how sparkling-white your teeth can be when they are thoroughly and completely cleaned.

Dentists throughout the world recommend Kolynos because of its proved antiseptic and cleansing action.

Important ingredients exceptional to Kolynos actually kill the germs of dental decay in a few seconds, whilst other essential ingredients remove unsightly stain and dissolve tartar, entering every tiny crevice and washing away all particles of food debris, keeping the mouth in a healthy condition.

Discover for yourself the joy of clean, naturally white teeth and a healthy mouth. Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. Try it. Get a tube to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

**KOLYNOS** DENTAL CREAM

## A PROVED EFFECTIVE TREATMENT for LUNG TROUBLE

Results that are permanent, not merely a temporary relief, has been found in Membrous Dry Inhalation. Many results that have been achieved during past and recent years by this wonderful dry inhalation have been described as miraculous. The dry healing fumes come directly into contact with the affected parts of the lungs, rapidly dissolving the germs and mucus, giving wonderful relief and also enter the blood stream . . . therein lies the secret of its amazing success. If you, too, want to experience the wonderful feeling of relief . . . to enjoy not only temporary advantages but vital improvement in GENERAL HEALTH, WEIGHT, STRENGTH, APPETITE, ABILITY TO SLEEP COMFORTABLY, and every sign of complete recovery being made, there give MEMBROSUS dry inhalation a fair trial NOW!

## CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM Trouble

OBTAINED WITHOUT OPERATION

Many reports which reach us prove that Membrous is the one treatment which does give PERMANENT RESULTS and paves the way for complete recovery and normal health. Because the dry fumes of Membrous enter the blood stream and actually clear away the toxins and germs which cause the infection, this inhalation treatment is able to definitely conquer such complaints as Catarrh, Hay Fever and Antrum Trouble without operation. If you have HEAD NOISES . . . CHRONIC SNEEZING, FITS . . . RUNNING EYES AND NOSE . . . if your HEARING AND SENSE OF SIGHT are affected . . . if you are troubled with DISGRACEFUL HAWKING AND COUGHING, these things can be changed by MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION. You will be able to enjoy life free from embarrassment . . . wake in the mornings with control and throat clear, go through the day without these insidious complaints which undermine and affect your health.

## ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

Membrous dry inhalation treatment has been proved invaluable for these complaints. Sufferers report after treatment, that they can now BREATHE FREELY without shortness of breath; walk up steep hills as they would without getting tired . . . lie down and sleep at night without fear of attacks; bring mucus away easily . . . stop the wheezing. They report that "ATTACKS BECOME LESS FREQUENT" and that recovery comes surely and PERMANENTLY. With Membrous dry inhalation many chronic cases of up to 40 years' standing report complete recovery without recurrence.

## MEMBROSUS (Regd.) DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

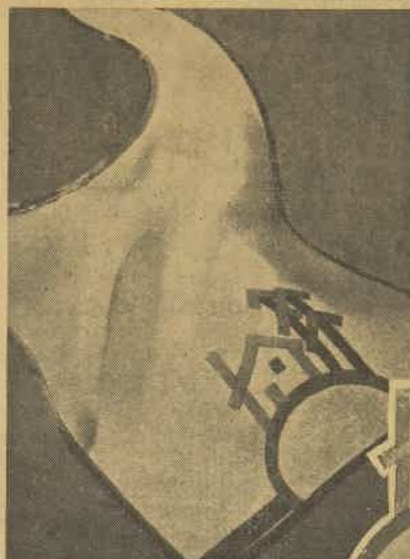
For particulars call or send a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to MEMBROSUS, G. (City office) IRVING'S PHARMACY (estd. 29 years), Gowing's Building, Room A1, 41 Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Wire or Write for Reservations.

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YORK STREET, SYDNEY R. J. Langley, Manager

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE



SHOWING the bib already decorated with bias binding. Pattern of bib given away with transfer.

## Gay Little Scenes For Nursery Needs

... "Steamer" cushion and "Island Home" feeder, specially designed for bias binding decoration.

Bib pattern given free with "Steamer" and "Island Home" transfer, which costs 1/-, post free, to any address.

These quaint transfers may be used for decorating larger cushions, for curtains, chair-backs, etc.



ABOVE is shown the "Island Home" motif in detail.

PICTURESQUE little scenes, all worked in bias binding, are the latest nursery trimmings. The idea, you see, is to make them look as if they'd been done by a child artist! Our useful friend bias binding serves not only for working the little scenes, but also for blue binds and ties on the "Island Home" bib, and scarlet ones on the "Steamer" cushion. You can tie this cushion to the back of baby's high chair, or to the seat of any chair which isn't quite high enough for a child sitting up to table.

For the "Island Home" and "Steamer" motifs, we supply a transfer, including both designs and free patterns of feeder. The price is 1/-, post free, from the Needlework Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4153X, G.P.O., Sydney.

### Materials Required

THE materials required for making cushion cover are: 1 yard narrow width natural linen crash; 2 yards piping cord, medium thickness.

For bib: Piece of cream linen about 10 inches wide by 14 inches long. Bias binding for motifs, binds and ties on both models; 2 1/2 yards each of red and blue; 1 yard each of black and green; 1 yard light grey.

Cut out the crash cushion cover to fit cushion pad, allowing 1/2-inch turnings. Iron off "Steamer" motif. Use the bias binding folded in half for all parts of design, except the steamer funnels, which are red strips ironed out flat.

Hem down the binding between the

stamped lines with tiny stitches, in matching cotton.

Colors: Sea, blue; steamer, black with red funnels and grey smoke; sun, red, with rays made of stroke-stitches worked in red embroidery silk; seagulls, grey. Bind finished cushion in red and sew on ties.

Lay bib pattern on cream linen and cut out. Iron off the "Island Home" transfer and hem on bias binding, in the following colors: Island, green; house walls and chimney, grey; roof and door,

### A New Idea in...

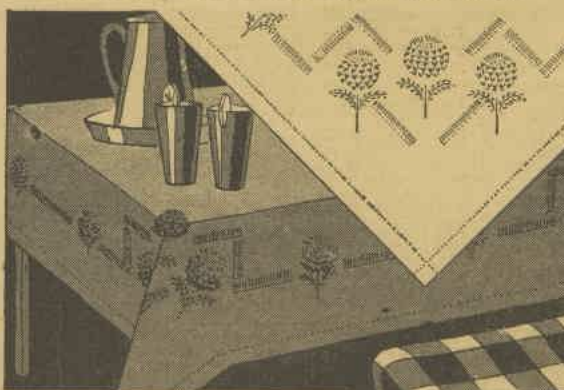
#### Umbrella-Holders!

A GOOD way to keep umbrellas from corners where they fall down and look untidy is to make an umbrella-holder of oil baize. Shape it like a long, narrow kite. There are three divisions stitched on like pockets, and the top piece has a brass ring attached so that it can be hung at the side of a wardrobe or against the wall. This keeps the umbrellas unobtrusively out of sight.

red; window, blue; tree trunks, black; tops, green; sea, a strip of blue bias binding ironed out flat. Bind round the edges of the bib with blue binding, leaving two long ends to tie.

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Heavy Linen Tablecloth, traced ready for embroidery, with wide, hemstitched hems.



WONDERFUL VALUE for the discerning housewife: 48 x 48 traced cream high quality linen tablecloth, with hemstitched hems, for only 6/11. Accompanying comprehensive color chart suggests autumn tonings, warm and vivid on the rich cream background—suitable for any home color scheme. Flower-like motifs repeated throughout look like tiny bushes of flame. These cloths now available at our offices, post free.

## Mothers



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• If you prefer plain junket, Hansen's Junket Tablets are obtainable at all grocers.

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**FRUIT  
JUNKETS**

ORANGE—LEMON  
RASPBERRY—VANILLA



# PRACTICAL Cookery Lesson for Young HOUSEWIVES

INSTEAD of serving the usual Sunday joint cold on Monday and hashed on Tuesday, it is a far better plan for the young housewife to divide the joint and so have freshly-cooked dishes on Monday and Tuesday—providing, of course, during hot weather an ice-chest or refrigerator is part of the kitchen equipment.

FRESHLY-COOKED meat is far more nourishing than meat that has been reheated. Therefore, these suggestions for dealing with the joint, fillet or leg, be it beef, pork, veal or mutton should prove of practical value to young housekeepers—possibly to all housewives.

## FILLET OF VEAL

This is a most economical joint, as there is no waste. From it can be made veal cutlets, stewed veal, roast veal stuffed with veal seasoning. Served with roast potatoes, boiled bacon, and brown gravy.

## SIRLOIN BEEF

Remove the undercut. This can be sliced and grilled. Cut off the flap and use for a stew with carrots. What is left of the sirloin can be roasted, served with roast potatoes, horseradish, sauce, Yorkshire pudding, and brown gravy.

## SMALL LEG OF PORK

The trotter with small piece of knuckle can be used for broth. Cut slices off thick end and serve as pork chops. If liked, remove bone carefully from the remainder, fill with onion seasoning. Roast and serve with roast potatoes, apple sauce, and brown gravy.

## LEG MUTTON

Cut sufficient off knuckle end of leg to boil it with carrots and turnips, and serve with caper sauce. Cut slices from remaining piece, grill, and serve with chip potatoes. For the third meal remove bone if liked, stuff with veal seasoning, and roast. Serve with roast potatoes, brown gravy, and red currant jelly. If lamb is used, serve with mint sauce.

## RIB OF BEEF

Have rib rolled, use bones for soup. Cut off thick slice from the meat, use with kidney for steak and kidney pudding or pie, roasting the remainder. Serve with usual accompaniments.

## BEST END NECK OF MUTTON

This provides cutlets (which can easily be prepared at home). Dip in egg and breadcrumbs dry fry, and serve on mound of mashed potatoes. The scrap end of the neck of mutton may be made into haricot mutton. Ask the butcher to chop between the bones well.

## BAKED MEAT

### (Mutton, Beef, Veal)

Wipe the joint with a damp cloth, melt the fat in the baking-dish, place the joint in and pour spoonfuls of the hot fat over the meat. Prepare the potatoes and place round the meat. Put into a hot oven. Leave the heat on for

## ... On how to get the Best from the Week-end Joint

In addition, we give an authoritative guide to buying meat for grilling, baking, boiling, stewing, frying, braising, and soup-making.

By  
**RUTH FURST**  
Cookery Expert  
to  
The Australian  
Women's  
Weekly.



THICK SLICES cut from the top end of a leg of mutton filled with seasoning and roasted, make a deliciously appetising dish.



IN ORDER to roast pork to a nicety, bake in a hot oven till meat is well-browned, then lower heat and continue baking till well-cooked, allowing half-hour to each pound.



POINTS ON GRILLING: Expose meat to a temperature for a few minutes, turning frequently, then reduce the heat a little. Do not allow flame to touch meat.

15 minutes, then lessen heat, and cook slowly the required time, allowing 20 minutes to each pound and 20 minutes over. Baste every 15 minutes, and turn the potatoes once. When cooked, drain the potatoes on white paper. Lift meat on to hot dish. Drain the fat from baking-dish, leaving about 1 tablespoon. Add 1 tablespoon plain flour. Mix well together. Stir over heat till evenly browned. Add all at once 1½ cups cold water, salt and pepper to taste, and stir till it boils and thickens. Strain into a hot gravy boat. Put potatoes into hot vegetable dish and serve all very hot.

## TO BONE SHOULDER OF MUTTON

To bone a shoulder of mutton, take a small, sharp knife and begin at the broad end of the shoulder. Work towards the knuckle, and when almost through to the centre joint commence at the knuckle and work towards the centre. Cut through the sinews and draw the bone out carefully. Don't throw away the bones. Use them for

pastry is brown, then lessen the heat and cook slowly till meat is tender. Serve at once.

## BEEF CAKES

One pound steak, salt, and cayenne, 4 tablespoons cold water, finely-minced onion.

Put steak three times through a mincing machine. Add salt, cayenne, and water, and mix well. Melt some butter in a frying pan. Place a tablespoon of the meat mixture in and fry from six to eight minutes till browned. Drain on paper. Serve very hot with brown gravy.

## STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

One and a half pounds beefsteak, 3 sheep's kidneys, 1oz. flour, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, a little water, ½ lb. flaky pastry, salt, cayenne. Cut steak into slices 1½ inches square. Skin the kidneys and cut into slices. Dip each piece of steak in the flour, pepper and salt, and roll a piece of kidney in each. Place in a pie-dish, piling meat

Lift out by the bare bone, firm the crumbs on with a knife. Make the fat hot in a frying-pan, and fry the cutlets till a golden brown on both sides. Turn frequently to cook evenly through. Drain on paper. Make a mound of mashed potato on a hot dish. Stand the cutlets up all round the mound. Pour the brown sauce round, or serve in a sauce boat.

## FRENCH CUTLETS

Seven cutlets, chip potatoes, green butter, rolls of bacon. Trim the cutlets, leaving one inch bare bone. Grease gridiron and grill

seven to ten minutes. Turn frequently while cooking. Remove rind from bacon and cut into thin strips. Roll up and thread on a skewer and grill till the fat is clear. Place the chip potatoes in the centre of a hot dish. Stand the cutlets which have been masked with a little green butter up around, and place the rolls of bacon between the cutlets. Serve very hot.

## HARICOT MUTTON

One and half pounds neck chops, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 pint water, 1oz. dripping, 1oz. flour, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne.

Make the fat hot in a saucepan. Trim the chops and fry till brown on both sides, and take from the saucepan. Add the chopped onion, and fry till brown. Add the flour and brown it. Add the water and stir till it boils and thickens. Add the chops, and simmer half an hour. Add the carrots and turnips, cut into large dice. Simmer one hour longer. Serve on a hot dish, chops in a circle round the dish, and vegetables in the centre, and gravy round. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

All these recipes have been tested in our own kitchens.

## A GUIDE TO BUYING MEAT

Method of Cooking	Beef	Mutton	Lamb	Veal	Pork
Baking	Sirloin Wing Rib Ribs Top Side (thick piece)	Leg Shoulder Loin Fore Quarter Hind Quarter	Leg Shoulder Loin Fore Quarter Hind Quarter	Fillet Leg Breast—good and crumbed Shoulder Loin	Leg Loin
Boiling	Brisket (salt) Mutton Bone (salt) Silver-side (salt) Tongue (salt) Tongue (salt)	Leg Shoulder Neck (best end) Tongue (salted)	Leg Shoulder Neck (best end)	Thick Knuckle	Half Leg Pork Ham Head (salt)
Stewing	Shoulder Rib Brisk Steak Chuck Steak Shoulder Shin Oxtail Kidney Tripe	Neck Breast Kidney Shoulder Chops Flap (salted or fresh) Brains	Same as Mutton	Breast Neck Thick Knuckle Sweetbreads	Foot Tongue
Frying	Undercut Rump	Fry silver Kidney Loin Chops Brains	Loin Chops Leg Chops Fry Brains	Fillet (cutlets) Loin	Leg Chops Loin Chops
Grilling	Undercut Rump	Loin Chops Leg Chops Kidney	Same as Mutton	Fillet Loin	Leg Chops Loin Chops
Braising or Casseroles	Shoulder Ribs Chuck Steak Ham Shin Tail Kidneys	Neck Best end Shoulder Chops	Breast Shoulder Chops Neck	Best end Neck Knuckle Breast	Leg Chops Loin Chops Any lean pieces
Boiling Soup, Stock	Shin Tail Bones	Best end Neck Knuckle Head	Best end Neck Knuckle Head	Best end Neck Knuckle Foot	Foot Head

soup or stock. Now fill the opening with plain seasoning. Roll up the shoulder and tie it into shape. Place it in the baking-dish and add 3 tablespoons of fat. Place it into a hot oven and at the end of 10 minutes reduce the heat. When cooking allow 20 minutes for each lb. the shoulder weighs, and allow 20 minutes in addition. This means that if a shoulder weighs 4lb. it should be cooked for 80 minutes plus 20 minutes, or 1 hour and 40 minutes.

## CORNISH PIE

One pound pork, ½ lb. onions, ½ lb. apples, salt, cayenne, water, flaky pastry. Cut pork into inch squares. Cut apples and onions into dice. Place in pie-dish with salt, cayenne, and a little water. Make the pastry and cover in the usual way. Bake in hot oven till

high towards the middle. Add enough water to come barely to top of dish. Roll out the pastry the same shape as dish, but one inch larger. Cut a strip off all round, wet the edge of the pie-dish and place the strip on. Moisten the strip and lay the cover on, ornament with leaves and rose. Make four holes on the top to let the steam out. Glaze with egg. Bake in hot oven half an hour, then place in cobbler oven, or on top of stove for one hour. The pie should be placed in hot oven before serving to crisp the pastry.

## CUTLETS AND SAUCE

One pound cutlets, flour, pepper and salt, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, brown sauce. Trim and shape the cutlets. Dip in the flour, pepper and salt then in egg-glazing, then toss in the breadcrumbs



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Irresistibly appetising and nourishing. Two varieties.

Curried Spaghetti Spaghetti with Cheese in Tomato Sauce



## Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known  
Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey  
Hair With Simple Home-Made  
Mixture

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles, gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlox Compound, and quarter-ounce of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolor the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

—(Copyright.)

## GROW BULBS FROM SEEDS

Here are three favorite bulbs that can be grown easily and quickly from seeds sown February-March. They flower just as soon as the bulbs themselves!

**PRIMULAS:** "Barry's New Strains" bear large heads of colorful fringed flowers in a large range of lovely shades in four sizes. 1/2 packet.

**ANTHEMIONS:** "St. Brigid" (dissected). The wonderful Irish Double Pearly-flowered Anthemion. Delicate shades through to colors most vivid and cheerful. 1/2 packet.

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## Economical Beauty Hints

Do not fret with sticky, messy dyes, unpleasant to use and unsatisfactory in effect. Dye hair in a perfectly satisfactory way. Restore grey hairs to their natural color, apply tamponade. This lotion is safe and pleasant to use, and the effect of tamponade is wonderful—immediately rejuvenating! entirely satisfactory!

And now, as to removing unwanted hair. Face powdered (shampoo) is quite the best of all known hair-removers. It removes hair safely, instantly and completely, discouraging future growth.

A simple, yet certain remedy for sunburn, freckles, windchaps, moth-patches is masticated wax, which hardens removed aging discolored surface skin, and thus equalizes the skin. The textured wax doesn't show in all its beauty. An ideal cheek colour is one called cutaneous. It is miraculously perfect. Should you be troubled with excessive fatness this can be removed by taking stanol berries. All chemists have these also, as well as the lovely new Deodorant Face Powder. Cleansing, refreshing, delightfully perfumed.

# Colorful Cinerarias are Easily Grown

*Planted now, they'll make rapid growth, and give you a glorious show in late winter and spring . . .*

Says THE OLD GARDENER

Let us hope loyal gardening readers in their enthusiasm for stocks, pansies, violas, ranunculi, anemones (see previous articles) for their winter and spring garden displays have not forgotten to leave room for cinerarias. These glorious and well-loved flowers, brightly-colored, trimly-formed, sprightly of growth, are ideal as cut flowers, and make happy patches of color in the garden. They are easy to cultivate and rapid in growth.

ONCE again we must make room in our gardens for the beautiful cineraria. Our gardens must be kept gay, and we can accomplish this only by planning well ahead.

The successful gardener must take each kind of flower in its turn, study it carefully—its growth, formation, the conditions and position most suitable for its growth, everything necessary to make a success of the work.

Cinerarias are easily grown. As with all other plants, we must first give thorough care and attention to preparing the seed bed. Turn over the soil well, and weed thoroughly. The seed will be much better sown in the ground and not in boxes.

A semi-shaded spot is the ideal position. Cinerarias love the shade, so if you cannot find a sheltered spot, you will have to make an artificial one.

This can be easily and quickly made by driving four stakes into the ground, the two back ones higher than the front, the back ones about two feet high, and the front ones about one foot.

Tack old baggies around the sides, and have a cover to roll up or down, as desired for the top. Sow the seed under this cover.

Cineraria seed is very small, so it does not need much covering. Well-decayed manure rubbed through a fine sieve will make seedlings flourish. If this is not available a light covering with sand is sufficient. Water sparingly, as over-watering causes fungus disease and the seed will soon perish.

When large enough to handle, the seedlings can then be pricked out into boxes, planting about an inch apart each

way. Continue to keep them in a sheltered position during the hottest part of the day.

## They're Thirsty Plants!

AFTER boxing-out they can then stand plenty of water. On no account allow them to become dry. The cineraria is a plant of rapid growth, very thirsty, requires generous feeding, and will not endure extreme heat or heavy frosts.

So, in transplanting them into their permanent bed, see that it is enriched with plenty of decayed manure or a liberal dressing of equal parts of blood-and-bone and superphosphate. The position for planting must be semi-shaded. In hot climates under trees is ideal, because they get the sunlight's occasional rays through the branches. A position where they receive the morning sun for a time, then shade during the hot part of the day—along a wall or fence for example—is also very good.

In extremely cold climates where frost in severe a north or north-easterly position with a wall or fence protection from the south is excellent. Frost always comes from the south. In this way the plants secure the morning sun and at the same time are well protected from frosty conditions.

## How To Get More Color

IN growing cinerarias I have often been asked how I produced such beautifully rich colors. This can be done by applying weak liquid manure once a week. Cow manure made into liquid is good. Make it the color of weak tea; on no account stronger. If manure is not available, use sulphate of potash and



AMONG THE CINERARIAS—a charming picture caught by our camera in a beautiful Australian garden. It is now time to plant these prolific, gorgeously-colored flowers, and so that all garden-lovers may have an extra special display this year, the Old Gardener devotes this special article to their culture.

sulphate of ammonia. Mix in equal parts, using 1 teaspoonful to a gallon of water. Stir thoroughly and use this amount on 12 to 15 plants, pouring round the roots and not allowing it to touch the foliage. Sulphate of ammonia stimulates the growth, and potash gives the vivid colors.

It is well known that insects prey upon cinerarias. Mildew is one of the common diseases. As weak plants are more susceptible to this disease than are strong ones, keep the liquid manure well on, and give them plenty of care and attention.

Sulphur scattered around the plants and over the foliage is a good preventive. If plants are affected, diminish the water supply.

Aphis is another pest. Spray with kerosene emulsion or nicotine—one teaspoon to two gallons of water with one teaspoon of kerosene. Red spider is also disastrous to cinerarias, spoiling the foliage and making it dull in color. Voice mixed according to directions supplied will destroy them. See that the spraying material penetrates the under-part of the leaves, for this is where the insect makes its home.

# WHY SUE SHOULD HAVE WORRIED

MY DEAR, WHAT A THING TO SAY ABOUT POOR SUE! SHE HAS TO HOLD UP THE WALL AT PARTIES!

I MEAN SHE'S A WALLFLOWER, MOTHER. MEN WON'T ASK HER TO DANCE BECAUSE... OH, I WISH I COULD WARN HER ABOUT "B.O."

A WEEK LATER

I LOVE TENNIS EVEN ON A BROILING DAY LIKE THIS. BUT I'LL HAVE TO HOP STRAIGHT IN THE TUB WHEN I GET HOME

SUE, IF YOU WANT THE GRANDEST, MOST REFRESHING BATH, STOP IN THE STORE AND GET SOME LIFEBOUY

I ALWAYS USE IT. ONE REASON I DO IS SO I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT "B.O."

WORRY ABOUT "B.O."? MY DEAR, I NEVER EVEN THINK OF IT

I KNOW YOU DON'T, SUE. THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE. FORGIVE MY PLAIN SPEAKING BUT...

SHE WON'T HAVE TO GIVE ME A HINT TWICE. I'LL ALWAYS USE LIFEBOUY. WHAT WONDERFUL LATHER! HOW DEEPLY IT CLEANSSES!

"B.O." GONE... wallflower days over!

SUE, YOU NEVER WANT A PARTY TO BREAK UP

WHY SHOULD SHE — WITH MEN FIGHTING TO DANCE WITH HER

HOW DO YOU KEEP FRESH AS A DAISY THESE HOT DAYS?

THAT'S EASY... LIFEBOUY SHOWERS!

When It's Hot And Sticky... get acquainted with refreshing Lifebuoy. There's no finer soap to be had for making you feel fresh and cool. It's rich clean-scented lather puts new life into you, and afterwards you feel so cool and clean.

Lifebuoy offers Protection Protection against "B.O." (body odour), that risk we all run specially these hot, summer days—protection for your skin which needs Lifebuoy's deep-cleansing lather to rid it of waste matters that so often cause skin troubles. Lifebuoy gives a wealth of this hygienic lather and its own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

A LEVER PRODUCT

MILLIONS SAY... "It agrees with my skin."



# DRESSING-TABLE DIVERSITY ...

These days dressing-tables blossom forth into all sorts of styles for the delectation of milady...

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

ON this page are pictured a few of the newest notions in dressing-tables... Styles suitable for the girl's room (note main color sketch), the main bedroom, the one-room flat or bed-sitting room, the smart flat or bungalow, and the modern bathroom.

Those about to furnish and those who one day purpose re-furnishing will be most interested in these. In fact, all women of the home will study them with interest.

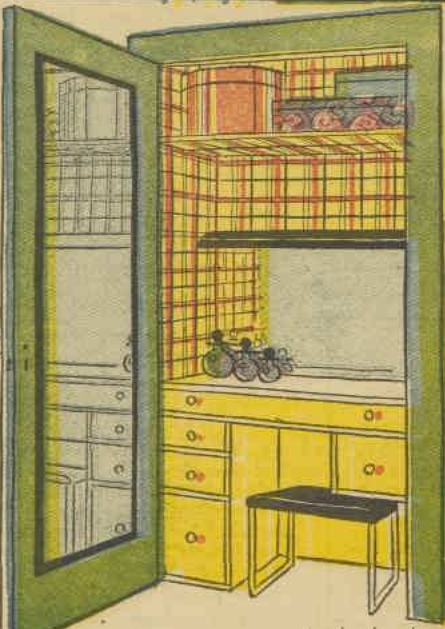
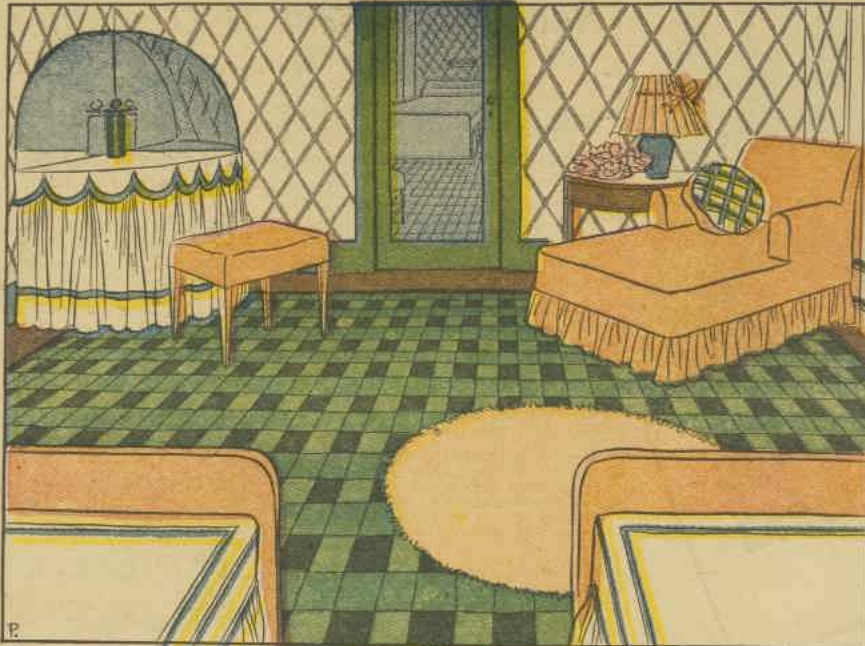
I HAVE yet to meet the young girl who does not go into ecstasies over those beruffled and delightfully feminine dressing-tables so fashionable to-day. They were, be it remembered, quite fashionable in our great-grandmothers' day.

And here is a most engaging point about them: with very little effort, small expense, and only slight imagination, anyone can create one of these charming little affairs. An ordinary white-wood kitchen table, for instance, can be utilised as a foundation. This can be made narrower or cut to any desired shape—even in half-circle form, as the one showing in the colorful girls' room above.

What is more, you will find the half-circular dressing-table the easiest to dress, the most adjustable when it comes to space, and the most attractive-looking in a room.

## Materials to Use

THEY look adorable in flounces of taffeta and lace, lace mounted over silk, bedflowed chintz, white or soft pastel organdies, with or without ribbon trimmings, and in dotted Swiss muslins. The dressing-table showing in the bright, spacious room above—a room which any two sisters would delight in sharing—is flounced in crisp, white organdie; curtains and bedspreads are also in white. You can see for yourself



THE COLORFUL spot and the powder evenly distributed. There would also be room in such a cupboard for shelves to hold hat-boxes, shoes, and other particular needs. The idea of painting the interior yellow to simulate light and sunshine is a good one. Moreover, this color would not interfere with the room's color-scheme, for the door would shut it off in an instant. The more ornate trefoil-shaped dressing-table showing in the sketch at the bottom left of this page is a copy of one designed for a recent bride's bedroom. Sycamore with blackwood inlays and flounce of silver-grey spot satin sounds luxurious. The small stool matches.

LEFT: Here is a suggestion for the bachelor girl who lives in a one-room flat: Dressing-table and shelves "at-home" in a built-in cupboard. Full details will be found in this article.



HERE IS AN exact copy of a lovely trefoil-shaped dressing-table designed for a recent bride's use. Sycamore and blackwood with a skirt of silver-grey satin are the materials used. The seat matches.

how effective the green trimmings are against the white.

Dotted Swiss muslin, a general favorite with "Sweet Sixteen," could be used with equal success. This material hangs so gracefully, stands up to wear, and always comes so crisp and fresh from the tub and iron.

Flowered chintz is also prettily decorative and hard-wearing. But if you use patterned materials for dressing-table flounce, curtains, and bed-cover, see to it that your walls are plain.

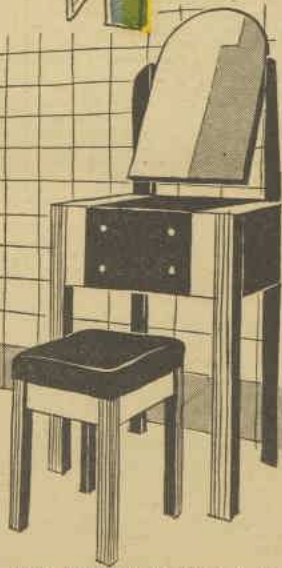
With these Old-World type of dressing-tables plain or elaborately-framed mirrors may be hung above or backing the table as glimpsed in the girls' room above.

## For the Bachelor Girl

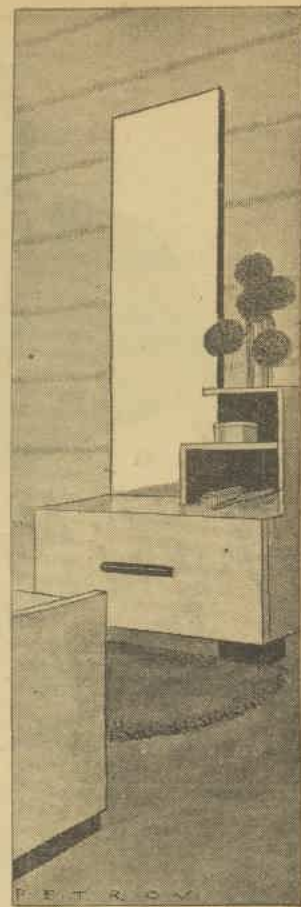
NOW the smaller sketch in color may, at first sight, set you wondering.

This is a suggestion for the bachelor girl or woman with a one-room flat or bed-sitting room. The bachelor girl who has once enjoyed the comforts of a dressing-table is never satisfied without one, and while it is easy to disguise a bed it is not so easy to disguise a dressing-table. So if she is lucky enough to have a built-in cupboard her problem is solved.

The sketch above will give the one-room girl an idea how to fit out this cupboard. Shelves may be built-in, or a small dressing-table having ample drawer space and with room beneath for the stool, may be installed. A plain mirror with a tubular lighting fixture at the top would prove a boon and a blessing to the one who does like to know that her rouge is placed on the right



THE MODERN WOMAN finds a dressing-table in the bathroom a boon. Here she can keep her creams and lotions, and all beautifying gadgets and go through her daily ritual in the cause of beauty without fear of intrusion.



SMART DRESSING-TABLE suitable for the small flat or bungalow.

ting and tapping in the presence of friend husband, or the children. They feel a bit self-conscious about it all even though they never hesitate putting on lipstick or powder in a crowded restaurant!

And now we come to the very modern type of dressing-table which I think would be very smart for a small flat or bungalow. This is the dressing-table showing in the long, narrow sketch above. It is really made up of unit pieces—a full-length mirror placed against the wall, a capacious drawer, and small, open shelves. Quite a lot of the modern furniture overseas is made along these lines. I give it as a suggestion—you may or may not like it at all, but you will admit that it is smart and decidedly new.—E.E.G.

## In the Bathroom

WHAT a contrast is the small, plainly-furnished dressing-table (a toilet-table as some would call it) designed for a modern bathroom showing in the other sketch at the foot of this page! A toilet-table in the bathroom is not really a luxury, for here a woman could keep a lot of her creams and gadgets for the daily beauty ritual; feel more inclined, perhaps, to massage and tend her skin generally without fear of intrusion. I know scores of women who hate pat-



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Per 1/3 bottle.

# BOSISTO'S EUCALYPTUS OIL "PARROT BRAND"

Prepared and Packaged by J. BOSISTO & CO. PTY. LTD., RICHMOND, VICTORIA.





"... My Nerves and head were terrible"

Nerves that are frayed by illness, anxiety or overwork need the soothing and strengthening effect of Clements Tonic. This well known remedy has been famous for over 40 years, and has brought vigorous health to thousands of people. As a natural nerve and blood food, Clements Tonic brings sparkling, vigorous health and renewed vitality after one or two bottles.



**CLEMENTS TONIC**

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

Prices in all Capital Cities in the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

## SKIN TROUBLES

### How Septic Poison Develops

A cut, a scratch, the head off a pimple. These tiny incidents may be dangerous—take care! You have only to be the least bit unlucky for inflammation to follow. From this it is but a step to the spread of destructive poison from SEPTIC germs. Any injury, no matter how trivial, is liable to turn septic if germs get in. Your safest and swiftest protection is Germolene Skin Ointment—the most powerful, effective and germicide known. Germolene quickly heals cuts, scratches, burns, scalds, broken chins and pimples. It checks infection before it starts to be serious. Even if sores and wounds are septic, inflamed and discharging, Germolene cleans them quickly and starts healthy new growth.

For EVERY Skin Trouble

All Chemists and Stores

**Germolene**  
SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin



## FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

### Should Children be Grateful to Their Parents?

By MARY TRUBY KING

The subject matter of this article may well provoke controversy, as there are still many mothers who cling to the idea that their children should be everlastingly grateful to them for being brought into the world.

You have heard it, haven't you? "All my life I have slaved for you. Denied myself every comfort; gone without proper clothing that you might be educated. And what gratitude do you give me in return? When will you learn that it is your duty to be grateful?"

"DUTY" and "Gratitude"—what crimes have been committed in their name!

Dr. Stephen Paget, F.R.C.S., London, writing on this subject, says: "Husband and wife, the efficient cause of their children's being, are thereby the sole agents of every false step that they take, every sin that they commit, every cruelty that they inflict, every pain that they suffer. All maladies that have come or are to come on them, all disappointments, all disgraces, are of our making. If it were not for parents, there would be none of these disasters, for the children would not be here, they would be nowhere; and as long as they were nowhere, they could neither sin nor suffer. Children, if they had not been born, would have lost nothing; but they cannot have their choice. We call not animals but spirits from the vasty deep—by which act we must put things right for them; we must make it up to them."

By these words Dr. Paget expresses, more than forcibly, the opposite view. Perhaps we can strike a happy medium.

At the outset, one must stress the necessity for accepting only gratitude which springs from the heart. Any other kind is hypocrisy.

### Polite Observances

FROM a child's earliest days we teach him to express gratitude for kindness from friends or strangers. Many lessons in politeness are taking place in these days after Christmas and New Year, when countless children are sitting down with pen in hand, laboriously putting on

ingly difficult to live in, do you look for gratitude? Or because you have done your best to make the path smooth, as every parent should?

What about the debt of gratitude that you owe your child for his constant source of joy to you? For his laughter through the house? For his quaint little ways? For the pleasure you get from attending to him? For his spontaneous affection?

Ah! There we have it! If there is no spontaneous affection from child to parent, it is hopeless to look for gratitude—for nine times out of ten you will not deserve it. And if there is spontaneous affection, that in itself is the best expression of gratitude that you could ever have.

### Love Unselfishly

THE part of a mother is to love unselfishly, but wisely. Such a mother unconsciously draws the best out of her children, through their appreciation of



NO NEED to ask if this wee girl is happy with her lot in life! Glowing with health and vitality, she enjoys every minute of her life.

the fact that she really expects nothing that does not come straight from the heart.

There is no more demoralising emotion than gratitude which is wrung out of one on the pretext of his being one's duty.

Surely those who continue to demand this from their children build up year by year an impenetrable barrier which will cause their children to look back in adult life upon their childhood with a hearty thanksgiving that it is over.

Those who are buffeted by this world's ill and trials may, some of them, still look back upon the days of their youth, which, though spent in some poverty-stricken home, are yet a beautiful memory by reason of their parents' unceasing self-sacrifice and affection.

As a general rule, do not parents receive the gratitude and affection which they deserve?

## CASH PRIZES for CLEVER RECIPES

### Given Away Every Week

Have you one good recipe—unusual, simple, sensible—for our Best Recipe Competition?

Look these recipes over—have you one that you consider as good as the best—if not better? If you will only write it out and send it straight in, it may win for you a cash prize—in addition to the smiles it gets when placed upon your table!

If your recipe is considered the best you will receive £1, second best 10/-, and in addition to these prizes, four prizes of 2/6 are given every week.

Mark entries "Best Recipes," and send to our offices.

The six fortunate prize-winners for this week are listed below:

#### ORANGE SNOWBALL SALAD

Pare large-sized oranges, removing skin and inner membrane down to the juicy pulp. Cut in slices. Centre a large slice on each salad plate, and surround with a double row of halved orange slices, arranging in star pattern. Top the centre orange slice with a snowball of cream cheese moistened with orange juice and rolled in shredded coconut. Serve with—

#### HONEY FRENCH DRESSING

One tablespoon strained honey, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 6 tablespoons olive oil, 1 tablespoon paprika. Place all ingredients together, and whip thoroughly. First prize of £1 to Miss V. M. Anderson, 41 McLeod St., Bairnsdale, Vic.

#### COFFEE NUT PIE

Scald two cups milk in double boiler, pour it over half cup sugar mixed with three tablespoons cornflour and quarter teaspoon salt. Add one cup clear, strong, black coffee infusion; return to double boiler and cook until thickened, about 20 minutes, then add one egg beaten slightly with quarter cup sugar. Cook five minutes longer, add half cup chopped nuts and one teaspoon vanilla. Cool and pour the mixture into previously-baked pie shells (about eight of them) and scatter a few nuts over each pie top, with whipped cream if liked. Second prize of 10/- to Miss E. Harrop, 195 Cowper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

#### HONEY FRUIT CAKE

Half pound butter, 3 eggs, 1 small cup honey, 1 cup of sultanas, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 3 small cups flour, pinch salt.

Beat the butter and honey to a cream; add eggs one by one, beating well; then beat in other ingredients. Bake in a moderate oven.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Martha Louie, 51 Gregory Terrace, Brisbane.

#### SALMON IN JELLY

One small tin salmon, 2 dessertspoons powdered gelatine, 2 cups hot water, juice of 1 lemon or 1 tablespoonful of vinegar, 1 hard-boiled egg, pepper and salt.

Take a tin of salmon and open it into a basin, break it up with a fork finely, then dissolve gelatine in hot water, adding juice of one lemon, also pepper and salt; mix all thoroughly together. Wet a round cake-tin or place a slice of hard-boiled egg at the bottom, then pour mixture in very gently and allow to set. Garnish with shredded lettuce, slices of tomato, and lemon. Serve with vinegar.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. J. Pengilly, 9 Tidworth Crescent, Reade Park, Colonel Light Gardens, S.A.

#### GHERKIN CROUTES

Six rounds fried bread, 6 pickled gherkins, 2 hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons butter.

Cut slices of bread and divide into rounds with a cutter. Fry them a golden brown. Drain on paper. Separate the whites and yolks of boiled eggs and chop the whites finely. Pound the yolks with butter and seasoning. Spread a layer on each crouté of bread. Cut the gherkins in strips and arrange them in a lattice on the yolk mixture. Put the chopped whites in a border round the edge. Just heat in the oven and serve hot.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Taylor, 3 Mill Hill Rd., Waverley, N.S.W.

#### ENGLISH MARROW CHUTNEY

Cut 1lb. of marrow in dice, place in a dish, cover with salt. Stand all night. Next day strain, put in a saucepan, and boil together the following: 1 quart vinegar, 1oz. turmeric powder, 1lb. small shallots, 1lb. Demerara sugar, 1lb. apples. Add a little mixed spice, tie in a bag, simmer for 10 minutes. Add marrow, boil for one hour. Put it in jars, tie down ready for use. Makes a cheap, good chutney.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to F. J. Smith, 14 Duke St., Sandy Bay, Hobart.

to paper such time-worn sentences as these: "Dear Auntie Molly, thank you very much for the lovely book you sent me for Christmas. I hope you are quite well. We are all quite well. My dog is well too. Love from Billy."

But this is less gratitude than politeness in most cases—though the spirit of the letter will naturally vary with the appropriateness of the gift!

The simple words "Thank you" are among the first that our children learn, and rightly so—but they, again, fall into the realm of politeness.

In England there is a school in which the headmaster has banned the use of the words "Thank you" on the ground that they are meaningless. One wonders what is used in their place, or if the children are not encouraged to give expression to any natural feelings of thankfulness.

There is a vast difference, however, between the use of natural politeness which makes the days pass happily, and a constant feeling of an expectation of professed gratitude for being alive and one of the particular family circle.

Because you have, out of pure selfishness very often, given birth to a child who must face a world which is increas-



# OLD DUTCH CLEANS MORE THINGS



Get better acquainted!

**A** GREAT many helpful hints and useful bits of information on cleaning will be found in these alphabet squares. You will find it profitable to read them all.

**E**NAMELLED woodwork and furniture are made spotlessly clean, free from finger prints and smudges by Old Dutch. It gets right under the dirt and slides it off like magic.

**I**NLAID or printed linoleum, rubber, composition, wood, marble, slate, stone, tile and terrazzo floors are easily kept beautiful and sparklingly clean with Old Dutch.

**M**EN, too, find Old Dutch useful for cleaning fishing tackle, tools, golf clubs, automobile wheels, etc.—and for washing greasy, grimy hands. Keep some in the garage.

**T**HERE'S nothing else like Old Dutch. It cleans quicker, cleans more things, doesn't scratch, goes further and costs less to use than anything else you can buy.

**Y**OUR hands will appreciate the gentleness of Old Dutch. It contains no caustic or acid to irritate the skin... no sharp, hard gritty particles to harm the fingernails.

**B**ATHTUBS, wash basins and all other porcelain, tile and enamel surfaces are safely and effectively cleaned and polished by Old Dutch without danger of scratching.

**F**ARM women find Old Dutch thoroughly cleans and scours such things as cream separators, milk churn and pails, meat grinders, mason jars and canning equipment.

**J**UDGE the quality of Old Dutch for yourself. Test it in any way you please, on any cleaning task. You'll find it the ideal all-around cleanser... the only one you need.

**N**O other cleanser can do so much at so little cost, nor so well at any price. Use Old Dutch for everything from floors and kitchen ranges to glassware, china and metals.

**U**NUSUAL uses for Old Dutch that have been reported to us include such varied things as false teeth, felt hats, light kid shoes, gloves and rubber goods, etc.

**Z**INC, brass, bronze, copper, nickel, pewter, monel and other metals are readily cleaned and polished with Old Dutch... It's the largest selling cleanser in the world.

**C**OSTS less to use. Old Dutch does more cleaning per penny of cost because its flaky, flat-shaped particles cover more surface and go further.

**G**IVE Old Dutch a trial on stair treads, window and doorsills, etc. You'll be amazed by the ease and speed with which it removes deeply imbedded dirt and grime.

**K**ITCHEN utensils of enamelware, glass, iron and aluminum are preserved and protected... kept healthfully clean and bright with scratchless Old Dutch cleaning.

**O**LD DUTCH has millions of users not only because it speeds up cleaning, but because it is kind to hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors.

**D**OESN'T scratch. Old Dutch is safe to use for all your cleaning because it contains none of this chunky, destructive grit such as is found in ordinary cleansers.

**H**EALTHFUL Cleanliness results from the use of Old Dutch because it removes not only visible dirt but invisible germs and impurities that are often a menace to health.

**L**AUNDRY equipment—washing machines, boilers and tubs—are readily freed from soap rings, scum and hard water accumulations by cleaning with Old Dutch.

**P**ORCELAIN and enamel surfaces are lovely. Protect their original smoothness and lustrous beauty with scratchless Old Dutch cleaning. Remember, it polishes as it cleans.

**Q**UICKER cleaning is a feature of Old Dutch. Its active, effective little cleaning particles search out and remove all the dirt and impurities in one smooth sweep.

**V**ALUE—you always get your money's worth from Old Dutch because you get a full package containing billions of the finest and most effective cleaning units.

**R**EFRIGERATORS cleaned with Old Dutch are always sweet and healthfully clean—and it preserves the hygienic smoothness of fine porcelain and enamel surfaces.

**W**OODWORK—either painted or natural finish—is quickly and easily cleaned with Old Dutch. Try it for the soiled places on doors and door frames...

**S**EISMOTITE—the basic ingredient of Old Dutch—is a fine, scratchless cleaning and polishing material of volcanic origin. Nature's best and safest cleanser.

**X**ENIAL customs are customs of hospitality. Nothing contributes more to hospitality than the cheery brightness of a home kept spotless with Old Dutch Cleanser.



## Old Dutch Cleanser

Made in Australia since 1915

Use GEM HIGH-TEST CAUSTIC—

Write for interesting and informative booklet to  
CUDAHY & CO., LTD.

### SPECIAL OFFER

#### ATTRACTIVE WALL HOLDER

You can obtain a serviceable and attractive coloured wall holder for Old Dutch tins. Simply send this coupon, together with the Old Dutch Windmill and 6d. in stamps to Cudahy & Co. Ltd., Elger Street, Glebe, Sydney. State which colour you prefer: Ivory, Green, or Blue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



# BRICK BRADFORD

in THE LAND OF THE LOST

By WILLIAM RITT  
CLARENCE GRAY

THE STORY SO FAR: Brick Bradford and his comrades escape from the Kingdom of the Sea Folk, and arrive at a strange island governed by Queen Lamak Mayta. At the palace Brick fights and defeats Prince Gorm, a cousin of the Queen. Gorm threatens that Brick shall lose his life, and the Queen her throne; and to that end takes his case before a tribunal of army captains. After a disagreement, the Ura, captain of the warrior maids, leaves the council in anger.

I'LL GET CHALLAK AND BULLA—WE'LL NEED EVERY MAN TO DEFEND THE PALACE!



AVOID GORM'S MEN LEST THEY DO YOU HARM!

THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOYALTY, CAPTAIN URA—CALL ALL YOUR WARRIORS TO THE PALACE!



To be Continued.

THE WARRIOR MAIDS TAKE THEIR BATTLE STATION BEFORE THE PALACE.

## Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALE:  
Here is a very new game for you to play at your next party. The "hunter" in this game is blindfolded and provided with a "gun" (a light stick). He stands in the center of a ring of players, and when the music starts, which himself round and round (this represents the winding trail). When the music stops the hunter stops whirling himself round. The player at whom his gun is then pointing must grasp the end of the stick. The hunter will then make some sound to represent the hunt of a fox. To this the other player must answer. Should the hunter recognize the "fox" by his rules, then the other player must take the place of the hunter.  
Prize of 1/- for the best letter of the week goes to GLADYS DUTCHESON, Kingsgate, Kangaroo Island. Good-bye for one short week.  
Cheers,  
From Your Pal,  
CONNIE.

## HOPE

DON'T lose hope if things seem wrong. Meet them all with laugh and song. When life is dark as dark can be, Search—a ray of light to see. Darkness fades but through the night. Till rosy day dawns clear and bright. For, when Pandora set troubles free, She sent Hope—for you and me.  
Two Prize Cards to NARMA WOLKOWSKY (13), 51 Sturton Rd., Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.

## WHERE TO POST

Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connie, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney."



A SEASIDE HOLIDAY—Two Prize Cards to MARGARET O'CONNELL, Haber's Rd., Enfield, Adelaide.

## Just Chatter

RUTH WHEELER, of Waltham, Campbell St., Murrumbidgee (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with a girl and boy Pal about the age of thirteen. YENIS HOPE, of Little Hartley, Mt. Victoria, writes pretty verse; BETTY RYAN, of Narara, is fond of sketching.

HARRICE HELEY, of Bankura (N.S.W.), is a keen swimmer; BERRY DAVIS, of Tived River, is seven years of age; LYN LOHRISE, of Rosedale Station, via Longreach (Q.), is fond of drawing; DELICE ANDERSON, of Urana (N.S.W.), is a keen reader.

IVY TAYLOR, of Hawkesbury River (N.S.W.), you may do your sketches any size you wish; PAT MACLEAVE, of Coogee (N.S.W.), is fond of jokes; HENRY CLARKE, of Port Albert (Vic.), does nice sketches.

HEATHER GILLIGAN, of Berry (N.S.W.), has a lovely cat for her favorite pet called Peter; MARY KANALLA, of Parramatta (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal; ELAINE REID, of Wolongung (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter.

B. NEEDHAM, of Indoonville, Brisbane (Q.), is a new Pal; EDNA HEATLEY, of Canberra (C.T.), is fond of jokes; MAVIS HITCHCOCK, of College Stn., via Chisholm, is welcomed as a new Pal.

ELLICE MOFFET, of Tamworth (N.S.W.), will be fourteen years of age this May; DEDA HEWITT, of Bittern (Vic.), is fond of jokes; ROSEAN JOHANSEN, of Tived River (N.S.W.), likes reading Maifra's each week.

JEAN LILLICRAP, of Stanthorpe, is fond of drawing and writing compositions; MILLIE WIEB, of H. Kitchener Parade, Mayfield East (N.S.W.), would like a pen friend between 14 and 18 years of age; LEONIE MOFFET, of Tamworth (N.S.W.), rides a pony to school each day.

RITA WHITE, of Hursville South (N.S.W.), is a member of our happy band; CHARLOTTE AITKEN, of Tighra Hill, Newcastle (N.S.W.), is fond of gardening; VERONA RICHARDSON, of Stanthorpe, has a dog called Mickey and a kitten called Minnie for her pets.

LYNDEN KRANZ, of Coonambidge (N.S.W.), is a keen stamp collector; BILL ANDERSON, of Blackhampton (Q.), has a big dog for his pet; TREVOR SINCLAIR, of Melbourne (Vic.), is fourteen years of age.

CONALIE THOMPSON, of Springdale, is another new member of our happy band; DOROTHY CORNELL, of Ungarie (N.S.W.), writes pretty verse; JOYCE COMBEN, of Berrigan, South Coast (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter.

MARIE O'BRIEN, of Landra, Greenethorpe, would like to correspond with a Pal about 12 or 14; CELINE WALTON, of Nth. Brighton, writes nice verse; DOREEN CURACK, of Taralga (N.S.W.), is fond of gardening.

BETTY LARKINSON, of June (N.S.W.), is fond of reading jokes; LORNA HOWARD, of Cileandra, is welcomed as a new Pal also; JOAN TAYLOR, of Nyngan (N.S.W.), recently moved from Harden.

BEST PAINTING.  
Prize of 5/- for the best painting (Jan. 30), goes to MARTHA PLATON, 381 Devon St., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.



Introducing KATHLEEN CONNOLLY—Pale

## The Tramp

by MERLE CLARKE

HE was just an old and world-worn tramp, whom I chanced to pass on a lonely railway track. He shuffled along with slow, even steps, while in one of his knotted hands he grasped a rough gunnysack. Over his left ear his buttoned hat was cocked, nearly hiding a pair of dark eyes that held a look of happiness, which seemed to tell that he found comfort in his wanderings.  
The dilapidated shirt in which he was garbed showed signs of much wear, and an enormous bit had been taken from one of his trousers' legs. His toes emerged through holes in his much-worn shoes, which must have carried him through bogs, up hills, and in wild highland. A dog trotted faithfully by his side, occasionally sniffing his master's heels. In one of his hands was a black belly, and on his back he carried a bag.  
Then he passed by—who knows where? Was it the gurgling noise of a waterfall which lured him onward? That you cannot tell.  
Prize of 5/- to MERLE CLARKE (13), Wyralah Rd., East Lismore, N.S.W.

## My Doggie

By HELEN LYELL

I HAVE a little puppy.  
His coat is black and white,  
And when I jump into my bed,  
He gives me such a fright.  
He is in it hiding there,  
Tucked up in the clothes,  
And when I jump into my bed,  
He bites my little toe.  
Prize of 5/- to HELEN LYELL (13), 40 Abbotshford Pde., Abbotsford, N.S.W.

## FOR FUN & FANCY

TEACHER: What is the meaning of "marry?"  
Small Boy: A marrier is a round, red fruit that you eat.  
Prize Card to NOEL COLLIER, Dubbo St., Dundas, N.S.W.

Jones: After listening to the wireless for some years, my family have decided to have a little orchestra of their own. My wife is learning to play the piano. Wilfred is learning to play the banjo. William fancies himself as a jazz drummer, and Doris and Joan are learning to play the violin.  
Friend: And what are you learning?  
Jones: I'm learning to hear it.  
Prize Card to SYLVIA DELACOUR, 15 Moss St., Granville, N.S.W.

"I haven't much time for meals," said the bus driver, "so I generally have a bite at the wheel."  
"That's a bit tough, I should think," said the listener.  
Prize Card to DOROTHEA KING, Gurnee Ave., Minto, N.S.W.

"Have anyone a question to ask?"  
Boy: Yes, sir! Can a short-sighted man have a far-away look in his eyes?  
Prize Card to GORIS CONNOR, Mirani, via Marbury, Q.

Pal Man (after lengthy talk on birds): Now, Tommy, can you tell me what a parrot can do that I cannot do?  
Tommy: Have a bath in a saucer.  
Prize Card to LILA REAY, Campbell's Hill, West Maitland, N.S.W.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here before you to tell you something I know nothing about. Last night at 10 o'clock this morning, an empty rat, full of bricks, went round our corner, ran over our dead cat and nearly killed it."  
Prize Card to PHOEBE MORELL, Gloucester, River Murray, N.S.W.

Pilot (to black boy who had been up for his first ride in an aeroplane): How did you like your ride, Jackie?  
Jackie: Two rides, boss.

Pilot: No, one ride.  
Jackie: Yes, two, the first and the last.  
Prize Card to NORMAN BAILL, Martin's Creek.

Junior: Father, what is an excavation?  
Father: An excavation is a place from which dirt has been taken.  
Junior: Is baby's face one, father?  
Prize Card to GEORGE BUCKINGHAM, 12 Good St., Thornbury NIT, Vic.

THE motorist should have been more careful as he hurried through the village; but he was not totally to blame. The old lady who was knocked down did not exercise all the care she might in crossing the road; but beyond being smothered with dust and dirt, and her clothes torn here and there, she had not suffered much.

The local policeman was speedily on the scene. "From all the witnesses," said the constable, "it appears that you were driving along as though you didn't know how to drive."

"That's the height of nonsense," replied the motorist. "I'm an experienced driver. I've been driving daily for two years."

"What of that?" exclaimed the outraged woman. "I'm an experienced pedestrian. I've been walking daily for sixty-one years."

Prize Card to JOYCE JEFFRIES, Menin Rd., Corinda, N.S.W.

Teacher: What do we see above us when we go out on a clear day?  
Henry: We see the blue sky.  
Teacher: Correct. And what do we see above us on a rainy day?  
Henry: An umbrella.

Prize Card to RHONDA SHILLABEER, Oakbank, S.A.

Mother: Tommy, do you call your shoes clean?  
Tommy: Yes, mother.  
Mother: Half-an-hour later: Tommy! Why have you not cleaned your shoes, and what are you doing in that cupboard?  
Tommy: Oes, mum, you might have told me the shelf you kept the shoes-ashes on.

Prize Card to Bodo Hewitt, Bittern, Vic.



READY FOR THE PARTY—Prize of 5/- to CRINA GRIERSON (13), 67 Waratah St., Bendigo, S.A.



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## REST is Essential!

Insufficient rest can pull you down quicker than any illness and spoil your health, your looks, and your work.

**H**IS desire for lots and lots of things to happen and keep on happening, this pernicious habit of thinking that we should always be up and doing, this continual rushing here, there, and everywhere, this nerve-racking clatter and bustle of city life—where does it get us? No wonder so many complain of headaches, "nerves," and the inability to sleep well.

**T**HERE is an old axiom which runs something like this: "Don't stand when you can sit, and don't sit when you can lie down." Have you ever heard this, you workers—and you who think you never have time to rest? You forget that your body is a machine.

You force it to run on and on. You ill-treat it—abuse it—and then, when it revolts, or sadly tires, you blame circumstances, but seldom yourselves.

I often and often think of the girls behind counters—that vast army of salesgirls, with little or no opportunity of rest during the day. Early nights are essential

*Delightful study of Claire Trevor, Fox star, taken during a rest between "shots." Like all who would keep radiant health and beauty, she knows the value of rest.*

if they would keep good health and good looks. And yet I know several who consider that "empty" nights—that is, nights not filled up with some form of amusement, of rush and tear—are "deadly." They "moon" around and consider life is unendurable.

What a handicap this attitude is to health, good looks, and their work!

The life of girls who tap typewriters is in one sense an easier one—even if a more sedentary one—and yet they, too, should remember that the health-giving properties of sleep are even more important than those contained in the good food they eat.

Women of the home have many, many advantages over their sisters who are earning their living in shop and office. They can make time to rest two or three times a day—although I have heard

many of them say that from the moment of rising to the time they tumble into bed they haven't a moment to spare. And that they are too tired and oftentimes too worried to sleep soundly when they do go to bed.

By EVELYN

## Get out into the Sunshine

**T**HE average woman of the home has plenty of exercise, but many are inclined to live too much indoors. An hour or two digging or weeding should be done in the garden daily, even if the garden is only the size of a pocket-handkerchief. On the other hand, if you have no garden (or do not care for this peace-bringing occupation) then go out and walk. If you should be too busy to find time to walk, you'll find it won't seem so large when you're walking in God's pure air. You'll find, too, that exercise in the open air is an excellent way of winning sleep.

And to all I would say: Please do not take your troubles to bed with you and lie awake thinking and worrying.

If you do, nature has no opportunity of rebuilding and restoring the cells and tissues of the nerves and body. You will rise in the morning feeling more tired than when you went to bed. Worries during the day inevitably affect the health and general vitality. And it is necessary, therefore, that the hours of sleep should be calm and peaceful.

It is rather a strange thing, but true, that our worries and intellectual problems always loom larger when

we are tired and when we have been thinking about them too long. Sleep puts them all out of our minds, and ten chances to one when we awake in the morning we find that they were not half so terrible as we thought.



## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

**PATIENT:** Why do physicians urge people to undergo periodic health examinations? Years ago tuberculosis killed more people than any other disease. Then pneumonia held the record. Now it is heart disease! What is the significance of more people dying of heart trouble than of anything else?

**I**t means that civilisation is advancing more rapidly than the individual. It means that our environment is becoming more complicated, at a rate with which the heart cannot compete on equal terms.

Not only is the heart suffering in this

mad rush of life, but there is more nervousness and irritability than ever before. And yet, contradictory though it may seem, modern science has increased the span of life by a score or more of years!

Although modern life is so strenuous that it kills as never before, science has learned how to combat and prevent the devastating factors that undermine and finally lay low the individual with lung or heart affections, or nervous or mental breakdown.

The individual who ignores science and the rules of health dies young; while he who listens and learns may live to be older than he might ordinarily expect, despite everything.

**WHAT to do?** Get yourself looked after at regular intervals. Make it a habit. Consult your physician every year or two! Find the weak spot in your

...BY A DOCTOR...

physical, nervous, or mental system early.

If your lungs are weak, learn how to make them strong and you will probably develop stronger lungs than the average. If your heart is over-active or your blood pressure too high or too low, learn how to counteract this evil tendency and you will never die of a cardio-vascular disease.

Few diseases could not be conquered if the doctor only had the opportunity of advising what to do early enough. It is not the severe, acute diseases we need fear so much, perhaps, as the slowly and insidiously-progressing chronic ones. In a chronic illness, you see, we may not develop symptoms of pain, discomfort, or malfunctioning until the organ involved is really very much disabled.

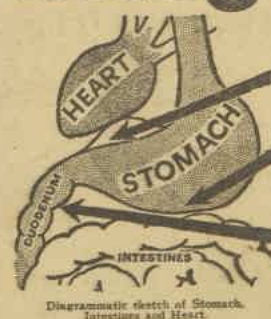
Take kidney disease by way of example. An individual may run albumen in the urine for months, or even years, and not know it. He may have other signs of kidney disorder without realising that anything out of the ordinary is happening to him. Not being familiar with the earliest symptoms of disease, he naturally overlooks them. And then, all at once, he is laid low.

Perhaps uræmic poisoning sets in, due to faulty kidney functioning. Perhaps his heart and blood vessels are already badly involved when he begins to feel really sick.

The science of medicine is always ready to help, no matter what the trouble may be, no matter how long it may have been operative. Nevertheless, it stands to reason that less can be expected by way of relief or cure when organic damage has seriously crippled the efficiency of any organ.

## About Your Indigestion

... Is your trouble



**HERE** Distension of the stomach caused by gases from fermenting food. Excess acidity is the trouble. Flatulence, heartburn and palpitation are the symptoms.

**HERE** Inflamed or ulcerated stomach. The continual action of hot stomach acids on the lining of a weak stomach eventually causes painful inflammation (gastritis or dyspepsia), and in extreme cases, stomach ulcers.

**OR HERE** Duodenal ulcers. Excess outpouring of stomach acids attack the interior walls of the duodenum (the first portion of the intestines). Agonising, gnawing pain is the symptom. This pain often disappears directly after a meal, only to recur with agonising intensity shortly after.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been prepared to meet the very complicated nature of indigestion troubles. It acts in a logical and common-sense way, and if you persevere it will eventually relieve you of your trouble entirely.

On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **FIRSTLY** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

**SECONDLY**, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

**THIRDLY**, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, excess acidity is avoided, your pains vanish and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

# DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in sky-blue canister, 2/6

### FAIRY ICE:

1 Packet White's Champagne Jelly dissolved in 1 pint (3 cups) Boiling Water, 1 cup firm Green Grapes seeded and halved. When Jelly is thickening fold in grapes and chill until firm. Remove by spoonfuls into glasses. It looks like Ice and is delicious.

**free**

Send your name and address to White's Jelly Crystal, Box 2104, G.P.O., Melbourne, for White's Free Recipe Book in which you can paste the recipes that will be published regularly in this Journal.



# WHITE'S Pure Fruit JELLY CRYSTALS



# Our Fashion Service and Free Pattern

## SMART MATRON'S GOWN

WW1073.—A delightful bridge and hostess gown for a smart matron. Note the graceful skirt, in combination with the interesting sleeves. Bust sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required: 7 to 7½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW 1073

## CHIC JUMPER SUIT

WW1075.—Such a change from the ordinary jumper suit. Broad trimmings, which will be the vogue for autumn, is boldly used. Sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required: 4½ to 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW1075

**PLEASE NOTE** To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state child's age.

## ATTRACTIVE AND SIMPLE

WW1076.—This little style, with its attractive Peter Pan collar and plain inverted pleat skirt, is always very popular. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 4½ to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW 1076

## DRESSY BLOUSE

WW1077.—Here is a jumper for all occasions—dressy and becoming for day wear, flowing and graceful for evening. Soft folds of the cowl neck (note unusual centre seam) match the full, billowing sleeves. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 2½ to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW1077

## THREE CHILDREN'S HATS

WW1078.—Three charming hat styles, suitable for a little girl aged 1 to 8 years. Material required: No. 1—2 yard, 36 inches wide, cut in sizes 1 to 6 years. Nos. 2 and 3 require 1 yard and ½ yard respectively, and are cut in sizes 3 to 8 years. PAPER PATTERN FOR THREE HATS, 1/1.



WW1078

WW1078

## FOR THE FULL FIGURE

WW1080.—Here's a chic but simple style with slim-fitting features, ensuring smartness on all occasions. Bust sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4½ yards, with 1 yard for trimming, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW 1080

## EXTRA-SPECIAL FREE PATTERN!

### Three Complete Blouses and One Skirt!

You may obtain the three-in-one free pattern for these three splendid blouses and skirt as illustrated by filling in coupon provided and sending to our office.

Jumpers are cut to fit a 34-inch bust, skirt to fit 38-inch hips.

No. 1 is a sports jumper and requires 2½ yards, 36-inch material.

No. 2 is suitable for the business girl, and requires 2½ yards, 36-inch wide material.

No. 3, the skirt, trimly fitting, requires 2 yards, 36-inch wide material.

No. 4, frilled front jumper. Material required—2½ yards, 36 inches wide.



## FREE PATTERN COUPON

To obtain a free pattern of garments illustrated at left, fill in coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP for each coupon enclosed to cover the cost of postage, marking envelope "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old—

ADLAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 368A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4007, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

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Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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Pattern Coupon, 8/2/36.

## SEASONABLE

WW1079.—What could be smarter than this charming frock and coat? Cut on new tailored lines, with simple skirt treatment. Sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required: Dress 4 yards, coat 2½ to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW 1079





## QUICK RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION

RELIEF from constipation comes with the first dose of Nyal FIGSEN. Complete elimination of poisonous waste matter takes place promptly—but there is no purging or griping, no unpleasantness or discomfort. Nyal FIGSEN is a natural laxative, sure in results but non-habit forming. Nyal FIGSEN is pleasant to take and can be fully trusted to bring relief from constipation. Equally good for children and adults. Nyal FIGSEN, sold by all chemists, costs only 1/3 for a tin of 24 tablets.

**NYAL FIGSEN**  
 Put this coupon for FREE SAMPLE Nyal FIGSEN in The Nyal Company, 4118 Glebe Pk. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.  
 NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 W.W.2/36

## When Somebody's growing in your House

To make sure your child grows strong and sturdy, there is nothing like a cupful of Benger's Food morning and night. And if your child is weakly or backward, your Doctor will advise Benger's Food. Each year it transforms thousands of weakly children into vigorous boys and girls. Read about it in the Benger's Booklet, sent free from Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George St., Sydney.

Prices in City & Suburbs:  
 No. 1 size tin, 3/-  
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 Made at MANCHESTER, Eng.  
**BENGER'S Food**  
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## NO CAT SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT!

Pulvex keeps cats free from fleas and lice. It kills parasites dead, and prevents re-infestation. Dips cats, dogs or aged birds once a week, and gives them a best-free summer. Unlike other powders, Pulvex does not make a cat sick from licking itself. Pulvex costs no more—beware of imitations. Get Pulvex at all chemists and stores—1/3 tin, double size, 2/6.

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**PULVEX**  
 IT'S PLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF



THREE OF THE OUTSTANDING SWIMMERS at the National Games. From left: Miss Pat Norton, who won the 100 yards freestyle and backstroke championships; Miss Clare Dennis, the Olympic champion, who retained her title as breaststroke champion; and Miss Evelyn de Lacy, who in the 440 yards freestyle race created a new record.

## CLIMBED ROOFTOPS to See Big Swimming EVENTS

National Games in Adelaide Arouse Great Excitement From Our Adelaide Representative.

The National Games, which concluded in Adelaide last week, have not been devoid of excitement and unique situations.

The championships for women commenced with the athletic fixtures, and were followed by the swimming events, in which all the champions performed meritoriously.

AN excellent exhibition of diving by Miss Irene Donnet, of Victoria, was a bright spot in the women's part of the finals of the National Games swimming events which were held at Henley Beach pool on Saturday afternoon.

Not only were seats and standing-room crowded, but people thronged the nearby jetties with the hope of getting some sort of a view of the events. A few people actually climbed to the rooftops and chimneys on the esplanade, and cheers were to be heard coming from this direction.

Irene Donnet showed her superiority over her only opponent, Miss Laura Lamb, of N.S.W., from the very first. Her work was clean and neat, and should she repeat this standard in Perth she is considered to have every chance for Olympic selection.

Miss Pat Norton, who distinguished herself earlier in the week at Unley Crystal swimming pool, and who is freestyle and backstroke woman champion of Australia, gave a splendid exhibition, racing up the 50-metre length of the baths in freestyle and back again in backstroke amid applause.

The graceful wrist movement of her backstroke excited favourable comment from those watching.

## Attempt on Record

EVELYN DE LACY, Australian middle-distance woman swimmer, attempted to break her own 440-metre record, but failed by some seconds.

The women's 100-metre handicap was an interesting event, as there were backstroke, freestyle, and breaststroke entrants, and every State was represented.

The event was won in 1.40 1/5 by Florence Davies, with backstroke expert Doreen Millar second, and P. White third. The race was to have been swum in three heats, but a straight-out race sufficed.

In the 100 yards freestyle championship, decided on Thursday night, there was only half a second separating the first from third placing.

Pat Norton (N.S.W.) swam her distance in 1min. 4sec., Evelyn de Lacy (W.A.) in 1min. 4 2/5sec., and K. McKay (N.S.W.) in 1min. 4 1/2sec. These girls kept closely together during the whole race, and their close finish provided perhaps the greatest excitement of the evening.

Evelyn de Lacy was most noticeable because she was the only one to swim bareheaded.

Pat Norton intends to return to Sydney to try for the 100 metres backstroke and freestyle titles at the New South Wales championships.

The women's 100 yards handicap was swum in two heats. In the second Madge Nixon (Vic.) and Doreen Millar (Vic.) created a sensation by finishing a dead-heat, particularly as Doreen Millar was the only backstroke entrant in this event. The final was won by Florence Dovey in 1min. 24sec., with Madge Nixon

## Field Games

NOT wishing the whole thing to be a "frost," a number of South Australian athletes and games enthusiasts entered for the field events. When one considers that the home girls who entered for the hurdles event had never been over a proper hurdle before, much credit is due to them.

Doris Carter, high jump champion of Australia, did not nearly come up to form. At a practice on the Harriers' ground two days before the event, she

cleared 5ft. 2in. without exerting herself, but in the actual games she could only clear an inch under this height.

She was most disappointed at her own performance in both this and the discus throwing, but as she had only just returned to Melbourne from the games in Sydney and gone straight to Adelaide, it seemed natural she should not be at top form. The heat on the journey, too, was terrific.

A disappointment to the South Australians was the elimination of Miss J. Edwards from the 200 metres championship after making two false starts—and the disappointment was the greater because her practice times showed that she had a good chance of winning the race.

Of course, the performance of Marjorie Turner, the 19-year-old runner, who ran second to Clarice Kennedy in the event, was a thrill to her home side as it meant a place for South Australia against the champion athlete. Marjorie had definitely given up all idea of running in favor of rowing at the end of last season, but decided to enter the National Games this year. She has held the South Australian 100 and 220 yards championships for three years straight.

The discus woman champion of the Games was Adele Hill, who is a born sportswoman, and who has rowed interstate 12 seasons for South Australia.

Although she threw the discus 83ft. 6 1/2-in., Miss Hill made practically her first appearance on the day of the event, after having been at home with a foot complaint for a fortnight.

## TENNIS Players Upset by CROWD

Australian Championship Final By JOAN HARTIGAN, from Adelaide.

When the Australian singles championship between Adrian Quist and Jack Crawford was being played in Adelaide last week, the crowd became disorderly during the latter stages of the match.

The players were greatly upset and frequently the game was held up while the umpire asked for silence.

BY defeating Jack Crawford, the holder of the championship, Adrian Quist became the first South Australian to win the national title.

This match appeared to be all over when Adrian Quist, playing magnificent tennis, won the first two sets, but a great effort on Crawford's part brought the score to 2 sets all.

The final set saw Crawford with a game lead to 7-7 when Quist had a service break to lead 8-7, and then won his service to love for the match.

Miss Nancy Wynne, of Victoria, reached the final of the women's singles with a meritorious victory in the quarter finals against Mrs. Harry Hopman, and followed this up with a win over Miss Thelma Coyne.

Miss Wynne, who is 19 years of age, is a potential champion. Her ground strokes are particularly fine, but at times she lacks control, especially on slow, short length balls.

Her service is superior to that of any girl in Australia.

Apparently the importance of the occasion proved too much for her in the final. Although she served well during the whole match it was mainly due to her errors that I owe my victory.

New South Wales was well represented in the junior finals. Miss Coyne (N.S.W.) won the girls' singles, defeating

Miss Sadie Berriman (Vic.) in the final, while Bromwich won the junior boys' singles by default from Huxley, also of N.S.W., who unfortunately injured a toe, and saved himself for the doubles which he and Bromwich won.

It is a great pity that the junior matches should have to be played at the same time as the senior events. Many of these young players travel hundreds of miles, and have then to fit themselves for the junior interstate competitions which are played prior to the championships.

## Tired Out

THE Linton Cup for boys, and the Wilson Cup, the girls' competition, alone entail a great amount of tennis, and by the following week the players are stale and tired. The strain of the championships following straight on is then too much to ask of them.

It was most noticeable that Australia's two leading junior girls, Misses Coyne and Berriman, showed signs of fatigue at the conclusion of the tournament. After her match with Miss Coyne in the final of the junior singles, Miss Berriman appeared tired out, mentally and physically, and later in the evening collapsed and was unconscious for twenty minutes.

Both these girls would be wise if they took a good rest from competition tennis, otherwise they may not fulfil their early promise.

## Our Book Offers!

TOKEN BB2 Here is Taken BB2 in The Australian Women's Weekly

"BEAUTY" BOOK OFFER CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

Here is Taken K14 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Treasury of Knowledge" Book offer. CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

TOKEN D19 Here is Taken D19 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Real Mystery Stories" CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

## What to Do for Nervous Indigestion.

When nerves go wrong they always strike at your weakest spot. When this spot happens to be the stomach, nervous dyspepsia results, appetite vanishes, and is replaced by an uneasy, hollow feeling that keeps up until every nerve in your body seems "on edge."

The food you force down won't digest properly and you're knocked up down and out for one day at least, so far as being really useful to yourself or anyone else is concerned. It's the height of folly to force the digestion of food with some painful pill while the stomach nerves are in such shape. Nervous indigestion comes from nerves alone. Get your nerves right and you'll feel tip-top, and eat and digest what you eat as any normal, healthy person should. Nothing could be better for such cases than a couple of Phosphorated Iron Tablets eaten at every meal, or whenever you feel blue or depressed, and your nerves are working overtime. Phosphorated Iron is the greatest nerve tonic ever found for nervous dyspepsia, nervous headaches, and upset nerves generally. It calms and steadies the nerves when they want to fly. It stimulates and strengthens the nerves when they are dull, tired out, and sluggish, and you cannot concentrate your mind on work. Every tablet seems to go straight to the nerve cells, and puts ambition, vim, vitality, confidence and courage in every inch of your body.

All leading chemists sell these Phosphorated Iron Tablets, 60 to a package, or a positive guarantee that if they do not bring results and give satisfaction the money paid for them will be returned, and scores of people right here in town can testify to their marvellous efficiency.\*\*\*



A skin too sore to touch!... dry and cracked by hot summer wind. Now's the time to use Rexona Ointment. Its special medications will soothe the discomfort at once and heal up the tiny cracks before they can cause pain, or further irritation. Next day you'll find no trace of roughness.

TREATMENT: Apply Rexona Ointment to the affected part and rub well in; leave on overnight. Next day, wash with warm water and REXONA MEDICATED SOAP, which is particularly good for healing tender skin. It is a very mild soap, containing the same soothing, healing properties as Rexona Ointment. Proof—Read this extract from a letter by M. K. Roslyn Gardens, Elizabeth Bay.

"Before I got into bed, I smear my face and neck freely with Rexona Ointment. It soothes my skin at once and next morning it is beautifully smooth and soft again."

**Rexona**

The Rapid Healer OINTMENT 1/6 per tin - SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs) REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

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# FARMER'S

Annual Summer

# SALE

COMMENCES NEXT THURSDAY, 6th February



10/9  
Usual 14/9

A Niobe Court makes a real star bargain! It's of genuine, imported fawn linen, with sturdy soles and Louis heels. Good-fitting last. 1/2, 2 to 6.



10/9  
Usual 14/9

150 pairs White Nubuck ankle-bars, sensationally purchased from a big Melbourne manufacturer, comprise this offer. Genuine pump soles. 2/6.



8/11  
Usual 13/9

Lightweight Veldts in one of this summer's most popular styles. White buck and blue calf Vikings. Only one or two sizes missing. Be early!

**£3,600 worth of shoes to be sacrificed! All are perfect!**



16/9  
Usual 26/9

Soft brown kid courts with genuine hand-headed buckles and pump soles. 500 pairs only—and it's the bargain of the year. In half sizes, 2 to 7 1/2.



12/9  
Usual 16/9

A black crepe strip sandal that's been one of the most successful dancers of the season. Half sizes, 2 to 7. Also in white crepe. Usually 18/9. Sale 14/9.



9/11  
Usual 15/9

One-piece Niobe courts at the amazing reduction of 5/10 on each pair. Designed on a splendid last. In either black patent or brown kid. 1/2, 2 to 7.

SPECIAL STOCKS AVAILABLE FOR MAIL ORDERS. THIRD FLOOR

Farmer's Annual Summer Sale is only a "once-a-year" event. But as far as quality, value and genuine reductions go, it has far more significance to Sydney people than all the rest of this city's "scoops", throw-outs and "mistaken stock" clearances put together.

**SAMPLES! ODDMENTS!**  
3,000 pairs to clear, from

Never before has Farmer's offered such a tremendous array of single pair, discontinued lines, oddments and samples.

Never before, such a tremendous selection of materials, heels, designs. Prices actually start as low as 5/-.

**5/-**

300 pairs at	5/-	560 pairs at	15/-
400 pairs at	7/6	541 pairs at	20/-
360 pairs at	10/-	159 pairs at	25/-
290 pairs at	12/6	200 pairs at	30/-

Definitely not available till 9 a.m., Thursday 6th  
ALMOST EVERY SIZE IN EACH PRICE GROUP!

## Imported Shoes Clear!

400 prs. of successful imported summer shoes, not complete size ranges, MUST CLEAR to make room for incoming winter stocks. Be early!  
NO MAIL OR PHONE ORDERS

## "JUNIOR MISSES" share bargains



23/6 Ghillie at 15/11

It's amazing how Farmer's can offer such attractive ghillies at this price! Brown or black calf.

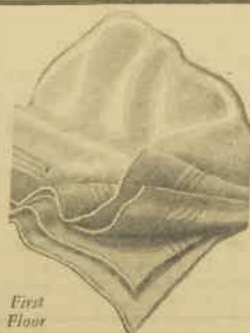
21/- Frensham, 14/9

Sizes are the same as women's! A brown calf Frensham, genuine pump soles, sports heels. 1/2, 3/6.

15/9 Ghillie, at 12/9

Here's a solid-wearing ghillie. Sewn soles, leather Cuban heels. 11 to 1 (for juveniles), 15/9. Sale 12/9. 2 to 7 (for sub-teens and women), 16/9. Sale 13/9.

Special stocks for mail orders.



## ALL-WOOL BLANKETS

Chance to Lay-by! Usually from 25/-, now, from

**22/6**

With winter coming on, you simply can't afford to miss this offer. Full weight and size. . .  
54 x 72 ins. Usual, 25/-, Sale, 22/6  
54 x 78 ins. Usual, 29/6, Sale, 27/6  
63 x 81 ins. Usual, 32/6, Sale, 29/6  
72 x 90 ins. Usual, 42/6, Sale, 38/6  
81 x 99 ins. Usual, 49/6, Sale, 46/6

First Floor



OF NEW SOUTH WALES

# *The* INHERITORS

*and...*

With Their  
Eyes Open



This Supplement  
Must Not Be  
Sold Separately.

By I. A. R.  
WYLIE

*Two fine, complete novels  
by this celebrated writer.*

Free Supplement to  
The Australian Women's  
Weekly  
Issue of February 8, 1936.



# THE INHERITORS

By I. A. R. WYLIE



THE three horsemen came out from the shelter of the lane, in which they had been riding single file, into the full blast of the wind. It was a steady south-west gale, laden with rain and even, though the sea was half a mile distant, with spume, whose yellow flecks raced past them or lay quivering in the short grass like strange shattered fragments of life. Between the riders and the stark grey cliffs was nothing but a barren slope, circled like the amphitheatre of a volcanic crater and, with the storm sweeping relentlessly towards its farther edge, menacing enough to cause the younger man of the party to utter a dismayed exclamation. It was caught away from him unheard. They could, in fact, only gesticulate to one another, while the weather-broken Welsh ponies swayed uneasily, as though they themselves had lost confidence. As to their riders, two of them were evidently unaccustomed to such an elemental display of violence, and threw irritable and even anxious glances at their guide, a narrow-faced man wearing the shabby riding clothes of a small farmer, who, with an explanatory gesture, swung his own mount about. They saw then to their extreme right a high stone wall and the gap of what had once been a fine gateway. Nothing remained now, however, of its old pride but a pair of crumpling pillars surmounted by shields with an intelligible coat-of-arms.

The enforced silence of the three men gave way as they reached the shelter.

"If this is to be the family seat, gov'nor," the young man remarked breathlessly, "you won't often find me sitting on it."

He laughed at his own little joke and wiped the streaming moisture out of his eyes. His accent was faintly, but irritatingly favored with Cockney, and fitted his manner of flippancy good humor in the face of something that he really did not like at all. The elder man glanced at him for a moment, his expression almost savagely resentful, as though opposition increased and perplexed him. And yet there was an awkward affection and even pride behind the violence. He was like a big animal snarling at the young he would defend venomously.

"You'll stay where you're put, young man, and no damn nonsense." He turned away, asking curtly: "Often like this, Evans?"

The estate agent made a deprecatory movement.

"At this time of the year, Mr. Kershaw. Sorry to have brought you to such an exposed place, but you can get a general view, the finest in this part of Wales, I'm told."

"As far as I'm concerned you can keep it," young Kershaw said. He gave an exaggerated groan and surmumbled amateurishly out of the saddle to stretch himself and stamp his feet. His small, commonplace face was pinched with cold.

To the right the White Headland, Mr. Kershaw, and the small farm property I told you of. The late Lord Felton sold it to the tenant, old Travers Tudor. It's waste land on the cliff's edge. Good for nobody. And he got a high price for it. They say old Travers starved to pay for it. He died, however, and young Owen, his heir, grows a potato patch and fishes to keep himself and his old mother. It's a strange, wild pair they are too."

John Kershaw scowled.

"Don't like it. Cuts into the property. Better to buy 'em out again."

The agent smiled bleakly, as though at some unspoken thought. He went on with his glib recital.

"RIGHT out to sea, Gull Island, also part of the estate. Good fishing there in fine weather, but a nasty current runs round it from the headland. Travels thirty miles an hour, they say. On a clear day you can see the Iron Rocks too, a mile beyond. Stand high out of the water at low tide, but at high tide there's not so much as a breaker to show you. Treacherous. People who don't know have got into trouble before now. The cleft by there leads down to what they call the wreckers' chapel. Queer place. Cut into the cliff itself. On storm nights the old wrecker folk went down to wait for what the current brought them. Whatever got on to the Iron Rocks had to come sooner or later. It was a sure thing."

His two listeners fidgeted impatiently, as though bored with his attempt to bring romantic interest to so grim and desolate a prospect. John Kershaw turned his back on it altogether.

"And that's Pen-Pen—What d'yer call it?"

"Pencarreg—meaning the Head of the Rocks, sir."

"Pencarreg." He rolled the name on his tongue, flavoring it. "The Kershaws of Pencarreg. 'Ow's that sound, Fred?"

"A long way off," was the half-flippant, half-sullen answer.

"Jacobean—eh, what?"

The estate agent suppressed a smile.

"Older than that, sir, though there have been additions and alterations. They do say it was standing when Henry VII landed at Milford Haven. They say he stopped here. Perhaps there was a lady in the case."

He blinked his narrow eyes at Kit Kershaw, who guffawed ironically.

"Any woman who lived in this wilderness," he said, "can have half a dozen Henrys and all my sympathy. By gad, she'd need 'em."

"Indeed, you may say so, sir. A bad place for a woman—a dangerous place—a place that breeds bad blood and violent natures." He broke off, seeming to brood over some thought of his own. "Well, there are queer stories enough about—queer stories."

John Kershaw spat out the end of a cigar and clambered laboriously from the saddle. He was a full-blooded man, and the effort thickened his neck and gave a curious bull-like dullness to the slightly protuberant eyes.

"I know all that. Expect me to stick on another thousand pounds for the ghost. I'm not that sort. No use for that stuff. Well, better get on and have a look at it."

Evans hung at their heels. Mean and shrunken though he was, he had some queer affinity with the storm-torn desolation, as a fox may have affinity with the soil in which it has its home.

"Queer people live here, sir. Old as the house, the family. Yes, indeed, th' great-grandfather owned the whole estate. They've come to this through evil living. A wild, bad people—and proud. That's one of them at the Headland. A cousin they call him—a fierce, good-for-nothing devil. And you'd say he owned the Principality."

They've no better here. Savage, godless people. Mustn't mind a bit of rough tongue from them, sir."

"Well, they'll be my tenants all right, won't they?"

"Yes—yes, indeed."

The old man laughed dourly.

"Then they had better keep their rough tongue to themselves."

They had reached the front of the house, that was like a ruined beautiful woman, in its degradation almost lost to shame. In answer to the menacing howl of a dog, a figure, as strange and as significant, loomed up out of the passage. He might have been the embodied spirit of the place, and yet his appearance was startling enough to change the estate agent's glib opening into a stammered apology.

"I WROTE you, Mr. Tudor. This—this is Mr. Kershaw, who may become landlord for hereabouts. Naturally wants to have a look over his property."

The apparition whistled over its shoulder, and a huge mongrel, half collie, half wolf-hound, gaunt-ribbed, with lolling tongue and bloodshot eyes, shot out of the shadow, but was caught back by a quick hand to the collar.

"I warned you, Will Evans, not to set foot inside my gates again. I give you five minutes to clear out. You"—he turned his sunken eyes on the two other men—"you and these friends of yours."

"But, Tudor, man, Mr. Kershaw—"

"I don't think you understand, my good fellow. I have a right—"

"Five minutes," the figure repeated sternly.

He stood there with the wind blowing his unkempt grey beard and hair back from his face, giving it a lean, pitiless look not unlike that of the dog that strained savagely towards the intruders. He was as old and dirty and tattered as the house behind him, and he had, too, its unalterable dignity.

"Four minutes," he said.

Kit Kershaw laughed. He found it funny—these two old men facing each other in that instant deadly antagonism, and still funnier that his father, in his well-cut clothes and obvious prosperity, should look so oddly out of countenance.

"You must be mad. You don't know who I am."

"Three minutes."

It was shameful—ludicrous. There was also no help for it. They turned reluctantly, like unsuccessful beggars, and half-way down the drive they heard the door slam behind them.

Will Evans shrugged his shoulders. But a smile rather viciously satisfied lingered about his tight mouth as he glanced slantingly at the man beside him.

"I was afraid, sir. A little mad, as you said, all of them. Call themselves Tudors because there's some story that Henry VII had time to fall in love here." He tittered, glancing away to the younger man, as though sure of appreciation in that quarter. "There have been Tudors here ever since."

John Kershaw shook himself like a man trying to throw off a stupor. His voice came at last in a thick, broken rush.

"Rag-and-bobtail scum!" The wind caught John Kershaw full blast as he rode out between the stone piers with their storm-worn armorial shields, and stung his temper to a renewed outburst. "And I



won't have scum littering up my property. When their time's up they've got to quit. And you can tell 'em that."

Will Evans huddled down into his saddle. "Yes, sure, sir. As you say—"

THE storm still lingered. It was like a savage invader that could not glut his fury. A grey, cold wind slunk along the cliffs and leapt the edge to snatch at any living thing that came too close, sucking it towards destruction. Will Evans knew the danger. He shrank away from it, throwing resentful, hungry glances at the girl who strode out with such happy confidence along the narrow pathway.

"It's not safe. Cattle have gone over before now. Better keep inland a bit."

"I'm not afraid," she answered indifferently. "If you're afraid you'd better turn back. You'll be on our land in a minute, and then father will set Pete on to you. Then there will be something to be afraid about."

"Then will you listen to me a moment?"

"I don't want to," she laughed. "But if you will tag along and you will talk, I can't help hearing you."

They had come to a grey stone wall and a stile. She crossed over lightly and he followed. There, sheltered a moment from the treacherous backwash, he gained courage and laid hold of her. His small body shook with a disproportionate, grotesque passion. "I love you. I want you. You know that, I've told you often enough. I don't change."

Her dark young face had grown white, and dangerous anger flamed up under the black brows. The next minute she laughed again, good-naturedly, scornfully, as something big and self-confident laughs at something little and futile.

"I don't either, Will Evans. And you're on our ground now. I might whistle up Pete. But that would be unkind. You're such a mite of a fellow." She bent towards him. And suddenly, with a movement extraordinarily strong and effortless, she had him around the waist and had lifted him clean over the stile. It was ludicrous. His expression of mingled passion and bewilderment made her laugh still more. She let him go, and he lost his footing and fell sprawling on the short wet grass. "You ought to love someone your own size, Will Evans," she said. "It's safer."

SHE began to run then, not because she was afraid that he would follow her, but because she had reached a break in the line of cliff and the sight of that green, downward sweep of land went to her blood. She ran recklessly and well, with her black hair streaming behind her and her face flaming with laughter and a gay, fierce challenge, as though she raced an invisible friendly opponent. Then, where the grass ended and the rocky cleft began, she drew up, climbing like a goat.

It was as though a giant had buried his axe in the granite edge. It had cut clean through, carrying with it a deluge of rock and rubble, and leaving a sinister wound that on the surface gaped a hundred yards across, and that at the sea's level was little wider than the spread of a man's arms. Forgotten hands had roofed in the narrow space and built the rough walls that seemed to grow out of the gashed grey sides of the cliff. A low double doorway led through to the sea's edge, and in the gloom of this strange sanctuary stood a rough stone table that had been an altar and which bore the marks of grim, significant reckonings. Here women had prayed for men battling for their lives against the awful tide that swept them shorewards, and here, too, wreckers had waited, showing their false lights.

The girl ran through to the sea's edge. Into that narrow, rock-strewn inlet the tide shot like the vicious tongue of a serpent. She stood poised on a narrow ledge, flattened and pinned by the wind against the

## THE INHERITORS

smooth face of the cliff, and fixed her eyes on the headland opposite.

A BOAT moved on the face of the sullen water. It moved slowly at first, then it was as though a giant had caught it by the keel and borne it forward with a deadly swiftness towards the inlet. A man crouched in the bows. He waved to her and she slid down from her perch into the surf, standing knee-deep and firm, and the boat, threatening to dash itself to pieces against the rocks, was caught by the gunwale and held, shuddering and staggering, but as helpless as Will Evans had been in her strong hands.

"You look like a wild bird," Owen Tudor said, laughing at her, but still with a faint touch of boyish displeasure in his tone. "You're wet through and your hair's all down. You might have been fighting someone."

She laughed too and began to try to tidy her hair with impatient, restless hands. But the wind was too much for her, and she made a gesture of gay despair.

"I have been fighting. I fought that little horror, Will Evans. He would follow me. And I picked him up and popped him back over the wall where he belonged. Do you mind that?"

She looked at him teasingly, but something gentle and almost diffident lurked in her expression. It was as though, without fearing him, she was yet childishly anxious that he should be pleased with her. But for the moment he thrust her question on one side.

"Was he making love to you again?"

"If you call it making love. He was rude. That's all."

He made her sit down beside him in the shelter of the wall, and put his arm about her shoulders with a brotherly gesture.

"What did he say?"

"Well, I was rude first. Yesterday he came bothering again. He brought two funny Englishmen with him, and grandfather set Pete on them. If they hadn't gone something bad would have happened. When I met Will I told him what I thought of him. And he said grandfather was a mad, dangerous old man who ought to be shut up. And I said he was a liar."

"He wasn't that, Elrien. We've got to look things in the face, haven't we? Your grandfather nearly killed Evans when he was Lord Pelton's bailiff and came about the estate Pencarreg was coming to. He thinks Pencarreg belongs to him. It doesn't. You know that. He's just a tenant farmer like my father was till he bought his bit of land." He laughed, not bitterly, but with a kind of quiet triumph. "Nothing'll grow there, and he paid hard for it. But he was right. It's a foothold."

She moved away from him, so that his arm slipped from her shoulder.

"We've always lived there. We belong. We're born there and we die there. It isn't strange that grandfather, now that he is old and broken, should think that he is in his own home."

"It isn't strange; but it's mad, all the same."

"We belong," she reiterated passionately. "I know we're poor. Poor and proud and wild. That's what he said. 'You've nothing to be proud of, Miss Elrien, and you go about with your head up as though you weren't of the same flesh and blood.' And it's true—it's true, Owen." She bent her clenched fist on her knee. "I'm not his son. I am different. You're different. And I am proud—and I don't know why."

He put his brown hand over hers.

"I am, too, awfully proud. We can't help it. But we've got to have a good reason for it, and if we haven't got one we'll make one."

But she had dropped in a black and brooding silence. And after a moment he said in a changed tone: "Let's read a bit."

"I don't want to," she muttered.

"Look here, I found something, this old book in my father's chest. There are bits in it you'll like—about us. Try them."

"I don't want to. Read them yourself. If we're just poor nobodies we'd better be what we are."

He put the book, tattered and time-stained, into her hands.

"Read that," he said.

She yielded sullenly. Her voice was the toneless, heavy voice of a child who does not want to obey, and it was evident that reading was difficult to her. She read out the longer words syllable by syllable, drawing the sentences meaninglessly.

"Then there came upon these shores such a storm as no man living could remember. And those among the people who lived upon the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures came down to the sea's edge where the chapel stands, and waited. For the wind had blown a great ship from her course and she lay cast upon the Iron Rocks, and all the crew were doomed to perish, for not one among the fisherfolk would lift a hand to save them, knowing, as they did, that the tide would bring them all they needed in wreckage and all the merchandise wherewith the ship was laden, and many a corpse with rings upon the fingers and a belt of good money."

"It happened that that night Robert Tudor sat at the table with his companions and drank and gambled exceedingly, so that at the last throw of the dice the last broad acre of his land was stripped from him. And hearing of the wreck, he came down, dressed as he was in his gay, silken clothes, and called for men to man his boat so that the sailors clinging to their doomed ship might know that they were not forsaken. But none offered. They were afraid, and said to him: 'Whatever is cast up will be half yours. For it is on your land.' He did not so much as answer them. He and five of his companions cast off alone and were carried out into the storm and so perished."

She stopped.

"That was our great-grandfather. Read this. It goes further back. Charles was still King, and a Tudor held the heights over Pencarreg for him."

AND now there was a faint, unwelcome emotion in her sullen voice.

"So the position of the little army was desperate. For behind them lay the sea and before them lay the Covenanters, and they were seamen and peasants and poorly armed. And they saw that they could only die, and argued among themselves that it would be wiser to sue for peace, since their death could avail nothing. And Owen Tudor, seeing how it was with them, rode before them, saying: 'It may be that you are right; but neither God nor the King has released me from my oath, which I have sworn before them.' And he saluted them and set spurs to his horse and charged down upon the Parliamentarian army, who would fain have spared him for his courage. But he fell upon them with such fury that they fought in self-defence, and he died instantly of twelve wounds in the breast."

She stood up sharply. She let the book fall face downwards on the screen, and her cheeks were wet with angry tears.

"Why do you make me read all that, Owen? What's the use? It didn't help them that they were brave. They were ruined just the same. It only makes me prouder than ever. Better to forget them."

"No," he said. "We're the last, you and I. We've got to remember." He picked the book up and smoothed the leaves out and gave it to her. "They were a wild lot, but they didn't do mean things and they kept their word. We can do that much."

"What's the use?" she demanded again with fierce impatience.

He took her by the hand and led her into the chapel. And now for the first time she was aware of a definite purpose which had been at work in him from the beginning. Her eyes sought his face through the cold, wind-swept gloom, and it was like a white flame. It was as though he had dropped



the mask of cool self-mastery and behind it was an emotion as passionate and profound as her own.

"Owen, what is it?"

His voice was clearer and louder than she had ever heard it. It seemed to fill the low stone room like the ring of swords. And yet he spoke calmly, steadily.

"This is what I've been thinking, Eirian. We're young and strong. We're not afraid. Other people fear us. But we're not afraid of anybody. That makes us strong—stronger even than big, rich people. One of these days we'll buy back those lost acres. We'll make Pencarreg our own, so that neither Evans nor any other man can jeer us. We can. My father began it. He won the foothold. He died for it as surely as if he had climbed the cliff's side and fought for it with his sword in his hand. I know I'd carry on. And I will, and you shall. People can laugh at us and say 'nose country louts!' But we're not that. We've taught ourselves; we've got our foundations ready; and now we're going ahead. We'll build—build—"

She leant towards him.

"That's why—why you made me read—and—write—and think?"

**H**E nodded.

"That was the beginning. I've thought of nothing else—not since I was a boy. I had to wait till you were ready."

"Why wait for me? It's you that matters."

"Yes too. I couldn't have gone on without you. You're—you're the very spirit of it all."

She faltered, and the tears on her cheeks were no longer of bitterness but of remorseful humility.

"Owen, how good you are! And I've been so—so rough and ungrateful and unwilling. But I'm not ungrateful any more. I'll do anything—anything you say. Tell me what I can do."

"You can be brave," he said. "Felton's estate is in the market. The Englishmen will buy it and Pencarreg. But they won't keep it long. They don't belong here. They'll only see that it's a wild, barren place, and they'll sell it again. That will be our chance. Until then you've got to hold on to Pencarreg, Eirian; work the land again as it used to be worked; make it pay; put your heart into it; do the things your father can't do any more. You've got to promise me that Pencarreg comes first, that you'll give up everything to keep it."

He put his hand on the stone altar, and she laid hers bravely on his.

"I promise."

"Until I come back."

There was a moment's silence. It was as though she had not heard clearly. She echoed "come back" pitifully, like a frightened child that does not yet understand its own terror. She pressed the book against her breast as though she were trying to crush back some rising pain. He regarded her steadily. But his own face had become drawn and white. The wind, blowing in blither gusts through the gaping doorway, seemed to be shaking them both from head to foot.

"Eirian, you promised."

"You're going away?"

"I've got to. I've done all I can here. Mother and old Hughie will carry on at the Headland. God knows there isn't much to do. I'm going to America, where people make money quickly, and I'll come back rich and buy you all up and there'll be Tudors for ever at Pencarreg."

But she flung aside his false lightness scornfully.

"When are you going?"

"To-morrow. Eirian, you promised."

Then a cry of wild anger and despair broke from her. She stood upright, menacing him.

"It's a trick—a trick! You know I wouldn't have promised. You know I

couldn't bear it. I've no one else but you in the world—no one else cares what becomes of me. I can't live without you."

"I can't live without you either, but I've got to until I can come back."

"I can't—I can't," she stammered. "You break my heart. Oh Owen, Owen!"

He could only reiterate with set teeth:

"You promised—you promised." And then, with a wild gesture of resignation, of headlong surrender: "Do you think it's not breaking my heart too?"

**M**R JOHN KERSHAW drove his son to the station himself. He did not drive very well, but there was little to do except to let the horse follow the narrow lane.

"New blood—Kit, new blood, that's what's wanted hereabouts. People say it's a poor soil and don't yield nothing. What can they expect with their rotten old methods? In five years this'll be the finest bearing estate in the British Isles. There aren't going to be no more Tudor stuff round 'ere. It'll be Kershaw—Kershaw and Son—and Kershaw push and go—and if they don't like it they can lump it—"

The young man's pinched face showed whitely between the upturned fur collar and the peaked cap. He grimaced, thinking.

"What's bitten the old boy? And how far is this infernal station? If he doesn't look out I'll miss the train and another night in this place'll be the death of me."

Kershaw walked with his son up and down the narrow platform.

"You and me—we're the Future. That's a big thought, ain't it, Kit? You chew on it. And keep steady, my boy. Drop on all that racketing round. It don't pay. You remember that. Always when you start anything you ask yourself: 'Does it pay? And if it don't you drop it. It's got to pay.' That's the motto of the house of Kershaw. It's a damn good motto too."

"Yes—yes," Kit Kershaw muttered. "I've heard it before."

"Here's the train. And look here, son. Bring a wife home soon—oh, what? Want a good view of the future before I die, see? I'm not the heavy father. Choose 'er for yourself, my boy. But let it be a fine upstanding girl—our own sort. Kit. None of them lardy-da ladies. We're starting a line of our own set—the Kershaw line—and they can keep their blue blood to rot their own veins, see?"

**K**IT KERSHAW clambered into his reserved carriage.

"Me and me buxom bride in that God-forsaken place! Oh, Lord! What's got into him? The Kershaw line—tin kettles and rotten aeroplane parts! But I'll tell the fellows. It'll make them laugh their heads off."

Old Kershaw had let his horse drop to a walk. He was still profoundly moved by the vastness of his own vision.

He did not think in these crude terms. He thought of the Kershaws who were to come and very tenderly of his own son. Pity poor Kit was such a white morsel of a fellow. It was that good-for-nothing life in London. Wait till he had settled in Pencarreg with a good wife and half a dozen kids to play round with.

At that moment his horse stopped, so suddenly that he was almost jerked from his seat. A rider had come out of a side lane and stood square across his road. In the gathering twilight the apparition was at once vague and startling. He could not even see its face, and to his natural resentment was added a momentary and absurd alarm.

He blustered.

"Here you, get out of my way. You've got no business to come out into a main road like that. There might have been an accident."

"You're Mr. Kershaw, aren't you?"

He was bewildered and almost immediately amused. It was a girl's voice, and as she spoke she swung her horse about and brought it up to his side. He grinned good-naturedly at her.

"Yes, I'm Mr. Kershaw. What you want of me, my girl?"

"I'm Eirian Tudor," she answered.

He laughed out loud. It was as though she had said: "I'm the Princess Royal." And it suited his mood to meet one of her kind. It was like a symbolic gesture of fate.

"Another of 'em. You seem as thick as thieves about here."

"There are a great many of us," she admitted.

She looked over her shoulder as she spoke. It was a queer movement and it gave him a queer feeling. It was as though she had meant more than she said—as though somewhere behind her there were a number of people whom he could not see. He felt suddenly very much alone and at a disadvantage, and the good-humored look died out of his face.

"Well, which noble line do you belong to? Anything to do with this mad old boy at Pencarreg?"

"I'm his grand-daughter." Her huge horse moved uneasily as though she had gripped him too hard between her knees. "I've come from Pencarreg now."

"Well, what of it?"

"There's been an accident. Will Evans came again. He knew that it was dangerous, and—and he talked a lot of nonsense, and my grandfather lost his temper and he's been badly hurt."

"Will Evans?"

"Yes."

John Kershaw flicked his horse angrily. "You call that an accident. I call it attempted manslaughter. That fellow ought to be shut up, and I'll see that he is. He's mad."

"It was Will Evans that was mad. He had been warned off our land before. He had no right to come."

"He had a right. I sent him."

"You! And what right have you?"

He smiled. He was beginning to get a grip on the situation. He felt like a fighter who has got his hand on his enemy's throat.

"You seem pretty ignorant of what's going on in the world, my girl. Didn't you even know I'd bought Felton's property?"

"Yes, I knew that. What's that to us?"

"Well, Pencarreg is on my estate. Doesn't that convey anything to you?"

She was quite still for a moment, deadly still.

"We were on Lord Felton's estate. He didn't interfere with us."

"If he didn't that was his affair. I'm a different sort of fellow."

"Will Evans said we had to go. Is that true?"

It was laughable that this mere girl should threaten him. And yet he did not like it. It made him angry.

"I've given your grandfather notice, that's true enough. When your time's up, you quit. See? And now that's enough about that."

He made as if to gather up the reins, but she caught him by the wrist, and the sheer unexpected strength of that grip startled him into inaction.

**P**LEASE wait, Mr. Kershaw. I didn't come here to quarrel with you. (Quarrel! She must be mad too! Did she think that he, John Kershaw, was going to quarrel with a loutish country girl? The blood rushed up in a dark flood to his eyes. He tried to shake her off and could not.) She waited an instant. She was struggling to speak quietly, reasonably.

"You're a stranger here. You don't understand our ways here—you couldn't—it's not your fault."

"Oh, I understand them all right. And rotten bad ones they are."

"We have always lived at Pencarreg—"



there have been Tudors there ever since it was built."

"That's too long. You ought to have a change. Pencarrag ought to have a change, at any rate. It needs it." He exploded with anger. "Do you think I'm going to sit by and watch my property go to wrack and ruin like that? What have you and your precious Tudors made of it? A wilderness. You're not fit to keep a pig-sty."

The whiteness of her face half frightened him again. And yet there was for the first time a note of pleading in her voice, boyish, eager.

"I know. That's true. We've had bad luck. My father and mother died soon after I was born, and ever since then grandfather hasn't seemed to care. But now everything is going to be different."

"Yes," he grinned. "That's true enough. I'm going to work. I know how I've promised. You won't have cause to say what you've said now—in a year's time."

"No, I won't. You can bet your life on that. That's a pretty idea of yours, Lady-farmer, and all that. Nothing doing. I'm fed up with you Tudors. You'll clear out—nock and crop."

"Wait." She was still trying to plead, but the rising anger was in her voice and in the grip of her hand. "You don't understand. If my grandfather has to go away from Pencarrag it will break his heart. It would kill him."

"Well, he's an old man. We've to die some time or other. Let go of me, you young vixen. It's no affair of mine."

"It is your affair. If you kill my grandfather—"

"You're crazy, my girl. People don't die because they leave a place—"

"They do. They do. We should. We belong here."

"You think you do. You're dotty on the idea. I'll do you good to find out where you don't belong. And you don't belong here any more. But I do."

To his fury and amazement she threw back her head and laughed. And it was as though a hundred shadows took up her laughter and echoed it down the bleak wind.

He tried to tear himself free. He was not a coward. He had faced an angry mob and big risks in his life without flinching. But this eerie, stormy twilight got on his nerves. He was frightened of her and of the horses which had begun to nicker dangerously in the narrow roadway. He was not accustomed to horses.

"Let go, you she devil."

But now he felt that she did not care any more. She held him out of sheer wickedness, to show her strength, to make a fool of him. He heard her laughing under her breath as he swayed and struggled.

"You see, you can't do everything, you big fat comic Englishman."

And there suddenly he lost his head. He caught the whip from its socket and struck her with the handle over the face and shoulders. He struck with all the strength of his rage and fear, but she made no sound. She held him as instant longer and then tossed his arm free and the next minute he was being hurled forward between the black flying hedges, swaying and jolting madly from side to side.

And even then he seemed to see her, sitting her wild and fiery steed in the middle of the roadway, alone and triumphant, laughing in wicked scorn of him.

**J**OHAN KERSHAW had never lost anything by impatience. He did not see Eirian Tudor again until the last winter storm had shattered itself against the cliffs and the grey wall about Pencarrag had become a rosy bank of gently-stirring sea-thrift. Then he rode over. The day was cloudless and still, the keen spring air mellowed by the steady sunlight, and he himself felt calm and satisfied, almost benign in his sense of satisfied power. He found a little crowd of people standing in

wait about the gates, and that pleased him too.

Will Evans was there. He stood apart from the rest, his hands thrust into the pockets of his riding-breeches, sucking in his thin lips and looking furtive and ill at ease. He came over to John Kershaw and touched his cap. He seemed almost hysterically thankful to be relieved from his isolation.

"Not gone yet, Mr. Kershaw. They've had a deal of trouble with the old man. Ever since that month in gaol he's been like a child. Mad as a hatter, but no fight left in him. You'd hardly know him, sir."

John Kershaw nodded.

"Where are they going?"

"No one knows, sir, except old Mrs. Tudor up at the Headland—Owen Tudor's mother—and she won't say."

"Her son's gone to America, eh?"

"That's the talk, Mr. Kershaw."

"Well, there won't be much left of 'is farm soon with only an old woman to look after it. Keep an eye on it, Evans. First chance I'll buy it up. I don't have a piece bitten out of my property like that. Least of all by one of these damn good-for-nothings."

Eirian Tudor sat with her grandfather's hand in hers. She wore ill-made town clothes such as any other country girl might wear at church on Sunday. They were evidently new, bought for the occasion, and they added a touch of pathos to her dark, strange youthfulness. She was like a wild thing of the forests that had been trapped and made into a pitiful show but which had somehow kept a sorrowful dignity. Old Tudor sat on the shabby trunk beside her and muttered whilst the slow tears rolled down his cheeks and lost themselves in the dishevelled beard. He was a caricature of the man who had threatened and discomfited John Kershaw only four months before and driven Evans, a bleeding terrified wreck, from his gates. Ever since his punishment for that final outburst he had been like that—crying and weak and broken.

No one spoke. One or two of the men went up to the cart and gave a hand in farewell. The rest touched their caps. It was to them the solemn passing of something that they had regarded as fixed and inevitable as the tides. Then they fell back, and across the empty space between them the gaze of the girl and of the big man on horseback met and held.

"Why should we go, Eirian?" old Tudor whispered. "I don't want to go; why should we?"

She was very white, and the grey eyes under the black brows had the quality and the light of steel. It was the strangest deed, and every man and woman in the little crowd knew of it and watched in tense and sullen silence. Only Will Evans, after one fleeting glance at her, stood staring at the ground.

It lasted less than a minute. The cart moved on slowly.

**M**ISS PANSY FOTHERINGALE, of the Beaufort Beauty Bery, told the story to the crowd with a dramatic gusto which proved conclusively she thought that her right place was on the "legitimate." Pansy Fotheringale was posing as the Good Samaritan, and the young half-wit, Kit Kershaw, leaning towards her across the table with his litter of empty glasses and cigarette ends, listening breathlessly with open mouth and his colorless eyes popping out of his head so patently and ridiculously love-sick.

"Oh, go on—go on," he stammered.

"Hush, angel-child. I'm getting on, aren't I? Well, coming home in the early hours after a grilling rehearsal I struck her on the stairs. Almost fell over her, as you might say. At first I thought it was a 'drunk'—quite a number of them there were every night—and was going to step over it without any fuss—and then, blessed

if I didn't think it was a kid crying. But it wasn't a kid either. It was a girl, bigger than me by a good head, but so weak she couldn't stand or speak. Well, I lugged her up somehow. There was a door ajar on the first landing and I took a guess that she belonged and pushed it open. I got a shock that time. I can tell you. There were down and out in that place, I knew, but this place turned you queer. It was stark naked—just that. Only a bed and a chair, as far as I could see, and a bit of a candle burning itself out. You felt as though the mice had quit it with their ribs showing. At first I thought the place was empty, and then I saw something lying on the bed. I went nearer to have a look, her clinging on to me all the time, and then I let out a squeal, enough to bring the roof down if it hadn't been too used to that sort of thing. Fact was, I'd never seen a corpse before, and such a corpse. An old man. Well, he didn't look to me as though he'd ever been alive. A bit of skin and bone and a yank of grey hair—you know those Russian famine pictures—well, like that. And in that light it just froze my blood. The girl let go of me. She walked almost steady, but I thought she'd gone queer in the head. She went over to him and began tidying his dirty sheet and talking to him. And then all at once she turned and looked at me. That was the second shock. Well, you know what she's like, Kit! I tell you, a beaut, though I says it as shouldn't, but that night she was that and a lot more. Talk about Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking act, she'd have made her fortune. "What's wrong with him?" she said, like that, quite simply like a kid speaking. "Why doesn't he speak to me?"

"**H**IS gone," I said, trying to get a grip on myself, 'been gone some time, too, I guess."

"Dead," she said. "Dead."

"Why didn't you get help?" I asked, more to say something than because there was any sense asking silly questions. "Looks to me as though he'd been starved."

"But she just shook her head."

"Murdered," she said, just as quiet as ever. "Murdered."

"Well, I nearly let out another squeal. But I saw at once she didn't know what she was saying."

"What's your name, Kido?" I asked.

"Eirian." And then she gave me a queer look.

"I thought it a queer name, foreign-sounding, and she had a queer foreign accent to match. 'What's your job?' I asked."

"At first she didn't seem to understand."

"I haven't got one. I've tried everything. I'm good for nothing."

"I had to laugh at that. Couldn't help myself, though it seemed a bit heartless."

"With a face like that," I said, "you're good for everything."

"Well, I sort of took to her. Couldn't help myself. I was as set-up at her liking me and holding on to me as if a tiger had put its head on my lap to have its head scratched. Gentle and innocent as a lamb, she was, but, oh my! the claws were there all right. Where she came from she wouldn't say, and she stuck to it that her grandfather had been murdered. Wouldn't budge, and when I argued she went all white and looked at me as though she'd have killed me too—otherwise eat out of my hand."

"Well, when I'd fed her up a 'bit, I thought the time had come to launch her on her own, and I took her with me round to the Beaufort. Sent up a note to Johnny Samuels over there. 'Got something pretty for you,' I said. And he phoned back. 'Deliver the goods.' And I did. Remember that, Sammy!"

The fat bald-headed man at the far end of the table blinked assent.

"Sure."



"When we went in he just stood straight up on his hind legs and aped. He said, 'They don't make 'em perfect like that. Must be bow-legged or knock-kneed. Blessed if he didn't try to have a look. Sort of little joke of yours, wasn't it, Sammy? And the next thing he was lying flat on his own carpet.'

They roared delightedly, and the bald-headed man felt his chin with care and a reminiscent ruefulness.

"Sure. I can feel it now. It would have worried Dempsey."

"Anyway, I thought, 'that's the end of you, Pansy angel. And serve you right. But you never know. Blessed if he didn't pick himself up and apologise. I nearly cried, it was so beautiful.'

"She's got a boy," Miss Fotheringale said, reaching for the champagne.

"Rot. No one's ever seen him. Two years she's been here. Like bees after honey, and she's turned 'em down hard, savage as a wild cat, one after another. Think I don't know?"

"You don't know everything, Sammy. I've seen her. Letters she used to get. Cried over 'em. From America somewhere."

"The manager granted contentedly.

"Well, that's a good way off. Wait till the dock starts running."

"Or Kit here."

THEY turned to laugh at him. He had been sitting crumpled and fuddled over his glass, and now he threw himself back staring round him with angry bloodshot eyes.

"What—what cher laughing at?"

"You're in love, Kit. Go ahead, boy. Show her your new diamond tie-pin. Take her for a ride in the Rolls-Royce. Tell her how pa made his millions down the Walworth Road selling kettles to the Government. Or was it kippers? Just show her the kind of chap you are. She'll fall flat."

He stood up violently, overturning his glass so that the contents trickled in a squalid stream amidst the faded flowers and sordid remnants of the feast.

"You leave me alone. Think you're funny. You and your dukes, damn out-of-date stuff, think I'm a-a-g-good joke—because I'm n-not a gentleman. Don't want to be, see? I'm the new style. I've got the money. I can do what I damn well like, drop my h's cat with my knife. I've got the power."

He turned and slunk out of the room. Even the awestruck silence could not comfort him.

THERE was a queer sort of loyalty about Miss Fotheringale. If there was an invitation going she accepted with a proviso "Ask my pal too, will you?" which was, as she admitted, noble of her, because it meant the complete eclipse of her own fragile prettiness. Fortunately it became a mere formality. Her "pal" had refused from the beginning, and she refused now.

So Eirian Tudor went out and down the stuffy winding corridor to the street. The stage doorkeeper nodded good-night to her, curious and a little mocking. They were all like that. They were kind enough, but from the first she had been an outsider and an alien. They looked at her, thinking, "What's her game? What's she waiting for?" And if she had told them they would have stared the more, incredulous and ironic.

Every night when she came out into the dark, squalid side street the same cry stifled itself in her heart. "Why don't you come, Owen, why don't you come?" At first it had been a cry of sheer desolation, of longing for the friend who magically, in one splendid, shattering moment, had become the lover, but it had been full of proud confidence.

But all that had been in the first year. Now she whispered "Why don't you come, Owen?" as someone in desperate pain cries out: "I can't bear it—I can't bear it any more." It was of no use. She didn't hope now. Things had gone badly with him too. He had tried cattle-breeding in California, and there had been a frightful drought and the cattle had had to be driven into the sea. And after that there had been a hopeless, unbroken silence.

And supposing he came back? She had never told him when she was starving; she did not tell him either, how she had been saved. He wouldn't have understood. She didn't understand herself. At night when she stood in the centre of the Bevy and raised across the blinding footlights into the white smear of faces, the whole thing became preposterous and unreal. It was a mad dream, and any moment she would wake up and find herself lying asleep amidst the wild thyme on the cliff's edge, the wind blowing over her.

He wouldn't understand that the real Eirian was always there, that the strange, feverish life didn't touch her. Her body was chained in it as in a cage, but she herself was three hundred miles from its coarse josta, its silly, aimless vulgarity. She couldn't have told him. She had no art. Her letters were full of stammering, broken sentences, like those of a child. "I am quite well. I hope you are well too, and that you can come home soon. Dear Owen, come home soon." That was all that came out of her perplexity and despair—out of all her love. Only once passion had lent her eloquence—the eloquence of one fierce gesture. "Grandad died two days ago, Mr. Kershaw killed him. I hope Mr. Kershaw will die soon, breaking his heart."

SHE became aware that a man was walking by her side. That, too, was part of her life. She had learnt to accept it, as a wild captive thing will accept ill-treatment, without protest, not understanding, but with a secret, invincible resistance. She only walked a little faster, pressing closer to the wall, as though his very nearness sickened her.

"I say, don't hurry like that, Miss Eirian. Look here, I'm not trying to eat you. You might listen."

Something plaintive in the voice made her look at him. At first in the dim lamplight he seemed only another example of a familiar type. The opera hat stuck rakishly over one ear, the gleam of a white shirt front under the open coat, the malacca cane and the white gloves. Then even her untrained eyes recognised something strange about him. It was not his mean and weedy build, or the unwholesome pallor of the small face peering earnestly into hers. It was as though the immaculate clothes did not fit, as though he had stolen them from someone and was masquerading.

"I don't know who you are," she said. "You haven't the right to talk to me."

"I didn't say I had, did I? I only said you might listen. It won't poison you. I know who you are, anyhow. I've known you a jolly long time. Perhaps I know you a sight better than you think." He gave a little laugh and kept pace with her. "I say, you might listen, you know."

"What do you want to say to me?"

"Oh, a heap of things. I'm in love with you, for one. Now, don't—don't go off in a rage. I know you're a fury, but everyone knows that."

"Please—please, I want to be left alone."

"But, I say, why? What's the great idea? It's beastly being alone—beastly. I haven't got a friend in the world, either. That's one of the things I wanted to say to you."

"Can't you see I'm tired? I want to get home."

"Yes, I know. A good girl. Well, I'm

not a bad sort either. I'm like you—I don't belong to all this. I know what you think I am—the usual lad of the village. Well, I'm not. I'm the young fellow who used to sell hardware in his father's shop down the Walworth Road.

There was a sort of queer pathos about it all. It seemed to merge itself with her own sorrowful loneliness, so that she answered gently:

"I'm sorry. But I can't help."

"Yes, you can. That's just it. You can. You see, I'm—I'm frightfully in love with you. Please don't go up in the air again. I'm not going to worry you with that. But they guessed. Anyone can see through me, anyway. And they jeered. They said you wouldn't look at me. You were waiting for something worth while. But I thought, No, she's a good sort. She wouldn't do that. She's just waiting for someone who'll play the game—whom she can trust. And I—I thought we might sort of pull together. Be friends, have good times together. Because—well, you can trust me. Anyone in the Walworth Road would tell you that you can trust Kit Kershaw."

There was a little silence. She echoed at last, very quietly, "Kershaw, Kershaw," as though there was some deeper meaning in the sound.

She had stopped dead and they faced one another. Her eyes were black in the colorless face, so dark and strange that for a moment he faltered, stammering:

"Oh, I didn't mean to blow about myself, you know."

"You'd—would better leave me alone, Mr. Kit Kershaw. I'm not—not the sort of girl you think I am. You'd better leave me alone."

"But won't you give me a chance? I've got such a fine idea. To-morrow's Sunday. Couldn't we have a run down into the country? I've got a Rolls-Royce, and I can drive a bit—oh, I say, you're laughing too."

She shook her head.

"I'm not, not really; it seemed so strange, the idea of my driving with you in a Rolls-Royce."

MISS FOTHERINGALE rolled herself out of her Sunday morning dress to expostulate.

"Dippy," she murmured. "Dippy. For two years you've cast the blight of virtue over the Bevy. And now, gone off yourself, and with what, I ask you? With what? That wheel! Oh gawd, it makes me sick."

Eirian stood looking at herself in the glass with its festoon of theatrical postcards. She still wore the shoddy, tasteless clothes such as simple country girls wear for their best, but she had grown paler and thinner and finer looking. She thought with a hard fierce beat of the heart: "It's true. I am beautiful."

"And remember this, kiddo," Miss Fotheringale added, preparing herself to resume her alibers. "With a bit of careful handling you can always marry 'em. If you want the wheel just pick him off the stall with a pin. Nobody else will."

She closed the door and went on slowly down the dingy stairs. There was a letter hidden in her dress, a sort of talisman, tattered and yellow, and she knew its contents by heart. Owen had written it from a hospital in Los Angeles three months before.

"I'm ill, Eirian. The chances are I'll not pull through. If I don't, you're not to grieve. You're to be brave. There's only you left now. You promised."

Underneath a stranger had written:

"Mr. Tudor insisted on writing this himself. But he is in a high fever, does not know quite what he is saying. He is suffering from sunstroke. Recovery doubtful." And then two casual initials.

He hadn't even sent his love. He hadn't thought of their love at all. Those other Tudors had been like that. Love wasn't



the supreme business of life. There were bigger things for which they had fought and died, and perhaps sinned—beliefs, rash pledges, traditions, old feuds. And she, the last of them all.

She was blind with tears, and she hid in the shadow of the doorway so that the man waiting for her in the long white car should not see them. She pressed the letter hard against her side till the sharp edges of it cut her. It was as though she had said in proud assurance:

"It's all right. I'm like that too. I understand."

FROM the first it had been different from any of their other days together. He had been subdued and almost silent, with a white strained look on the dissipated young face.

"You're different," he said. "That's what it is, different." And he looked at her with a wan-eyed hunger. "You don't come from the Walworth Road or the Beauty Revy. You come from—I don't know where."

He lay sprawling on the grass, with his chin resting in his hands, in his sports clothes even more queer and laughable, a shop-boy with money all dressed up to kill. "Where do you come from, Eirian?"

"A long—long way off where the sea is."

"Did that make you different? It doesn't me. When I'm down on father's place I want more champagne than ever."

She smiled to herself, that little queer brooding smile of hers that so often fascinated and puzzled him.

"Is it the sea that frightens you, Mr. Kershaw?"

"Oh, I say, why do you call me Mr. Kershaw? Don't I call you Eirian? You don't mind that, do you? Yes, I suppose it's the sea. It's so cold and grey, sort of threatening. Yes, I'm scared of the sea. I hate the beastly, dismal sound of it on the rocks. You can't get away from it. At Pencarreg it's in your ears day and night, the boom of it. I tried sleeping in one of the back rooms, a beastly room lined with oak and full of mice and dark places, and I don't know what, but it was there too."

She closed her eyes an instant, and when they opened again they had lost their dark, still look, so that he said involuntarily: "Your eyes are like the sea, Eirian, grey, only not cold."

But she did not answer, and he went on plucking the grass with nervous, restless fingers.

"Eirian, they said you were keen on someone, loved someone. It isn't true, is it?"

She answered in a quiet, clear voice:

"I do love someone. I think he's dead."

"Do you—could you—could you care a bit for me?"

"I don't know. Anyhow, there are other things besides caring."

"You mean jolly things, pretty clothes, and—and jewels, and a good time. Oh, Eirian, listen. I can give you all that, anything you want, anything you ask I'll give you—only come with me. I can't do without you." She shrank away from him, and he went on thickly, brokenly: "Listen, I mean it. I know you're straight. I want you—as my wife."

She held him back from her, her hands on his shoulders, and her unexpected strength daunted and silenced him so that he gaped at her in wide-eyed dismay. Her voice sounded unfamiliar, flat and toneless, as though she were repeating a lesson.

"I'm a poor girl. I want to be sure; I've got to look after myself. Your father might be angry, and then I want to know where I'd stand."

She seemed to be smiling at a little joke.

"Will you give me—Pencarreg?"

And then he laughed too. He was beside himself with relief and triumph. He saw how funny that was.

"That dismal old barn! I won't want it when you see it. Why, we'll have to live there—a bit, at any rate—just to please

the old man; it'll please him to know you wanted it. If you marry me, I say, you can have it now—just for a kiss."

THE farmers, travelling to market day in the neighboring town, watched John Kershaw as beaten men will watch their masters, sullen and fascinated. He knew that they watched him, and he liked the feeling of it as he strode massively up and down the platform, with Will Evans tagging at his heels. They thought themselves rooted to the soil, whereas he knew that they were weeds which he could and would twitch up with a jerk of the fingers. But he whom they hated as an alien would remain, changing the face of their world, and after him his son and his son's sons.

"Times change," he said aloud. "Pity some folk don't realise it."

"Yes—yes, indeed," Will Evans muttered.

The London train, signalled five minutes back, swept roaring round the curve and came down upon them with a black majesty. John Kershaw stood where he knew the first-class carriages would stop, leaning upon his stick and scowling lest a trace of other feeling should escape him.

"Time he came back too, young devil; time he settled down."

It happened very quickly. The watchers saw young Kershaw jump from the carriage step. He looked more than ever foolish and incredible in his aggressive tweeds, and there was a queer look on his small face, sheepish, wistful, exultant. A girl followed him, but for the moment no one saw her, no one except Will Evans, who stood where he was, frozen into immobility.

"Hullo, guv'nor, jolly of you to meet me. I say, I've done it. I've been a good boy this time, done what I was told. Look what's here, guv'nor."

He had expected many things—not this. He saw that his father was not looking at him, but past him, with widening eyes that became suddenly suffused. He saw the thick, strong body stiffen, the great hands raise themselves, clenched to fists.

"It's—it's my wife, guv'nor."

And then a lurching step forward, a smothered, roaring sound like that of a mortally-wounded bull, and the great body toppling over—felled.

The train moved on, forgotten. Kit Kershaw felt a black cloud of figures swirl round him. He heard whispers that he did not understand. Something was happening apart from this catastrophe. He knelt by that great, stricken bulk, trying to lift it, crying to it:

"Guv'nor, for God's sake, guv'nor."

Then he looked up. The stillness seemed to lay a warning hand on him. He saw his wife and Will Evans gazing at one another across the narrow space made by the fallen body, his wife quiet and pale, and Evans with a queer, twisted grin that was of rage and understanding.

And the others, looking at them both, with the look of the spectators of some drama.

Then Will Evans spoke, making the stiff gesture of an automat suddenly jerked to life.

"So—so you've come back, Miss Eirian," he said. "Come home."

THE rain had come. The two men lying in the dark listened to it as though to music. It was the end of a nightmare, and they dared not fall asleep lest they should begin to dream again. To them the hard pattering on the roof of the ranch house was a signal that the bad times were over.

"You see," George Andrews muttered, "the luck's changed."

He drowsed a little, keeping the reassuring sound in his ears, until suddenly he became aware, he did not know how, that

his companion had sat up sharply. "What's the matter? Heard anything?"

There was no answer for a minute. He struck a match and the uncertain light threw a man's gigantic wavering shadow against the bare white wall. For a moment he had a horrible conviction that Owen Tudor had gone "queer" again. All that day he had been cheerful, almost gay, and now he sat there, his dark face still gaunt with illness, set in lines of close, tense listening.

"Well, for the Larrd's sake, what is it?"

"I thought—I thought I heard someone call my name."

"I bet you didn't. Must have dreamed it."

Tudor nodded and stood up.

"Yes, that's it. I dreamed it. I was dreaming."

"Well, a dream's nothing to make a song and a dance about. Get to sleep, man."

The match had gone out. A gust of cold, rain-soaked air blew into the room, and by a faint grey patch of light, showing like a luminous hole in the dark, Andrews knew that the door had been thrown open. He was frightened now. They were alone on the ranch. If Tudor had really gone "queer" again— "For the Larrd's sake, man," he repeated petulantly, "lie down."

"But I wasn't asleep," Tudor said. "I was wide awake, listening to the rain. And then, all at once, it wasn't the rain I heard but the sea."

"The sea? With the little old Pacific one hundred and fifty miles west; some hearing that, I'll tell the world."

"Not the Pacific, the Atlantic."

Andrews reached for his clothes.

"Tudor, man, you're sick."

"And I heard someone call me. It was as distinct as your voice now; someone in terrible distress."

"A girl, I bet."

"Yes, a girl. The girl I'm to marry."

It was the first time this man who had saved of many things in his delirium had ever mentioned his private life. And yet he had been a good pal too, loyal, steadfast in the face of disaster, not unheroic. George Andrews felt queerly moved, as though his strong friend had begun to cry.

"But, look here, what you want—Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Home? England, this time of the morning? Say, don't miss the train." But his facetiousness died at birth. This was dead serious. "Look here. What's got you? Chucking me like this just when things are pulling round?"

"I'm sorry. I wouldn't let you down for the world. I can't help myself. You're going to be married too, aren't you?"

"Sure. When I've made my bit."

"You wouldn't let me stand in the way if you knew she were in hard need of you?"

"No, darned if I would. But you don't know."

"Yes, I do. I heard her."

"Ten thousand miles off. Oosh, man, you're crazed."

"Where I come from things like that happen."

"We were kids together. We loved each other from the beginning. There was no one else for either of us. She wouldn't fall me. I'm not going to fall her now."

George Andrews gulped. He slapped the other roughly on the shoulder.

"If it's like that, boy," he said, "you can have my last shirt."

SO Owen Tudor came home. He had started out to make his fortune with the savings of hard years, and he came back empty-handed.

"You were right, Eirian," he said to himself. "We were too proud. It would have been better to forget what we had once been and to remember that we were once



people. We wanted too much. We should have been satisfied to love one another. Thank God, it is not too late."

It was dark by the time he reached the Headland, and he took the last steep ascent of short, smooth grass at a run. Up to then he had been confident enough. Now he was like the small boy he had once been, hunted by pixies by all the unknown terrors of the night. The door of the grey stone farmhouse was locked and barred. That was strange too, as though fear dwelt within as well as without. He knocked sharply calling his mother by name, and then came the sound of hurrying feet, of tremulous fingers fumbling at the bolts.

The next minute he had caught her in his arms. She clung to him. She was like a wild bird, hiding from the storm in its place of refuge. She was little and very old, too old, he thought, with a sigh of anguish, to be his mother. The few years had dealt cruelly with her. The face she lifted to his was lined and withered and wet with tears. Her gnarled hands ran trembling over his face and body as though they dared not believe.

"Owen—Owen, my son, my dear." He tried to quieten her. But he could not hide his own trouble. He was back in the home of which he had dreamed and raved through days and nights of fever, but it brought him no sense of peace and security but only of disaster. He looked past her to the room, and saw that it had been stripped bare. The bedrooms that he had treasured so passionately—the splendid dresser, with its gay china of other days, the carved oak settle, where generations after generation of his people had sat and dreamed their dreams, was gone. A gaunt poverty stared back at him. The wretched fire seemed to be waging a last futile battle against the invading chill.

"Mother, what is it? Why are you so frightened? Didn't you know I was coming? I wrote. Didn't you get my letters?"

"Yes—yes, indeed. But I didn't hope you'd come in time. I've been so afraid, my dear. So afraid. Every night he's come. He frightened me. And to-night I thought it was him again. And I'd locked the door."

"Mother, whom are you talking of?"  
"It's Will Evans, Owen."

"What has he to do here?"

"He comes. He says: 'Better sell while you can get a good price, Mother Tudor. You can't hold out much longer.' At first I sent him about his business. But lately I've not known where to turn. Things have gone badly with us, Owen. The lambs have died, and the crops failed. I'm old. Not strong enough any more."

HE made her sit down by the fire, and knelt beside her, warming her hands in his comforting her.

"It's all right now. I've come back. I oughtn't to have gone away. But I'd big notions—wanted miracles to happen. Got swelled head, reading those old books—thought I was one of the great Tudors come to life again." He laughed unsteadily at himself. "That's over. I've learnt what matters—to live a decent, happy life in one's own place with one's own people. So I've come home. And we'll start again, we three."

"Three," she echoed. Her trembling had ceased. The tears were gone, dried up as though in a withering fire. She sat upright, an effigy of scorn and anger. But he was not looking at her now.

"You and Eirian and I. For it was Eirian brought me home."

She laughed. It was a laugh like the snap ring of steel. She stood up, pushing him from her, with a fierce movement, almost of contempt.

"Eirian!"

"Mother, what is it? What do you mean?" He stood up, watching her, himself grown cold with dread.

"Who lives at Pencarreg?"

"Eirian."

"One of us is dreaming, mother." He tried to laugh too, and the sound was harsh and unfamiliar in his own ears. "Or I've gone queer again. The Kershaws own Pencarreg. Last time I heard from Eirian she was in London, working in some office."

"If she told you that she lied to you. What office should she work in, an ignorant girl who could barely write and read? She lied. Oh, but she was clever. She knew what she had to sell. You can sell your bonny looks in a great town. Only you must show them first."

HE caught her roughly by the arm.

"What are you saying?"

"The truth. A common play-actress, that's what she was, dancing half-naked, so they say, night after night, shameless, wicked."

He was trying to check the wild, white-hot pouring of her indignation.

"Steady, mother. For God's sake. You don't know what you're saying. You've been listening to malicious lies."

"Didn't she own it to me here—here in this very room when I accused her? I can see her now, standing there, staring at me with her strange eyes. 'And now you can go,' I said, 'and never show your face to honest folk again.'"

"You're driving me crazed," he broke in desperately. "It's wild nonsense. Whatever she has done, how should she be there, at Pencarreg, of all places?"

She wrenched herself free. Outrage! pride blazed out of her lined face, and bleak anger against him because she knew that he loved Eirian and was fighting against the truth for her.

"Didn't I say she sold herself? And why not to young Kershaw? Mrs. Kershaw, of Pencarreg. Ask her. Ask the old man up there. But he won't answer you; for when he saw whom his son was bringing back into his house, he fell stricken, and he can neither speak nor move, they say. Go up and see for yourself. See what happens night after night up there. Loose women and bad men you'll find, drinking and dancing, making Pencarreg a by-word to the countryside. That's the Eirian you heard calling for you, Owen, my son. Eirian Kershaw, with her jewels and her fine dresses, who hasn't thought of you this twelve months."

Her fury had blinded her. Now, as it burned itself out she saw his face. But it was too late. She made a faltering movement.

"Owen, don't you grieve, don't you grieve. She's bad. She would have broken your heart."

"That's done," he said.

They had not heard the perfunctory knock or the lifting of the latch. Now a draught of cold night air made them turn about. They saw Will Evans standing on the threshold of the open door, blinking at them through the light. The old woman crept closer to her son. She was like some hunted animal, that, having reached cover, turns dangerously upon its pursuer.

"I heard voices," Evans said. "I guessed you'd come home, Tudor. Thought I'd add my congratulations. Ought to have let us know so we could have brought out the village band to meet you. Don't get an American millionaire back every day in the year. No doubt you were in a hurry. Wanted to slip home quiet." He stood there, sucking in his underlip as though he were trying to suck back a smile. "The missus there was sure you'd come. And here you are."

And brought the dollars with you, I don't doubt."

Owen Tudor stood away from his mother. He threw out his clenched hands. The incredulous pain had been wiped suddenly from his face. He was the fighter, eager to strike, crude and primitive. He met Evans' smile with smile, no less significant.

"I've brought these, Will Evans."

The bailiff glanced from his face to the outstretched fists and back again. His mouth, straightened itself. He looked coldly and alertly malevolent as a ferret. But he did not flinch.

"I see. Useful things to have. You'll need them if you want to keep a roof over your head these days. Well, I won't detain you. I'm off to Pencarreg to give my weekly reports to Mr. Kil. Miss Eirian will be glad—Mrs. Kit Kershaw. I should say, but the old names cling. I'll tell her. Mr. Kershaw will be glad, too, no doubt. His wife's old playmate. Yes, indeed."

Owen Tudor waited at the door.

"You will not need to come again now," he said.

The bailiff, already half lost in the darkness, turned to life his hat ironically.

"Let's hope not," he said.

MISS FOTHERINGALE was bored. Like the rest of the raffish crowd which Kit Kershaw had summoned about him, she had no use for picnics, even when they were relieved with champagne, caviare and pate de foie gras.

Eirian Kershaw sat apart. For all the smart country clothes that she seemed to wear, in order to sink her identity amongst her companions, she was the only one among them who was not a discord in her surroundings. There was some affinity between the quiet, brooding sea and her quiet eyes. Any moment a wind might spring up and that deceptive serenity would be swallowed up in storm. She was young, too, like the spring flowers that made a carpet for her, pathetically young, with all the unpunctured other springs that these iron cliffs had seen hanging over her like a shadow. And then, whilst Miss Fotheringale watched, the change came. She had been looking steadily towards the opposite headland and the sea between had not been emptier of expression. Now in an instant color rushed up into her face. Though her features remained firm and unmoved, it was as though something asleep had suddenly spring to life, incredulous hope, despair, triumph. Miss Fotheringale did not know what.

But hot on the trail still, she followed the line of Eirian Kershaw's vision. She saw that a boat had put off from the farther shore and was travelling with an uncanny swiftness across the bay. Someone else had seen it too, Kit Kershaw. Miss Fotheringale sought him out instantly, instinctively it came upon her as an absolute conviction that he had been watching from the start. One glance he gave the strange small craft. Now he leaned forward, hunched like a frantic, ugly little animal, his bloodshot eyes fixed hungrily, fiercely on his wife's face.

It was only with an effort that Miss Fotheringale checked a cry: "Look out! Kid! Look out!" so real and obvious was the drama that was being played out in absolute silence before her. She did make an involuntary gesture of warning. But it was too late. Eirian had risen. She was moving like a sleep-walker towards the gap which led down to the Wreckers' Cave. And Kit Kershaw had risen too.

Miss Fotheringale set her small sharp teeth on her excitement.

"By gosh!" she thought. "That's it. The other man—come home."



The boat was racing now with the current. It came, headed straight for the narrow inlet, at a speed that threatened destruction unless it was quickly handled, and in an instant Eirian Kershaw had plunged knee-deep into the swirl and had caught the gunwale in strong, sure hands. The grotesque reality of her dress was forgotten. It was a disguise which she had broken through with a splendid gesture of freedom. She laughed aloud in her exultation till the laugh broke like a sob.

"I knew—I knew you would come. I knew you were alive. And when I saw the boat I knew it was Owen Tudor—Owen Tudor."

She said his name over and over again as though it were a song of victory, as though some wonderful and splendid thing had been accomplished. Her face, wet with tears, shone with a strange happiness. It was like that of a fanatic who has trodden joy and love and life itself under foot.

**B**UT after that one glance of recognition he did not look at her. He sprang ashore and made fast, standing in the wash of the water, his hand on the boat's side, as though he meant to come no farther, and hated the very ground on which he stood.

"I thought you had forgotten I had ever lived," he said.

He had not meant to speak like that to her. In that swift rush across the bay he had been obsessed with the devouring need to see her, to touch her in pity and understanding and forgiveness, to re-knit at least their broken comradeship. Some explanation she would give him that would make it possible for him to think of her thereafter without bitterness.

"They told me, but I wouldn't believe; I had to see for myself. Eirian Tudor lived here once. You are Mrs. Kershaw, I'm sorry. I am trespassing."

He ground his teeth, trying to check the savage irony which rushed out like a wild beast to tear her down. He was white and shaken with the conflict raging in him. "I ought not to have come. And yet I have a right to—to hear at least what you have to say to me."

Her eyes were the same. Their dangerous steel-grey stabbed him through the heart. She was neither laughing nor crying now. The mysterious triumph had gone. She held her head up, and one emotion chased the other across her face like clouds before a tempest—bewilderment, resentment, the old sudden anger. Their gaze met and held like enemies at death grips.

"You talk very strangely, Owen. I don't understand. Have you forgotten?"

"Forgotten?" He threw his head back and laughed. "I wish to God I had. But I'm not made of your stuff. There are other women in the world. I never saw them. I thought of you every day and night of my life. When I was dying I thought of you. And you know it, you always knew it." He began to stammer in his effort to hide the thing that was fighting his way to light.

"If I had told you the truth you wouldn't have understood," she said tonelessly. "You would have believed things that weren't true."

"What should I have believed? That you were sick of hard times, of decent work, that you wanted to enjoy life, and that when you got your chance you sold yourself—wasn't that true?" He flung the question at her with a savage scorn that concealed hope, almost an appeal. "If it wasn't, if you cared for this man—you were only a girl after all, knowing nothing—it would be more bearable, I could understand. I could think of you as you were, as the Eirian who played fair always. Only don't lie to me again."

As he had spoken of his dream of her some flicker of emotion, like the ruffling

of the sea under a secret breeze, had crossed her face. It was gone now. She spoke coldly, almost carelessly.

"I did sell myself."

"That's honest, anyway. We've nothing more to say to one another. You've made your bargain—come home as Kershaw's wife. There'll be no more Tudors at Pencarreg. If there are any ghosts there of our people I think they'll take their leave, as I do."

She nodded, still with the same chill indifference.

"Yes. That's right. You must go away from here, Owen. You must forget all this. You must care for someone else, and marry, and perhaps when I'm gone, come home again."

He laughed at that.

"You are a light woman and think lightly. My sort can't be uprooted. And they don't love more than once."

It was as though by a clever thrust he had struck beneath her armor. She turned on him, frowning and deadly pale.

"What do you mean?"

"What should I mean? I've come home."

"But it's impossible—you mustn't—you can't stay here."

"There is my home." He pointed back across the bay. "I've got nothing else. You can't take that from me. If it shames you that I should know what you have made of Pencarreg, then it is for you to go. Pencarreg can mean nothing to him or to you now."

She seemed on the point of some desperate protest, but it was too late. Kit Kershaw stood on the rocks behind them. They had become suddenly aware of him, but how long he had been there they did not know. Through what seemed an interminable silence he remained motionless, gazing from one to the other, less with anger as with a distraught, dishevelled eagerness as though at last he were breaking through to the answer of some poignant mystery.

"It's Owen—Owen Tudor, Kit."

**M**ISS POTHERINGALE was not bored that night. The sombre Jacobean dining-room, its long refectory table overloaded with silver which shone too brightly under the candlelight and with all the paraphernalia of a dull excess, was to her a stage-setting for a deeply exciting drama. It played itself out in silence beneath the noise with which her fellow-guests attempted to hide their weariness and reasonless disquiet. Its chief actors sat opposite one another. They never spoke but watched secretively, like enemies who are waiting for an unguarded moment.

Eirian took no part in the attempted gaiety. She sat white and still like a captive who cannot forget her lost freedom. Miss Potheringale sang a song.

And then in the midst of it the drama blazed into open, obvious action.

Kit Kershaw smashed his glass down on the table. It broke into a dozen pieces and cut his hand and the blood smeared itself, as he gestulated, over his crumpled shirt-front and excited crimson face. He had been drinking furiously. Now he could hardly stand.

"S-shut up. Mustn't—mustn't sing that sort of a—stuff here, you know. Won't do. Wife doesn't like it. Look at her. Doesn't—doesn't like any of us, and it's her—her place—we're her guests. The whole damn lot of us; could turn us out on the cliffs if—if we went too far. Her home, ladies and gentlemen, always was, till my governor turned her and her granddad out, and then—then she married me and came b-back. Deuced clever—eh, what? Got to be careful with a deuced clever woman like that—mind one's p's and q's, or she'll pay you back, an eye for eye—"

He began to laugh again but there was no laughter in his face. Eirian Kershaw had risen. One hunted glance she threw about her like someone who has reduced to the limit of her strength and seeks a way of escape. Then she was gone.

"So now we know," Miss Potheringale reflected. "There are reasons even for choosing a Cockney wisek."

She came down deliberately from her perch.

"If this is a domestic scene I'm not playing in it," she said. "Seems friends, we've stayed too long in this joint. Better get a move on."

Kit Kershaw held out a shaking hand. The strange hysterical fury had died as suddenly as it had leapt to life. He tried desperately to steady himself.

"D-don't go—don't take it like that—mere nothing—a joke—a fit of nerves. All right to-morrow. I—I know what you're all thinking, this—this is a d-damn dull place, and the sooner you get out of it the better. But I tell you things are going to live up. You see. To-morrow—I've got it fixed—a sort of sea-carnival, ladies and gentlemen, trip to the Gull Island in special motor-launch, fine shooting, gentlemen, for anyone who can see straight."

He looked from one to the other of them. He was like a whining beggar, hat in hand, showing his sores, and they shrank from him with the callousness of their kind. Only Miss Potheringale grimaced good-naturedly.

"Oh, shut up, Kit. Of course we'll hang on if you're all that keen on us. But don't cry about it. Say, little ones, let's be innocent and happy for a change—eh, what? Let's play something. You be Christopher Columbus with crew, Kit. I'll be America and you try and find me."

**S**OMEONE came out of the shadow of the central staircase. It was so sudden and silent an apparition that instinctively he threw out his shaking hands in self-protection. He heard Will Evans' voice, smooth, respectful, mocking.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir. The servants told me I might find you here. Not a message that I cared to entrust to anyone. I was going for an evening stroll, sir, and saw someone, looked like a woman, going down to the cove. Thought it my duty to follow, but didn't get down in time. She, whoever it was, had taken the boat, and was making straight across to the Headland. It's a queer sky to-night, sir, wind might come up any minute. Thought I ought to warn you."

"W-what has it to do with me?"

He could feel the fox-eyes peering at him through the ghostly half-light of candles.

"I think it was Miss Eirian—Mrs. Kershaw, sir."

Blackness descended like a cloud about him. He heard himself saying in a thin, far-off voice:

"Thanks, it's all right. I knew that she was going."

He saw Will Evans smile in the face of that flagrant, futile lie, and struck out wildly with all the strength he had. He heard a cry of pain and the thud of a fallen body. Then he fled. He went sobbing and blundering blindly up the back staircase, like a child hunted by a nightmare. His guests were trooping down the farther corridor, laughing and exultant, carrying their captured quarry in their midst. He turned, flying from them, into his father's room.

It was early yet. The old man still sat in his wheel-chair by the fire.

Kit Kershaw leant against the mantel-shelf; he was breathless still, but he assumed an air of ironical, drunken detachment.

"Eirian's gone, gov'nor. Just heard. Gone straight to her old lover, Mr. Owen Tudor. Evans has brought the news. Obliging fel-



low that. Always kept me in touch with the situation. Never let me have any doubts as to my part in this jolly farce. Not that I didn't know. Never made a secret of it. I'll say that for her. A straight bargain, as far as it went. 'Give me Pencarreg and you can have myself.' Even the knife she stuck into you, gwynor, was sort of just, wasn't it? But now she's gone, taken the goods and the price with her. Dirty business, as we used to say in the trade—eh, what, gwynor? So much for their d-damn honor, their rotten traditions."

He laughed at that and then fell forward with his face hidden in his arms, and cried. It was an awful crying, convulsive and unrestrained. But it gradually weakened to a whimper and then to silence.

There had been, there could be no answer. Old Kershaw sat broken and still, and gazed into the dead fire as though on to a heap of ruins.

OLD Margaret Tudor saw the boat cross the streak of moonlight, but she said nothing, and, drawing the curtain across the window, went on laying out their rough supper. She knew very well whence the boat came and what the tide was like that swept out towards the Iron Rocks, but a while, still anger burnt behind her silence. She looked towards the man brooding over the fire as a tigress might look towards a wounded cub, and when uncertain, dragging steps sounded on the stony path outside she faced the door, the sunken eyes pitiless, the mouth set in implacable severity.

Owen Tudor had risen and swung round. It was as though he knew. And when the door had opened, yielding to a weak, fumbling hand, he still stood there, like a man bewitched. So for a moment they gazed at each other, and what passed between them in that long, steady gaze they themselves hardly knew. But the next instant he had sprung towards her, had thrust aside with the unconscious ruthlessness of passion, the claw-like hands outstretched to hold him back, had seized her in his arms and held her against his breast. She sagged. He felt the whole weight of her against him. The wind had blown her black hair about her face, the cloak had fallen from her, revealing an outrageous gorgeousness that bore a cry of scorn and protest from the watching figure.

"Owen—let be—for shame—remember—another man's wife—shame on you—on her."

He laughed out loud, like a man beside himself.

"It's Eirien, what does it matter? My dear—my dear."

He half carried her to the fireside and set her down and knelt beside her, kissing her hands. Her eyes, half opened, rested upon him with an exhausted wonder which brightened slowly, kindling to an exultant happiness.

"You're not angry any more? You did understand?"

"I don't know. I don't care. What does it matter? You're here. I've suffered so. I'll believe—believe everything—forget everything. I can't judge any more, we belong to one another. Nothing that you have done can alter that."

"Owen, my son, you're mad, what wickedness is this?"

"Let be, mother. Let be. If you hadn't come I'd have gone mad, hating you, cursing you, while my heart asked for you. Did you know? Why did you come, how did you come?"

"Across the bay."

"Alone?"

"There was no one else."

"You risked your life—if I had known—thank God. If anything had happened, if I had never had the chance to ask forgiveness—"

"You did remember, then?"

"I remember that I loved you, more than pride, more than understanding."

She leant against him, gentle as an exhausted child, smoothing his cheek.

"The promise—don't you remember that?"

"Before everything else." I was angry because you didn't remember, even because you had thought only of our faithfulness to one another. But afterwards I couldn't bear it that you should think so cruelly of me. Pencarreg before everything else. Don't you remember now?"

"Eirien," he whispered.

"It's mine," she said proudly. "It will be yours, Owen. We lost it. We were driven out. But I won it back. I couldn't fight like a man, as your father did, as our people did. I was only a girl. One doesn't fight any more now. One bargains, Owen. And I could pay the price for it."

He stood up, leaning against the high shelf over the fireplace for support. Old Margaret Tudor, too, had grown still, her gnarled hands pressed against her sunken breast in an unconscious gesture of tense listening.

"I did lie to you," she went on, with the same simplicity. "I didn't tell you that grandad had died of hunger and broken heart. We never had enough to eat, Owen. If I had told you that you would have come home. I didn't tell you that I earned my living—like that—dancing every night. (I couldn't dance much either, Owen. But they said I was pretty and that was all that mattered.) You wouldn't have understood, that it wasn't me, not the real me; you would have been ashamed, wouldn't you? And then, when I learned that things had gone badly with you, I met Kit, and it seemed like the finger of God pointing. I saw the way clear. I—I married him, Owen, and Pencarreg was his gift to me, and—and it was my revenge too." Color rushed up into her cheeks like the after-glow of an old anger. "I saw myself coming back, driving out that man who had killed my grandfather. I was always imagining the scene, his fury, his helplessness. I meant to drive him out as he had driven us out, and then—then when it happened, Owen, I was sorry."

THE fire was gone. She began to tremble, and the tears came, slow, heavy tears that rolled unheeded down her cheeks on to her clenched hands. But still he stood away from her. The deadly simplicity with which she had followed her course overwhelmed him with pain and horror. He said brokenly:

"It was my fault, my dear, my poor love. I set you the wrong standard, earth and stone above flesh and blood."

"Flesh and blood," she whispered. "Yes, that's it, Owen, flesh and blood. I didn't know what it meant to strike a man down, to marry someone who loved you, who was always crying for you to love him." She stood up, as though stung by unendurable memories; a kind of wild, hunted despair was in her eyes. "Owen—Owen, he's been decent, in his way; he forgave when he saw what I'd done. He saw a kind of justice. He thought, in time, I'd come to care, and I can't, I can't; it grows worse; and now he drinks, more and more, to forget."

"It's finished," he said harshly. "You were a child. You didn't know what you were doing. It can't go on; it is intolerable that we should suffer forever."

"Owen, if I go back now it's got to go on. I shall be tied; there are bonds one can't break—"

"You shan't. You belong here, to me. We'll go away from here to-night, to the other ends of the earth if need be."

They were drawing nearer to one another like a man and woman who have become oblivious to everything but themselves and their own dire need. Then Margaret Tudor spoke. Her old, thin voice sounded with a cold authority in the suffocating silence.

"You have done what you have done, Eirien Kershaw. It is not for me to say that it was well or ill done. But you have set out on your road and you will not turn back. I am a simple woman. I have no learning. But I know one thing. Pencarreg is just an old house, and our people were just human beings, and if we are proud and set up about ourselves, it is for something else. I did hear your father say, Owen, that the Tudors were often mad and bad, but that they kept their bargains, whether they were made with God or man, to the last letter."

And so she stood between them like an old, strong sword.

THEY said good-bye to one another in the black shadow of the chapel cave, but they did not so much as touch each other's hands.

"You were right, Owen. It is for us to go. We have no right here. I shall tell Kit that he and I must start afresh together in a new country. And then you will come back, come home."

He shook his head.

"You ask too much, Eirien. There are things one can't—can't accept—intolerable sacrifice."

"Then it will have been for nothing?"

"I don't know," he answered sombrely. "I don't know. I can't tell now, it's too near."

"God bless you, anyway."

"And you," he muttered, turning from her.

So she climbed up the steep black gully, alone, tearing her thin-shod feet on the sharp rocks, and came at last to the room where Kit Kershaw still lay, sunken in a heavy stupor. But when she entered he stood up, as though he had been galvanised, gazing at her incredulously, disbelieving, drink-sodden. Old Kershaw's eyes, too, were fixed on her, and they were pitifully like those of a child who is afraid.

"You—you've come back?"

"Yes." She came and stood between them, and there was an air of quiet about her as though she were only half-conscious. "I didn't mean to come back. I ran away, Kit. But it's all right now, I've come back because I'm sorry, dreadfully sorry for all I've done. I hope, it's really all that matters now, that one day you will both forgive." She drew closer to old Kershaw, and made as though she would have laid her hand on his helpless one, but drew back humbly as though she did not want to take advantage of his powerlessness. "You broke my grandfather's heart, Mr. Kershaw. I used to think you'd killed him. And so I struck back at you with all my might. I think that neither of us understood what it was we did, and that perhaps you, too, are sorry."

His eyes gave her no answer. They were fixed on her with a starving eagerness as though they knew that there was more to come. His son broke out stammeringly:

"You'd better have stayed away, there's nothing here for you, for either of us. It's all over. The sight of you makes me sick. Do you think that I can stand that? I'm human, too."

"We must begin again, Kit."

"We never began," he flung back. "There was never anything between us but your contempt of me, of my kind. There never will be."

"There is. That's what—that I ran away from, what I came back to give you."

"What do you mean? I don't understand. I'm drunk stupid, if you want to know. What are you talking about?"

"Our son," she said.

He went white. An extraordinary look came into the foolish wretched face. He faltered:



"Our son, what—what are you saying? Eirian, you talk as though—as though you knew."

She rested her wide-open eyes on him an instant.

"I think I do. It would be only just. You both long for it so. And I've done you so much harm, it's only fair."

A sound broke the silence, strange, unearthly, like a voice tearing its way free out of a tomb. Old Kershaw's eyes were fixed on her, and suddenly she flung herself down beside him, her hands clasped, pleading against hope and reason for a sign. "Oh, you'd forgive, too, then, wouldn't you, your grandson, a Kershaw to carry on?"

They watched. There was no movement. Yet there was something new behind that immobility, a stupendous effort, a resurrection. The tears were on the harsh furrowed cheeks. And slowly, like a man who gropes in the dark, he raised his hand and rested it upon her shoulder.

THE sun shone, but to the south-east there was a queer light. It was as though in the far distance an army were gathering itself in dust and tumult. Owen Tudor had come upon Evans at the head of the Gap and he spoke hurriedly, with a harsh authority.

"What boat is that making for Gull Island?"

Will Evans scowled a defiance. Then suddenly a new thought came to him. He answered suavely:

"Mr. Kit Kershaw with wife and party. Mr. Owen Tudor."

"I said, what boat is that?"

"The motor-launch."

"How many on board her?"

"A rough twenty."

"Who's sailing her?"

"There's no one 'sailing' her, Mr. Tudor. There's Mr. Kit's engineer who runs the launch."

"Not a sailor among them—I thought not. No one who knew anything would have set out with a sky like that. There's a hurricane coming up."

"Looks like it, doesn't it, Mr. Tudor?"

Even as he had spoken a gust of wind threw itself against them. It was gone instantly, leaving a hush of dread expectancy. Tudor swung round.

"You knew," he said. "Did you warn them?"

"Me? I don't interfere." He rubbed his face, grinning wickedly. "I warned Mr. Kershaw once. I don't do it twice. Suddenly he exploded into a shrill rage. 'They can go to hell, the lot of them, and you, too, Owen Tudor.'"

"You rat, you treacherous little rat."

Evans screamed after him, a confused and senseless medley of curses, but Tudor was already running down the Gap. A fresh wind had risen and caught the words and swung them round in the heart of a playful whirlpool. Then silence and emptiness again and quiet sunlight.

FEAR had come. It came among them as silently as a spectre. They had been laughing and joking over the remnants of the feast and then suddenly they had broken off, looking at one another. What had happened they hardly knew. A queer coppery shadow had drifted between them and the sunlight. There was a swish of water, like the backwash from some vessel, and then a boom from a hidden cave.

"Kit, we ought never to have come."

She spoke in an undertone and he rose dazedly to his feet. He had not meant to drink. He had meant to begin all over again, but the joy that he was hugging secretly to his heart had been too much for him. He tried to laugh, looking at her with his maudlin, awful tenderness.

"All right, better be getting along, if you say so."

They hurried. Though they began to talk again it was to cover a mounting panic. The land which had seemed only a hand's breath away from them an hour ago had vanished. The sea that had lain about them like a shimmering carpet was lifting itself in long, dangerous undulations like that of a monster rousing itself from its lair. The engineer had set his engines going with a haste that had torn the skin from his hands and he had hard work to bring his frail craft alongside. Before half of them were in the truth had revealed itself. They were overloaded. What had seemed safe enough in quiet water had become a danger that stared bleakly into the eyes of the most ignorant. The gun-wales were awash. They were even now shipping water.

"Have to make two journeys of it, sir."

"Then we'll stay, you and I, Kit."

He stared at her almost angrily. He had always been frightened of the sea. He was frightened now. The vast horror of it had him by the throat so that he gulped like a scared child. Then he saw her eyes, steady, calling silently upon him.

"Not you, anyhow."

"Both of us. Why not? There's nothing to mind here." And she laughed almost gaily, and the thought flashed upon him that for her this thing that was coming upon them was a friend, an old familiar friend who had beaten harmlessly against Pencaerreg for five hundred years.

"If it comes to that, Miss Potheringale said, 'I've no widowed mother waiting for me. But give my love to the Bery girls. Tell 'em my last words—'

THE launch had already swung landwards before they saw the approach of a second boat. It came suddenly out of the murk like a shadow. Before it was within hailing distance all three had recognised the man crouched in the bows. He shouted at them, and though no word was audible in the sinister uproar of the air Eirian Kershaw had understood. She ran knee-deep into the swirling water, holding the boat's keel off from the rocks.

"In with you, not a minute to lose."

He did not look at her. He was rough and peremptory. But the hard grip of his hand sent a shock of proud rude happiness through her blood. They were to fight side by side, not only the inlanguish elements of wrong and temptation, but the very elements themselves, the sea and the wind and perhaps death. Fine and clean was to be this last journey together, a splendid end, a splendid start.

Kit Kershaw came last. He had fallen in that desperate scramble and he was wet through and shivering. Tudor thrust him forward. Suddenly the wind was upon them. The sun was blotted out. The yellow opaque light that had hung like a disquieting veil over the sky was ripped asunder, and from the south-east came the enemy, sweeping down in sable cohorts, shot with the flash of spears.

"Down with sail. Quick, down with it."

Tudor himself had leapt to the tiller, and by a miracle the boat cleared the island. But Kit Kershaw had blundered. He had not understood. Confused and fearful his fingers had fumbled vainly with the ropes. For a moment the boat was flung over, flying like a mad terror-stricken thing before the wind. Then Eirian had acted, quietly, swiftly. And the immediate danger was over. They lay wallowing in the trough of the waves.

"Got to row for it. Take it in turns. An oar each. You and I, Eirian, till we're out of the worst. Take the tiller, Kershaw, and do as I tell you."

But the order and its implied contempt stung like a whip-lash across the face. Kershaw answered it with a faintness that

sat grotesquely on his red-eyed stammering face.

"I can row too, can't I? Gimme the oar. Eirian, take care of yourself—got to be careful now."

And for one instant he looked at her, humble, possessive, like a pathetic dog.

"As you like," Tudor muttered.

HE set the pace, measuring the pulsating mountains of glassy water, giving brief orders. Though they were face to face they did not look at one another. They did not need to. They had forgotten the man behind them. At first there had been no appreciable weakness. He had flung his whole weight and wounded pride into the thrust of his oar. He would show them that he was a man, he would make her proud of him. And then, almost instantly, the stark truth leered at him through the brief glimmer. His strength was nothing. It was going from him even now. He could feel it pouring out with each stroke, like blood from a severed artery. The wasted years hung on his dying limbs. A deadly nausea was creeping up from his stomach, clouding his eyes with sweat. One last, pitiful, frantic effort, and then Pansy Potheringale, cowering helpless in the stern, gave a shrill cry. The oar had slipped from his hands. Even now it had gone, lost in a monstrous moving valley, already a hundred yards away.

"It wasn't my fault. My God, I swear it wasn't. It was torn from me."

No one answered. Owen Tudor had stopped rowing. He let the boat swing round, its prow to the open sea. And now they were drifting, strangely, horribly, from the land in the very teeth of the wind.

"We're in the current," Tudor said. "Going out fast. It'll be low tide in a couple of hours."

"Suppose that puts the lid on, doesn't it?" Miss Potheringale asked. After that one cry she had become very quiet. The dripping wind and spray had washed the paint from her cheeks, and underneath their disguise was a little Cockney girl with all her breed's flippancy courage. "Well, I only wish we had a movie-man amongst us to take a last picture of this very moving scene. Seems sort of a waste."

Kit Kershaw sat with face between his hands. If they had reproached him, cursed him, he would have flared up, flung back taunt for taunt. There were things that he could have said to these two, terrible things which even now would make them shrink and cower. They loved one another. Unfed by look or word or touch, rushing to its extinction, it grew in splendor. It was all a lie what she had said. There had been some plot between them of which he had been the dupe, the credulous fool. Her protestations, her remorse, her fine gestures, the pride of honor, so much play-acting to hide the real devouring purpose.

He laughed hysterically. One venomous thought after another reared itself out of his terror and shame, justifying, exonerating him.

They were drifting faster now. The wind screaming about their ears was a little thing against the secret invisible power that swept them outwards. A dense pall hung over their heads, and out of the heart of the rolling thunder light struck, javelin after javelin, blinding, horrific. And then rain, thick lines of icy water lashing their faces, filling the boat till it hung like a stricken thing in the black racing tide.

He hated them. They were content. They were not afraid. They were beyond the reach of fear. They left him, alone outside in the storm. If he died they would be free.

The end came. It loomed out of the sweeping gale like a grey ghost, it stood across the course, waiting for them. It was a ship, Kershaw thought, and he stood up and waved and shouted. Then he knew.



"Oh, Heaven! The Rocks—the Iron Rocks!"

"Can you swim, Miss Fotheringale?" It sounded almost comic, so calmly matter-of-fact.

"A bit. Don't fret yourself." She choked over a laugh. "Race you to the Golden Gates for a pair of wings, kiddo."

"The boat's bound to be dashed to pieces let the tide carry you and hold on to me for all you're worth. And you, Kershaw."

"I can't—I can't. Oh, my God, I can't. He had seen them look at each other at last, deeply, steadily, in utter faith, in absolute content. "You cowards, you beasts, you're leaving me to die, alone, like a dog—oh, God."

"If you can't help yourself you'll have to trust to me."

The shadow was over them now. It yawned over them like a devouring animal distinct, ominous.

But Kit Kershaw did not know that he had screamed.

IT was over. He lay with his face hidden in his arms, benton and battered beyond feeling, quiescent, scarcely living. His body lay there, he himself, something infinitely small and pitiful, had foundered, had gone down and was lying at the bottom of an abyssal darkness. He knew that it was struggling there, beating its way upwards, just as his body had done, and he watched it like the spectator of some distant drama.

Gradually life flowed back into his body. It began to hurt. He began to be aware of the bitter cold and of rain beating ceaselessly down upon him. He stirred and groaned, and some invisible strength lifted him very gently and his head was pillowed against a faint warmth. Someone was rubbing his hands, calling his name.

"Kit, Kit dear."

He opened his eyes, weakly, unwillingly. Beneath him, almost at his feet, lay a grey limitless sea. He turned shuddering from it. He tried to struggle up as though to run from it, but his strength failed, and he dropped back gasping, rolling his head from side to side like a sick child.

Then suddenly his real self burst through, came free. He ceased to be a mere thing of pain and terror. He remembered. He knew. It was Eirian who held him in her arms, Eirian who spoke his name with that unremembered tenderness. And there was Pansy Fotheringale, a queer little figure, stripped of all her artifice, shaking with cold and misery, and grinning at him with that irresistible guttersnipe humor.

"Come back just in time to take your last curtain, dearie?"

And beyond her Owen Tudor. He sat with his back against the rocks with closed eyes. He looked like a dead man, and there was blood on his face. But a moment later his eyes opened and met the eyes of Kit Kershaw fixed on him and smiled. Not with anger, or contempt, or even pity.

"Glad you've come round. It was a near thing, and I'm afraid it hasn't helped much."

"Where are we?" He could hardly hear his own voice, it was so faint.

"On the biggest of the Iron Rocks. The tide's running out still. It will turn in an hour. And if they don't send help—"

"But they will, they must."

"They won't know. They'll be searching along the coast, of course. If we could light a fire. But there's nothing we've about five hours."

They were silent. For a moment Kershaw fought the truth. It seemed impossible, incredible. The water lay twenty feet below the ledge on which they had sought shelter. It was as though a mighty hand held them secure above its menace.

And it was quieter now. The rain beat down upon it, smoothing it out into a dark surface that rose and fell like the flanks of a great beast that still shook and panted with a dying fury. There was no land in sight, though it lay less than two miles from them. Rain and darkness were closing in on every hand. Night was coming. And in five hours—

He remembered that there was not so much as a warning streak of foam when the tide was in. He saw already the water at his feet, covering them, rising to his knees, his waist, sweeping him from his desperate hold, closing over him as it had closed before.

He cried out with the terror of it. And then the last merciful film of forgetfulness was torn away. Twice he had gone down. In one extraordinarily brief and vivid vision he had seen Eirian and Owen Tudor standing in safety, looking towards him as he was sucked out and under. Even in that moment his race against them had biased up, and he had shrieked a curse which the water had choked back into his throat. He had gone down again, and then something had caught hold of him and dragged at him and lifted him up, and he had been conscious of some frightful struggle outside himself. And then only of darkness.

"You saved me," he said slowly. "You saved me."

"I wish I had," Tudor answered. "I'm afraid it's only for the time. It was Eirian as much as me."

"You—you might—have let me go."

THEN through the gathering dusk Kershaw saw a strange thing. He saw that they did not even understand. They had not even been tempted. They had done what they had done naturally and inevitably because that was their way. The tradition in their hour of crisis had blazed up like a beacon for their guidance. And he—he had been drunk in the great hour of his life. He had let their one chance slip from his effete and powerless hands. Even now he shook with fear. He wanted to cry out to God to save him—him, at any rate. And they were not afraid at all. They turned quiet faces to the end, as others had done before them. This was the lesson which had been handed on from generation to generation.

Even Pansy Fotheringale had called up out of her small soul great dignity.

He thought:

"I'm not fit to live."

And, as though she knew what was in his thought he felt Eirian's hand close over his, holding him fast.

"It doesn't matter now, Kit, anything that's over happened. We're just human beings who may be going to die very soon. We must forgive one another."

He moaned.

"I don't want to die. I'm afraid—I'm afraid."

"It's nothing, dying," Tudor said kindly.

"That doesn't matter."

"It's how one dies," Kershaw thought.

"And I'll die like a rat in a trap."

The tide had turned.

Kershaw stood up. He could not sit there and wait for death. He climbed up on the final spur of rock, gazing around him with staring, pitiful eyes. But there was no help. Only the coming night. He climbed down again on the farther side to the sea's edge. Through the dusk he could see the current rushing past, landwards. "Thirty miles an hour," Will Evans had said.

But at his feet was a backwash of quiet water full of seaweed, and broken fragments of the wreck. One piece of white-painted wood floated to and fro, very

strangely luminous in the half-light, phosphorescent. He stared down at it. Queer, huddled thoughts were creeping out of his writhing, struggling fear. Supposing help came. Supposing they were saved at the last minute. What was beyond? Life with Eirian who did not love, who could not love him, life with himself, knowing himself for what he was, without one last pitiful illusion to cover his naked shame.

His son—his son would be born then. And his inheritance, money ignobly gained, cowardice and greed, weakness and vice, the Kershaw inheritance. Was there nothing else, nothing else possible that he could hand on, nothing, no memory, no tradition that in the hour of dire need his son could cling to?

"Whatever got on to the Iron Rocks had to come sooner or later," Will Evans had said indifferently.

He bent down and picked up the shining piece of wood. He was shaking now in the grip of a tremendous thought, so huge that his poor tired brain could not compass it. Of course, he would never do it, because he was afraid, horribly afraid. Still he went on, the thought carrying him.

It seemed to him that night was coming. It came from the west. The clouds were breaking a little. He took a knife from his pocket and laboriously carved out three words on the smooth surface. He made a hole in the centre and threaded it with a strip of handkerchief. His hands shook so that it was a long business. And all the time he knew that he was only acting, only pretending to be the man he could never be. It was not real. He could never do it. He was just living through a part of the great story that Eirian would one day tell his son—his son that would never be born now.

"The House of Kershaw—Kershaw tradition."

He tied the message about his neck. He whimpered:

"I can't—I can't."

He argued.

"It's no use. They might not find me. It may be all lies about the current. Oh, I can't, I can't."

He thought of Eirian and Tudor. They would go back to Pencarreg. They would love his son for his father's sake. They would think gently of him.

"Dying is nothing," Owen Tudor had said.

He didn't hate them now. He wanted to run to them, escaping from this terrible, wonderful thing that he was to do, clinging to them, begging them to save him.

It was the sunlight. The great black panoply of cloud had broken. A bar of fire blazed along the horizon. He glow was on his pitiful, quivering face. Its last warmth rested on him like a benediction.

"Greater love hath no man than this," He had seen it written over and over again on the old war memorials. They might put it over him, the stereotyped words with their unquenchable and splendid majesty.

His son would read them:

Kershaw inheritance—Kershaw tradition after all.

And suddenly he lifted his arms above his head and plunged out and forward with closed eyes into the racing tide.

THE rescuers and rescued landed at daybreak. Owen Tudor carried her in his arms over the rocks and through the old chapel lit now with the faint light of morning. There he paused a moment, looking at that quiet thing which lay at rest beneath the altar, and then went on up to Pencarreg—home.

THE END.



# With Their Eyes Open

By I. A. R. WYLIE



REMONTE LEVIER composed the letter after a model which he had read somewhere in a newspaper. He was a very poor letter-writer, but he had an excellent memory.

Dearest Elena (he began).—By the time you receive this everything will be over. At sunset I am taking out the dinghy, ostensibly to go on shore, and I shall not return. I hope, for your sake and mine, that I shall not be found. I have always loved the sea, and it should make a good resting-place—

It was, of course, inaccurate to say that he loved the sea. And he wondered if this mild insincerity would hurt her. She knew as well as he did that he had bought the Valeria simply because it was going cheap and because he wanted to cut a figure—a new and even more astonishing figure. Still, the sentence read well. He took the same detached and critical pride in it as he had taken in the successful painting off of a dubious Rembrandt.

I know how this act of mine will distress you (he went on), but you must believe that I have no alternative. Life has become intolerable. My reasons—

He paused again. At this point neither the newspaper model nor his own inventiveness came to his assistance. And it was typical that the truth, as a solution, never occurred to him. Or, perhaps, it hurt too much. In his own devious, cynical, gutter-rat character he had discovered a place where pride nursed itself, and a pride of that particular variety—sensitive, aware of other values than those of unscrupulous success—was like a mental illness. He couldn't live with it. And the fact inspired him. He began to write again.

For months past I have been suffering intolerably, and according to the specialists whom I have consulted there is nothing to be done. The prospect of a long, hopeless illness—

Of course they would discover that there was nothing the matter with him. And even as he wrote it, the sunlight from the open port-hole resting warmly on his dark, virile hand, the sentence had an almost comic look. He was so terribly and resolutely alive—like a wiry fox-terrier with its ears pricked to every sound of life.

At least she was young and lovely. And the newspapers would inevitably declare that she was broken-hearted. Perhaps in her own fashion and for her own reasons, she would be heart-broken. She would see how tragic it all was. Then she would find some poem in "The Oxford Book of Verse" which would cover the ground of her emotion, and be gently, pathetically consoled.

Sweet Elena—sweet romantic Elena! Besides, there was Roger Owen—that honest, gallant gentleman—not to be forgotten in the matter of consolation. He would talk about a miraculous intervention of Providence, and they would both feel, in their baffling uprightness, that this death was their reward of virtue. Honest folk were queer cattle, but they had the best of it.

Sweet Elena, all the same. He re-read what he had written. An unconscious smile, faint yet pervasive, gathered in his face, lending its foreign leanness a look of vivid and ironic life. His reasons!

Suppose he faced it out—the whole business—right from the beginning, after the traditional fashion of dying men?

HE remembered the beginning very clearly. It was not only because of Elena. Even now that first visit to Ravendale meant something apart from her. It had marked the high light of his career; and though that career was broken and had become worthless, he could remember that it had once seemed splendid.

The Ravendale Vandyke was in the market. The fact did not attain a headline in the morning papers. And yet a small, significant world was set astir. Art dealers of two hemispheres awoke to passionate activity, tormented their librarians for authentic pedigrees, teated the market for prospective millionaire purchasers, and finally came swarming in person to the scene of action, hiding under a semi-worldly, semi-artistic suavity instincts and intentions that were as rapacious as those of any company promoter. After all, there was a gentlemanly—even a romantic profession.

Therein had lain Fremont Levier's personal handicap, for at heart he was neither gentlemanly nor romantic. In the East End junk shop, where he had begun his career, he had learnt a number of things—how to fake furniture and pictures and cheat clever men. He had, in fact, learnt all that his Jewish employer could teach him, and because he had an innate flair for values and a ferocious ambition, a great deal more besides. And that knowledge—that sixth sense of his—had stood him in good stead the day when "the real thing," disguised under dirt and shame, had come his way. He had stood before the poor, battered masterpiece, his heart pounding against his ribs, torn between an absolute certainty and a dreadful distrust of such a miracle.

But the certainty—the faith in his own judgement—had won. Without a word or sign he had bought the thing for himself out of his own wretched savings, cutting the ground from under his employer's feet, rising at almost one bound from White-chapel to Bond Street—the most spectacular rise in the history of his profession.

SO that he came to Ravendale with the best intentions—the best intentions of getting the Ravendale Vandyke at all costs.

The Vandyke over the high, stone mantelpiece. A wonderful specimen and a lovely subject. The Stuart child, so quaintly unchildlike in her stiff brocades and rigidly embroidered dress, her dark red hair threaded with pearls, her fingers gem-laden, looked down at him with an age-old pathos.

He made her a little bow, his eyes narrowed and bright like a hunter's. "You and I belong to one another at first sight," he assured her. "And I will make some millionaire bleed dollars for you." For, he was still in his thirties, and had an impish, whimsical temper.

The old servant spoke to him. "Well?" Levier murmured.

"I'm sorry, sir. I did my best—"

"Well, sir, the gentleman who spoke to me said I was just to pick up anything I heard. He said you'd show your appreciation, so to speak—"

"Oh, yes, of course," Levier laid a folded bank-note on the table within reach of the withered and dirty hand.

"As I was saying, sir, I did what I could. M. de Pourgoysne, I think they call him, was here last night. I hung about, sir, at dinner, until Sir John got downright savage, but I didn't hear nothing of what the gentleman said you wanted to know. Sir John was in one of his queer moods—drinking heavy, sir, and telling stories."

Levier knew enough of the Ravendale reputation to picture the scene. He was exasperated with the rapacious old fool beside him, but not dismayed. He simply told himself that he had pulled one of his strings and that it had broken.

"When was Vardon here? Perhaps you can tell me that much?"

"Two days ago, sir. I heard him say—"

The bent figure seemed to come to life like a dead leaf fluttered by a sudden wind. Levier was aware that something happened. He turned quickly. Afterwards he wondered if what he felt then was not a direct instinctive recognition of fate—an extraordinary and almost lofty sense of finality, as though whatever he did he could not escape. But that was long afterwards. At the moment he thought that he was annoyed at the interruption, and not a little anxious lest the newcomer standing against the curtained doorway had seen and overheard. And that mixed emotion was confused further by sheer astonishment at the girl herself. It was as though the Vandyke child had grown up and stepped out of her fairy Stuart kingdom into a world which had pitilessly despoiled her. The princely apparel, the pearls in the dark red hair, which she wore plaited lightly about her head, were gone. She was poorly yet really dressed, as such an exile should be. Indeed, his second thought of her was that she looked starved—starved and frightened, and yet oddly defiant, too. Her red-brown eyes met his with an unsmiling hostility. If he wasn't very careful he would have an enemy in the household, and that he could not afford. That is what he believed he was thinking.

THE old servant muttered, fluttering the newspapers on the table.

"As I said, sir, perhaps you could wait a while till I enquire. Sir John hasn't been very well. He said he would see no one—"

Fluttered again and vanished, the bank note with him, leaving them together.

"You're Mr. Fremont Levier, aren't you?"

"Yes. And you're Elisabeth Clair-vault," he answered back.

"My name is Elena," she corrected.

"I know. But I'd been thinking of that portrait up there. I think you are more than her descendant. She has come back to life."

It was a queer, significant beginning, especially as they were both so grave about it. Deep in himself Levier was laughing with delight over her; but he knew at once that she was gentle and serious, and that even a smile would frighten her off like a distrustful bird. Her voice was like a bird's, for that matter—clear and small, and sweetly metallic.

"I often think I am her ghost," she murmured.

"And I think that after all I would rather that you were no relation of hers," Levier spoke back. "She wasn't happy." He saw her pale color deepen with



astonishment, and he could have hugged himself. Oh, he was astute—damned astute. And yet, he loved her. Already. Heading—with all the extravagant verve of his temperament. He could have taken her hands and kissed them. He could have knelt to her. There was an atmosphere about her that intoxicated him by its utter difference from anything he had ever known. It was austere and sweet—not of this world. Not of Fremont Levier's world.

"How did you know?" she asked.

"I know her history."

"Oh, yes; you've come to buy her." Her eyes cleared of their momentary veil, and even then he was astonished at their capacity for hardness. "Of course—"

"You hate me for wanting her, don't you?"

"I don't hate anyone. It's not that. You are not any different from the others who come here wanting her."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Sure—?"

"I know that it would make a difference to you if you knew I loved her."

"How do you know?" she repeated with the same austere simplicity.

He looked about him. He was genuinely moved. For the first time in his life he had ceased to be himself. He was like a medium through which some immense capacity for understanding and tenderness was pouring itself.

"You see, I knew you and all about you in the first few minutes. No one who loved beauty could miss you. You're everywhere here. All these poor, lovely, deserted things owe their life to you. You are like a pitying mother to forlorn children who have come from another world and another age. And now you are breaking your heart because men who don't know or care for anything but their value are coming to bear them away from you."

The tears shone in her eyes. It was pathetic to see her fight them back, trying to be grown-up and wise and practical. "You're like that, too."

"Somebody has to buy her, Miss Clairvaux. That's inevitable. But I've come to fight for her, too. That's different, isn't it?"

"I don't understand."

HE took his vantage quickly, resolutely, like a clever General who can shift his plans in an instant.

"Others want her in order to make money. I am prepared to lose money. The men who have come down here to make their offers will sell her to anyone who will give them their price. If I knew what they had offered, I would outbid them, if it cost me my last penny, and I would sell her to the nation for whatever the nation could afford."

"My uncle is ill, and asks me to say that if you would stay the night with us he would be very grateful. We could provide you with everything you needed, and tomorrow he hopes to be well enough to see you."

He looked at her with a simple straightness.

"You know that I shall be glad," he said. That was in the morning. He did not see her again until the early dusk had begun to cover Ravendale with transfiguring mists of gold and purple. But he was more than content. He was radiant. All his powers of concentration, intuition, and purpose had been redoubled. He felt physically and mentally on the very crest of life. Which was natural enough, for, as has been said, he was violently and for the first time in love.

On the table in a room where it seemed she sat when she was free—there were all

sorts of little indications of herself—he found "The Oxford Book of Verse," which was to play such a strangely disastrous part in their lives, and opened it. It was shabby and worn, and broke naturally at the poems she read most often. Levier studied them curiously. It was like stumbling upon the record of another world—of another race. He had never read a line of poetry in his life, and would have found no conceivable use for such stuff. It amazed him that he liked it—that it touched something alive in him that he had never felt before. Sonnets from the Portuguese. Well, what was a sonnet, anyhow? A complicated-looking arrangement. And yet it seemed to express something that Levier would have been glad to have said himself—the sort of thing Elena Clairvaux would like to hear.

The widest land

Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart

In mine

With pulses that beat double.

LEVIER read the lines over twice, and found that the second time he knew them by heart. This gave him a boyish satisfaction, and he experienced with others, picking up names, and even dates, as an experienced traveller will pick up data for a journey through unfamiliar country, among strange peoples.

And then, as the silent house filled with a melancholy and spectral twilight, Levier went out on to the terrace and there found her.

She turned like a frightened deer—her slenderness, her dark red hair and red-brown eyes, justifying an outworn simile—and even when she recognised him she made no attempt at a conventional greeting. He had, indeed, the conviction that she was so isolated from her kind that she had never learnt the tricks by which men and women guard themselves from spiritual intruders. She looked at him helplessly, without defence.

She put her hand to her cheek. And even in that uncertain light he saw how white and thin it was. She was starved—withered, almost, not by years, for she was still young, but by some bitter, sunless wind.

He smiled secretly and tenderly, thinking of all the passionate warmth with which he would envelop her—and of how little she knew.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-eight." And then, with a quick pride: "But you haven't any right—"

"To intrude. But I have intruded. I knew all about you. Even before I came here I knew there was an Elena Clairvaux, and that she must be very unhappy. But even if I had not known then, I should now. I've been unhappy myself, and I have always been alone. That makes me almost cruelly aware of other people. Only those who have gone hungry know what hunger is."

"I can't think of you like that—"

"No. I don't suppose you have thought of me at all. Why should you?"

"So few people come here," she murmured.

He came and stood beside her, unobtrusively, not even looking at her. His love lent him an exquisite delicacy. She had made her confession. Just at that moment he must not touch her.

"I know that, too," he said. "But you are not as alone as you seem. You are part of the secret of life of this place. I have been meeting your friends and lovers in every corner."

"Very soon they will have gone, too—then there will be no one."

"You can't tell. People who love each other have strong wills. They're not easily parted."

He let the silence lengthen out until it became an admission of their swift, amazing intimacy.

"I am your friend," he said at last; "treat me as such. We are both of us far too lonely to play the ordinary conventional tricks on one another. From the first moment we knew—both of us. Didn't we? Be honest, as I am."

"Are you?" she asked. He had a sense of profound shock—of setback—of astonishing fear. He turned to meet her eyes. They were searching him, raking him, as though even the darkness could not hide him from her.

"WHY do you ask?" he said.

"It was very rude of me. But I don't know people. I live so much alone. I don't know men at all. My uncle says that everyone cheats and lies for what he wants. He says that the men who come here to buy his picture don't care what they do—that they would steal it if they dared."

"And you think I am like that?"

"How can I tell?"

"You can't. Unless you feel—but how should you? I must seem just one more enemy."

"No—"

The almost inaudible denial brought back all his assurance. She had seen nothing.

"No—I'm not—not like these others. They may be honest or dishonest. They are just business men who are in the game for what they can get out of it. I'm in it because it's the only way for me—the only way of escape—"

"Escape?"

He brushed her echo aside.

"Miss Clairvaux, I don't want to pretend anything. I am not a gentleman—as you see, I do not behave like a gentleman. I blurt things out. I have no tricks or graces. Where I come from that sort of thing wouldn't have worked! I've risen from the gutter, and I rose because the gutter was void of the things I had to have or die. I talked to you just now of loneliness and starvation. Can you imagine what the gutter is like to a human being to whom this—he made a sweeping gesture at Ravendale, sinking into a royal bed of shadow—"is the very breath of life?"

He heard her sigh—deeply—almost, as he fancied, with relief.

"I hadn't thought—I hadn't thought—"

"I could not expect it. I came down here with all the sick manners of a cut-and-dried business man intent on his bargain. How should you have known what it means to me to handle the things you take for granted—to breathe their atmosphere? It's true they don't belong to me. But for a little while they are my companions, and perhaps, one day, I shall live with them." He broke off, embarrassed, half smiling. "Pardon me. I must seem crazy to you. You don't know what life is like to some of us."

"Tell me," she whispered.

He paused a moment. Then he began.

IN a way, what he told her there, standing in the gathering darkness, vitally affected his whole vision of himself. It was as though with sure, rapid strokes he was painting over an old picture, changing its colors, the expression of its characters, its whole significance. He knew that he was lying, but as he lied the picture took on a permanent reality.

And Desdemona herself could not have listened more eagerly, more believingly, more—as he knew with a heightening of his own emotion—more tenderly.

He made her laugh, too. He poked tender, whimsical fun at the motherless street arab in his quest for beauty in the wilderness. He told of those first years in the Jewish junk shop—of brutality and hunger, and of the coming of the miracle.

The servant's voice intruded. "If you please, Miss Elena, Sir John is coming down. I tried to stop him—he isn't him—"



self yet, I'm afraid—but he would have it. He says you are to come in—you and this gentleman."

It was both a threat and a veiled insult. Levier felt rather than saw her pallor, the involuntary shuddering as though from some unseen and cruel touch; the brave, forlorn effort at steadiness and dignity. Knowing what he knew, the tears of a chivalrous and sturdy pity came into his eyes. She walked in front of him—a fluttering, moth-like figure in the grey dusk, and he overtook and slipped his hand over hers. In that clasp he was the self he had become in these last minutes—chivalrous and loyal.

"Don't be afraid of anything. Trust me." Her answer was lighter than a breath. And yet it was vibrant with a shining, half-incredulous happiness.

"I do—I do."

**S**ITTING there in the sunlit cabin with all the inexplicable, unreasonable catastrophe of his life between, Levier could still recall the flavor of that night. It had begun painfully enough.

Sir John Ravensdale talked. His voice was heavy and brooding, yet had a cunning, penetrating quality like the clumsy hand of a torturer who yet knows every nerve of his victim's body. Not that Fremont, Levier would have minded—say, twelve hours before. He hadn't been sensitive. There was precious little in life that he hadn't known and tolerated. But something had happened to him. And the presence of Elena Clairvaux hurt. Her pale beauty, that seemed to flicker and die down like a lighted candle in the wind, burnt him with shame. Only once he dared to look at her, and their eyes met and held, so that when she broke away it was as though some living part of himself had been torn out of him.

Sir John saw the look and laughed. He bent forward and tapped Levier on the arm with bloated aristocratic fingers.

"You mustn't forget business, even in pleasure, my dear fellow. You are here to buy my last heirloom—if you can get it. But there is nothing else for sale. Not till after my death. That I do not intend to happen for some years. And by that time the goods you were contemplating may be less marketable."

And he went on, playing with his fork, his eyes fixed on the girl opposite him, whiffing with an exquisite subtlety, he hid bare the incredible corruption of his mind. And Levier, raging, inarticulate, could only listen to him. The man's conscience was dead. The fact made him omnipotent.

But no situation can endure for ever. Ravensdale rose at last, as Levier noted with vindictive satisfaction, painfully, draggingly.

"And now, my dear, you can put a poor old man to bed. Mr. Levier won't miss us. He can spend an amusing and perhaps profitable evening guessing how much his friend de Bourgoyne wants my little Vandyke girl."

She gave him her arm. Under his ominous shadow she seemed to grow smaller and frailer. Yet at the door she turned and looked back with a gallant, desperate courage that made Levier's heart ache.

"Good night," she said, "good night."

At last the door closed. He was alone. Inactivity became unbearable. What he intended or hoped for he hardly knew. Perhaps it was sheer instinct that made him go suddenly to the door and open it when he did. At least he felt no surprise to find Elena Clairvaux on the threshold. He had the feeling that she had been there some time, fighting for courage, clinging to her dream, fearful of the reality.

She murmured, "I had to come," and he nodded briefly.

"I know."

"It's about the picture."

"That doesn't matter now—"

"It matters everything to me. I wanted you to know—I had to tell you even though I have no right. I know what Mr. de Bourgoyne offered."

"I don't care about that now any more—I did five hours ago."

"You said it would help you." She clasped her hands as though she were pleading with him to spare her from what both knew to be the truth. "He offered £20,000. It is the highest bid. My uncle will accept it—unless—"

Her voice faded. Levier had made no sign of having even heard. But some old familiar self had leapt to the surface, clutched at its prize, and vanished. The lover remained—almost unaware—utterly indifferent.

"Why have you told me?"

"I love her so, she has been like myself. I wanted you to have her. I felt that you would be kind and honorable to her."

"To her? Is that all?"

His voice had never lifted from its subdued, significant inflexion. She could not mistake him, and yet she fought fiercely against understanding. He did not touch her. Very deliberately he did not touch her. And yet he could feel her trembling.

"What more could there be?"

"You know," he said, "you know I'm in love with you—terribly in love with you. Aren't you in love with me?"

Fremont Levier bought the Ravensdale Vandyke for £20,000 and married Elena Clairvaux secretly within a week. Sir John Ravensdale, contrary to his intentions, lived only long enough to read the telegram which announced the latter event—not long enough to deliver the obvious counter-stroke. He died without a will, and the look of incredulity and frustrated malice remained stamped on his swollen aristocratic face until it was closed down in final darkness.

So that the Ravensdale heirlooms, such as were left, not forgetting Levier's cheque, came to Levier's wife as a sufficiently splendid dowry and to Levier himself as the first fruits of his first love. And friends and enemies were alike agreed that he had been, as usual, damnably clever, unscrupulous and lucky.

**I**T was just chance that she happened to be in Levier's galleries that morning. She often came. She seemed to love to linger like a shy, eager bird among her husband's shifting treasures. And he liked her to come. He liked his wealthy art patrons to meet his lovely and aristocratic wife. He liked the wondering envy of his colleagues.

There was a recently acquired Vermeer on show that morning—a wonderful little thing of white lights and tumbled colors—which Carter, Levier's right-hand man, had discovered in the Palazzo of a ruined Italian nobleman, and brought out of Italy by a trick. He was rightly proud of himself. It wasn't likely that he would hold his tongue.

"Of course," he said, "the old fellow knew something about its value. But he didn't know that Vermeer's stock had gone up fifty per cent. And it wasn't for me to break the news. Besides, he wanted money badly."

Elena was silent. Only someone who knew her very well would have known that the delicate, pathetic young figure, in its wrap of satins, had become rigid. Levier, leaning against his desk with folded arms, handsome, vigorous, his dark eyes shining with amusement, had made a comical grimace.

"You mustn't tell my wife things like that, Carter," he said. "She won't approve. If you don't look out, she'll make me send

the Marchese all the money we're likely to make, and perhaps a little more. She's romantic. She doesn't understand the law of survival."

"Must one cheat to survive?" Elena asked. Carter laughed outright. He thought her delicious—like a precocious, innocent child. The sweet but implacable line of her mouth did not warn him. He made her a tiresomely gallant little bow.

"That's what the ladies are for," he said, "to remind us of our ideals."

It struck Levier for the first time that Carter, admirable connoisseur and salesman though he might be, was not quite a gentleman—that perhaps they were neither of them quite gentlemen.

"Now, if we can land the Vandyke—"

Carter began.

Levier saw his wife's start. He felt her brown eyes rest on him with that unflinching directness which was so lovable. But he avoided looking at her. He hadn't explained about the Vandyke. He had felt the difficulty of explaining. And there had been scarcely time. And he wished that Carter did not talk so much. "Anyhow, Owen has the money," the latter was saying contentedly. "I think between us, we'll do the rest."

And at that moment Roger Owen himself came through the swing doors into the softly-lighted gallery and stood, hat in hand, looking curiously from one to the other of them, and then, as it seemed to Levier, at Elena alone. There was tension in the air. It may have made Levier unduly sensitive. Though he knew Owen by name and reputation, he saw for the first time that the newcomer's almost dramatic difference from himself set fire to an instant hostility—and a no less instinctive admiration. The man himself was dramatic. Tall, slender, built with the clean-cut economy of a racer, wearing his astonishing white hair like a casque, his youth like a drawn sword, he seemed the very embodiment of fine and reckless adventure. Levier could consider his wealth with indifference. But he had won battles. He had carried his name into unknown places of the earth, twisting life and fortune merely as comes to be gambled with. He carried himself like a man of breeding. He wore his perfect clothes with the indifference of a beggar wearing his rags. Levier seemed to himself too immaculate, too polished—dark and tricky.

They shook hands.

"We didn't expect you so early," Levier said. For once he treated his wife as though she did not exist. It was bad luck her being there. He had to keep her out at all costs. And yet Owen's ice-blue eyes still intent on her, expectant and a little puzzled. "If you two will come along to my own room—" Levier added easily.

**W**HAT he called his own room typified his methods—made, as it was intended to do, an impressive demonstration of his personality. It was less a room than a jewel-box, without windows or furniture. Only one picture, cunningly lighted from the ceiling, ever hung on the discreetly-colored walls, and that picture was always the gem of Levier's collection. As he entered he touched the switches, the three men faded into shadows, and out of the shadows, lovely and living, the Vandyke child stepped to meet them.

"You see—" Levier began.

Owen made a curt imperative gesture. It was the expression of an emotion that Levier, the business man and connoisseur, ought to have found gratifying. But something shivered in him that had nothing to do with art or business. Suddenly the picture had become more than a picture. It was more than a picture to this other man, and Levier knew it. And it was like an intrusion, as though a stranger had violently taken possession of a secret.



"Wonderful!" Carter could be heard murmuring with professional enthusiasm. "Wonderful!"

"It is the portrait of someone I have seen—known," Owen began. He broke off and then went on coolly: "Mr. Carter has told me your price. It's heavy. I don't know whether it represents its absolute market value or not, and I don't care. I admired the reproduction, and the reproduction was a pale thing by comparison. I am in love—and when I'm in love it takes a lot to stop me."

He laughed. But there was something in his tone that made Levier smile an ironic recognition of a kindred temper. After all, that same implacable purpose was at the root of his own success.

"It isn't often a picture comes into the market with such an unquestioned pedigree," Carter persisted. "It has been in the possession of the Ravendale family from the beginning—"

THE door opened. Levier's subconsciousness had been waiting for it to open. It would be like Elena to plunge in straight—uncompromising and indifferent to consequences. The light of the gallery behind her framed her like a picture, and he heard Owen draw his breath. The thought—the recognition was inevitable. Levier switched on the light with angry fingers. He saw then that she was very pale. She held her rich furs about her with the gesture of someone hiding some deep hurt. But her eyes were bright. They had in them the same steel-like quality, and the same soft beauty as her voice. Involuntarily Levier braced himself frowning to meet them.

"It isn't true, Fremont, is it?" she asked. "I heard Mr. Carter say something—I couldn't believe it. But I had to make sure. If there has been some mistake forgive me. I did not want to intrude."

Levier introduced them curtly.

"Elena—this is Mr. Owen—Mr. Owen—my wife."

The introduction gave him time. He watched them shake hands, and for a startled moment he thought that he recognised a likeness between them—that they recognised it themselves and were held fascinated by it.

"I think Vandyke's model has come back to life," Owen said smilingly.

"She was my wife's ancestress," Levier explained. "That's why my wife feels so keenly about her. She was to have gone to the National Gallery if the trustees would have purchased her. It's a natural disappointment—that they won't, or can't—"

Elena's gloved hand had gone to her cheek. Something like an invisible blow had startled her out of her self-control. They almost heard her cry out, though in fact she had made no sound.

"Mrs. Levier—you are ill—"

"No—no—It's nothing—"

"There's something I don't understand. If there is anything in my purchase of this picture that makes you unhappy—"

Levier interrupted sharply. The thing had gone far enough. He was a fighter, and when he was driven to it he could fight hard. It was all very well to be romantic. But in real life it wouldn't do.

"The truth is I ought to have told my wife," he said. "I made the trustees an offer which they refused. There was nothing more to be done in that direction. I had to consider an ordinary purchaser—"

"And I have made your husband an offer," Owen interrupted. "An offer can be withdrawn. Do you wish me to withdraw it?"

He was looking at her very intently. It

was as though he knew everything—as though they knew and admitted to one another that he, Fremont Levier, was a liar and an outsider. They understood each other instinctively, because they both came of a class that left competitive methods to their ancestors. Levier thought ironically, "Well, I suppose my son will give himself airs, too."

His wife's lips scarcely moved.

"It's nothing—I didn't understand—it doesn't matter now."

And then, with the suddenness of someone shot through the heart, she fell. Levier was too angry to react quickly. It took him a minute to come away from his resentment to the realisation that the only human being he cared for was lying in Roger Owen's arms. Then he sprang to life. With a movement of primitive violence he thrust the intruder on one side.

HE remembered that night with the clearness of an indelible humiliation. He saw now that he had been grotesquely happy. After all, Elena's fainting fit had proved natural enough. And then the Vandyke was sold. Owen had paid for it on the nail, and £31,000 hitherto locked up, had been set free for fresh adventures.

Levier knelt by his wife's bedside and kissed her hands, and scolded and teased her.

"Absurd child. Where do you suppose all the pretty things come from that you love so much? Did you really think I would accept £10,000 for something for which I had paid £21,000? Of course, I loved her, too—of course I wanted to keep my promise. But there are reasonable limits. One has to live."

She was very quiet and white. Her small hand lay limp in his. In her gold lace cap and soft gossamer silk wrap she looked more than ever like a princess in a fairy story—a remote princess listening, not to Fremont Levier's love-making, but to distant music.

"It doesn't matter," she repeated in a whisper, "not now. I've got everything." "And you shall have everything," Levier stammered back, "everything in the whole world."

The next day Roger Owen sent flowers. He came himself several times, passing gracefully from client to friend. He was valuable to Levier in either capacity. Then suddenly he was off to the ends of the earth—no one knew why or where. But that was his way. And on the day that Elena's son was born he presented the Ravendale Vandyke to the nation.

The news came to Levier through Carter. To Carter it meant nothing more than that one more valuable picture was out of the market. And Levier listened in impassive silence. Not even to himself would he have admitted what he felt. But for one moment he had definitely, inexplicably hated Roger Owen, and hated him to the point of murder.

BUT he forgot that moment—or buried it where it seemed forgotten. The years came—more success—more wealth—the children. Elena's two children. Yes—Elena's children. It wasn't that he didn't care for them. But they belonged to her. He was a lover and an adventurer—not much of a father. But motherhood clothed her like a sacred and shining vestment. She went about in those days, with secretly smiling eyes, with an air of deep, serene wisdom, infinitely touching. Perhaps, had he been less absorbed, it might have hurt him—her aloofness, her manner of treating him gently as some one outside her holy of holies. But he was bringing down big game—running risks, incurring greater responsibilities.

And, after all, they were married. The honeymoon was over. One settled down. The Oxford Book of Verse stayed on its shelf, covered with the dust of normal everyday life. Levier couldn't have quoted a line from it, and didn't want to. It had done its work.

He couldn't remember exactly when the change began. But somehow he connected it with the tenth birthday of their eldest child. She had said wistfully, "And now I've lost my baby," almost as though they had all died. Of course it had been a joke, but after that it was as though something in her had really died. A light had gone out. Life went on as usual. At ten she visited the nurseries. From four to six she and the children played together, and at six she helped put them to bed. And in the intervals she did her duty as guest and hostess to the influential friends Levier had gathered about him. She failed nowhere—and yet there it was—even Levier in his feverish absorption in his life noticed it.

He had questioned her. He remembered the occasion. She had been ill—or rather quietly ailing for some weeks. He had stood in front of her boudoir fire, warming his fine hands, and trying to interest her in a big deal that had just gone through. A dubious Rembrandt had been authenticated. It meant the difference of a small fortune.

"This authenticating business is a great joke," he said. "You start off with an unknown canvas, and make up your mind what you would like it to be. Then you begin to prove it. (Which is perfectly easy because there isn't real proof one way or another.) Then you convince yourself, and after that you can convince anyone. No guarantee, of course, but on your reputation as an expert—"

HE became aware that she was not listening—that she was crying. He stared down at her in blank consternation. He did not know what to do. He had no key to her grief. All kinds of fumbling, trivial possibilities went through his mind. She wasn't well, of course. Or there might be servant trouble. Or someone had been unkind—spoken maliciously. (He was too successful not to have enemies.) Or she had been lonely. There had been days when, under the stress of work, he had scarcely seen her, and he had heard—read somewhere in a novel—that women didn't understand how a man could lose with all his heart, and yet be driven by ambition.

He had put out his hand—for him a queerly difficult gesture.

"Dear—what is it—are you unhappy? What's troubling you?"

She moved very slightly—accidentally it seemed—so that he did not touch her. "Nothing—nothing. Just a headache, that's all. Don't worry."

"But I do worry. What's wrong? Anything the matter with the infants?" He smiled down at her with a whimsical, faun-like humor. "Anybody been saying that Fremont Levier sells fakes, or hasn't married the loveliest woman in the world? Anybody, in fact, you want me to slay for you?"

She tried to laugh, but did not answer, and he stood there jingling the money in his pocket, perplexed and faintly exasperated. After all, she had everything in the world. A fine home, enough money, a good husband, sweet children. It was bad luck that women didn't understand—hard luck to have to fight for your life in the jungle, and then come back to a pack of griefs that had no roots and no reason to them.

"You ought to get away," he said. "What about the Riviera? I could take you out



and fetch you. The children will be all right."

"Oh, yes—they'd be all right." She dried her eyes, smiling wryly. "They'd be all right, anyway. There—just go away and let me get over the vapors by myself. They're too foolish to be taken seriously. And you're late already."

She reminded him of an important appointment, and he kissed her hurriedly. But at the door he looked back at her. Something in her attitude reminded him of that first time they had seen each other—made him realise how much she had changed. She was triller—more mature—a girl who had become a wife and mother. But it was more than that. Somehow, somewhere, she had come down to earth.

"Elena," he said sharply, "what is it?" "I was thinking about dreams," she answered. "I was thinking how queer it is that they are so much more real than the reality—I mean when things happen in dreams they make one so happy—or so unhappy. But in real life they just go to nothing—fall to pieces in one's hands."

"I don't know," Levier answered warily. "I'm not given to dreams. Real life's all I know."

"Yes, I know that now."

**S**HE did not explain. And Levier went out and bought her an emerald necklace. It cost half the profits on the new Rembrandt, but he had never cared for money for his own sake. He wanted what he wanted. And he wanted Elena to be happy. It was a wonderful necklace.

But he was not destined to give it to her. A telephone message brought him home early. Suddenly she had been taken ill. She was in a high fever when he reached her, and delirious. She talked incessantly, with the desperate haste of someone who has kept a locked and breaking heart for years. Her hands picked pathetically at the coverlet. Her brown eyes, piteous and questioning, met his without recognition.

And for the first time for months Levier heard Roger Owen's name.

The doctor looked doubtful. Brain fever, and on the top of complications. Well, one could always hope anything of the human constitution. He pressed Levier's hand in sympathy.

Levier waited with a stiff, composed countenance until the man had gone. Then he drove the trained nurse imperatively from the room. There were things he had to say to this wife of his—though she might not hear him—things that must have the power to drag her back from the very threshold of death. He knelt beside her, holding her in his arms. It mattered at first nothing that she answered him with another's name—that her wild carresses were such as he had never had from her. He fought for her with all the tenacity, the narrowed and inflexible purpose which had dragged him from the gutter. He literally gathered her into himself, barricading her with his own magnificent vitality. He even prayed aloud, for the first time in his life, with a primitive, barbaric passion. He told her again and again, "I cannot live without you," as though the choice of life and death were in her hands. He said simply, breaking down at last under the weight of fear, "There is nothing in the world for me but you."

She was crying again. And it was queer how the whole splendid edifice of his life crashed before the spectacle of that strange, furlorn grief. The Fremont Levier who had lived in the Welworth Road, scheming and lying for power, would not have believed that the time would come when all his deliberately chosen values would turn to so much dust—but it had happened.

"Roger—Roger, if you are not dead, why don't you come?" she pleaded.

He had heard her call Owen's name. But it hadn't reached beyond his hearing. Now suddenly he let go his hold of her. He stood up, breathing thickly—distracted and baffled like a fighter overtaken by a new and overwhelming enemy. His first thought was of his helplessness. He couldn't save her any more. He hadn't the power. It was this other man. Then the whole significance of the revelation broke upon him with the violence of a mental whirlwind. He went mad. He found himself standing over her, accusing her, cursing her in the language of the streets whilst she smiled into vacancy—calling, calling without cease. He didn't care in that moment whether she lived or died. Perhaps he wished that she was dead. She were better dead than lost to him. He wanted her torn to pieces as he was.

There was a writing-table in the room. He broke open the locked drawers with the staccato strength of a man beside himself. (The tearing of the wood made a shrill accompaniment to the frail, pleading voice from the shadowed bed.) But the drawers were empty save for the little odds and ends of a woman's life that even then could not quite lose their poignancy. He flung them aside. There must be something. A woman could not lie for years without carrying some sign of her dishonour.

But there was nothing.

**T**HE dying are beyond question, beyond accusation. And for three weeks Elena lay at death's door, pleading, it seemed, to be let in. "One would say that she did not want to live," the doctor remarked, almost reproachfully. And he was obviously thinking of the fine home, and the money and the children and the good husband—as Levier had done.

Those three weeks Levier lived in a secret hell of his own. Nor was it altogether secret. After all, he came of a primitive stock, hard and pitiless in purpose, but undisciplined in passion. There were hours when he had murder in his heart, and when murder blazed in his dark face it made even those who pitied him shrink from him. Then again something would break. He would fling away from his most vital affairs, take the steering-wheel from his terrified chauffeur, and drive home like a madman, not daring to think what might have happened between the moment he left his telephone and the opening of his door.

And always he stormed heaven with the insistent demand, "What have I done to deserve this? What have I done?"

He had done nothing. He had been perfect to her. He had been faithful and generous. He had not looked at another woman. He had showered on her the best things the world had to give. He was blameless—blameless. And she had betrayed him. Yet it was queer that his blamelessness gave him no peace. His outraged pride might proclaim his innocence and her guilt. He was aware angrily that somewhere was an accuser who had not spoken.

Then came the night when the doctors gave up hope. Levier came away from the sinister, muffled order of his wife's room with the instincts of an animal who, wounded to death, hides himself in the darkest hole. Yet when he found Roger Owen waiting for him, the old rage flared up, masking his grief. The two men stared at each other bleakly. In their several ways they were distraught—Levier openly, recklessly, Owen like a man to whom death has been an hourly companion, and who can face the enemy with a composed

despair. He made a slight gesture, not of greeting, but of question.

"Levier—how is she?"

"Dying," Levier moved his lips with difficulty. His hands were convulsively clenched. "We thought you were dead too."

"I reached safety three weeks ago. I heard by chance of Elena—of your wife's illness. I had been ill myself, but I came home as fast as I could come."

"That was noble of you."

"Levier—I don't understand your tone. As your friend—as her friend—"

"As her lover, you mean."

"You are a cur to say that."

Levier laughed out loud.

"The poor brute of a husband is always a cur, isn't he? Never mind that. You don't need to lie. She has told me with her own lips."

"It's you who are lying."

"I am not concerned with technicalities," Levier blazed out. "She loves you. She tells me so every hour of the day and night. And you yourself—you look like a lover. You look as though everything you cared for on earth were dead already. That's what I mean—that's all I care for."

"Hush, man—for heaven's sake!"

Levier controlled himself with an effort that seemed to rend him physically from head to foot. He went and stood by the window, looking out on this dim, rain-swept street and seeing nothing.

"Very well," he said. "But either get out or don't lie—don't lie, do you hear?"

"I don't want to lie. If she is dying, what does it matter to either of us? But I'll tell you the truth. Yes, she and I loved one another—have loved each other all these years. But we have neither spoken nor written of it. When I left I kissed her hand in farewell, Levier—"

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"I expect you to believe that there are codes of honor that are not yours—"

Levier turned with a violent gesture. Yes—there it was—the whole bitterness of his disaster. He believed—and had to believe. These two had a code, and they had kept it. They had wronged him—smashed his life—and yet they could clothe themselves in righteousness. That was their way. They were different—not human—not flesh and blood. Owen might break his heart. But he could stand there, cool, poised, immaculate, whilst he, Fremont Levier, went to pieces like a rottenly-built ship in a cyclone. Even Elena had to die before she broke her silence.

"Honor!" he echoed fiercely. "Honor!"

"Well—I went away. I stayed away. What more could you ask?"

"I tell you I am not concerned with the letter of the law. I don't care what you have done or not done. Listen to me a moment, Owen. I loved my wife. I love her still. I would die for her. I would have died for her any time these ten years. I have never loved anybody before. I have never looked to right nor left. I have tried to read her wishes from her eyes. She has had home and children. I ask you—if you have a grain of justice in you—what had I done? What justification had she?"

**I**N the dark, dusk-filled room in which Levier's over-elaborate possessions gleamed with an inimical brightness, Owen's voice sounded with a new inflexion—bitter and ironical. "It was as though the invisible accuser had at last spoken."

"You married her. That's what you did. That's her justification."

"I don't understand. What do you mean?"



"You know. In your heart of hearts, Levier, you know quite well. You were not of her class. You had not an idea or a tradition in common. You don't think or feel in the same terms. Look at this room. It's your room. It expresses you. It must make her wince to the soul. Look at yourself. You're clever—damnably clever. I admit that. You've lifted yourself by your boot-straps to where you are. But what are you? A slick, tricky man of business—as alien to her as you would have been fifteen years ago when you were frankly what you are."

"She married me with her eyes open," Levier stammered.

"That, at any rate, is a lie. She was a child. She knew nothing. She had scarcely met a man until she met you. You carried her off her feet. How you did it you best know yourself. But you trapped her somehow. She hasn't told me—but do you think I didn't see what lay behind that scene on the first day we met, or that I didn't piece things together? It was damned convenient to marry the niece of Sir John Ravensdale. It gave you prestige—incidentally it gave you the Vandyke."

"No—"

"Really—not? On your word of honor, my dear Levier—?"

Levier put out his hand.

"Let me alone, can't you? Haven't I had enough?"

He sat down at the table, leaning heavily on his arms. He couldn't stand any more. It was a lie. And yet somewhere there was a damning truth. He could feel Owen's ice-blue, merciless eyes scanning him—raking him.

"Well," he said thickly, "what do you want?"

"What is there to want? She is dying."

"They say if she wanted to live there might be a chance. You might save her."

"For what? For whom?"

"She shall have her freedom."

"She wouldn't take it. You've no right to divorce her. She would never divorce you. Even you know that much."

Levier did know, and was silent. They had got him—these people with their honor and their traditions. There was no escape from their implacable uprightness. Then suddenly Owen and Owen's accusations ceased to matter. They were no longer significant. It was his memories that had begun to hurt. Picture after picture was rising out of the past, bearing him down under the weight of their testimony. He heard Owen's voice from a long way off—grown suddenly uncertain and uneven.

"Look here—Levier—can I see her?"

Someone in the room made a sound between a sob and a laugh. Levier set his teeth. With a kind of agonised detachment he realised that he who had gone through life like a lonely wolf, asking no quarter and giving none, had suddenly gone to pieces utterly. Perhaps that was what happened to people of his sort—upstart people. They raved and shouted, but there was no dignity in them. They might dress at the best tailors and take on alien manners and customs, but death and heart-break knocked their sham to pieces—turned them inside out.

"Why do you ask?" he said. "Go and be damned to you!"

AFTER that he remembered nothing until he found himself wandering hatless and coatless in the driving rain. It seemed that he had been out a long time, for he was wet through and exhausted. But he could not remember where he had been, or even what had been in his mind.

It was like coming out of an anaesthetic—back to pain and realisation.

Elena dying—perhaps dead already. It seemed to his agonised and over-excited fancy that it was her life that sighed past him in the wind, and that her tears were wet on his face. She was gone. He couldn't call her back, or atone to her. Anyway, there was no atonement—nothing he could give her. All the things that he had lavished on her—all the passion and tenderness had gone for nothing. She had been lonely all these years. It would be cruel to call her back. She couldn't be more lonely in death.

He had cheated her. Owen had said so. But Owen didn't know how true it was. Levier knew and had always known, and yet not known after the queer fashion of human beings. It wasn't true that he had cheated her for the sake of the picture—not fundamentally true. But he had wanted her at all costs. And so he had played up to her fancy. According to his best business methods he had first convinced himself—almost—and then her. He hadn't really cared about poetry, though being in love, it was easy enough to pretend. He hadn't really loved beauty or honesty, except as business commodities. He wasn't really a romantic figure, except in so far as he had grabbed life by the throat, and wrested luck from it like a highwayman. But he had painted a picture of himself that was in its essence as much a fake as the hundred of "masterpieces" he had sold to two collectors in his early days, spelling a glib, convincing tale. It hadn't seemed to him to matter so long as he got what he wanted.

But if you didn't get what you wanted—if finally you smashed the only thing you cared about?

An utter humility possessed him. And with it came serenely a sense of having touched bottom—of having stripped himself to the heart.

Levier stopped. He said aloud, clearly, forthrightly, like a business man making an offer: he addressed the God in whom he had never believed—whom he had regarded as a laughable superstition.

"If you'll let her live I'll clear out—I'll give up everything. I'll set her free. I promise you."

He was going to say, "On my word of honor." It was a set phrase he had used often enough. Now it would not come. It did not matter. If he had no honor, he had something else that would serve instead. He turned home. He was calm now and quite steady. But the rain on his face tasted salty, as though unknown to himself he had been crying bitterly.

FREMONT LEVIER roused himself. So much for his memories. The time was over. The sunlight had moved on, leaving the luxurious cabin in a chill twilight. He folded his letter and slipped it into its envelope. For one moment he had been fiercely tempted to tell the truth, and say to her "I cheated you, and now I am going in the only way that will set you free. Because it happens that amongst all my shams my love for you was genuine—and after its fashion—beautiful."

But he had realised. He had seen that truth can be as vicious and cowardly as a lie. He had lied all his life. Now he had to lie. It was an appropriate punishment enough.

His skipper met him at the head of the companionway.

"Going ashore, sir? I'll tell Dickson to run you in."

Levier shook his head.

"I'll manage myself. I may be late—or I may stay the night. Don't worry about me."

"Well, keep an eye on the tides, sir; they're queer in these parts. And there's a wind coming."

Levier nodded and stepped into the little motor-launch. He swung its purring nose towards the bleak, rock-bound coast. It seemed to him for a moment fantastic beyond belief that he, Fremont Levier, should be deliberately and with a firm heart turning his back on life. But it was happening.

"I'll take care of myself," he said, laughing. "God knows I always have."

THE atmosphere of the place constrained them both. The room was still so much his—so over-full of the valuable things he had loved, and which by reason of their exuberant profusion had become vulgar. Too much gilt, too many hangings, too much of everything. Elena knew she ought to have weeded them out. She knew how Roger chafed under their reminder. The moment he came into the house he seemed to stiffen—to withdraw from her, the innate fineness in him, the almost boyish romanticism shrinking distastefully from the dead man's shadow. But she had done nothing. She hadn't even gone away as everybody recommended. She hadn't been strong enough—or perhaps it was true, as Roger said with his tender mockery, that she was a coward. At any rate, she had stayed on, listless yet curious, like someone waiting for a great event to happen. The great event, of course, would be their marriage. Then everything would be changed. Roger would see to that.

Her heart grew warm towards him. She held out her small white hand.

"Roger—you've been so perfect."

He kissed her hand and held it fast between his own.

"I've tried to behave decently, Elena."

"I know. It's been unforgettable."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"What is it you want?"

"An answer. Something definite. I've waited a year now. I am not thinking of those other years—"

His pressure on her hand tightened. "Don't abuse my patience, dear—I've never tried to rush you off your feet. Don't make me think it isn't wise to be scrupulous with a woman."

She flushed faintly. She wondered if he knew how the reproach hurt. Fremont had swept her off her feet. And she had yielded. This honorable man, who had never by word or deed tempted her from her course, she had tormented with her indecisious—but absurd weakness. And yet she loved him.

"Don't you love me, Elena?"

"Foolish Roger—you know I do!" She smiled tenderly at him. It wasn't foolish. She knew she was behaving queerly. Illogically. If on that day of tragic farewell anyone had told her that she would sit opposite him, free to give herself, yet reluctant and uncertain, she wouldn't have believed it. Circumstance and emotion had a cruel trick of not synchronising. She had been so ill. One day soon she would be strong again, and it would all come back.

"Ten years, Roger!" she murmured. "Are you sure it hasn't grown stale? Are you sure the very thought of me hasn't become a habit?"

"I have asked you to marry me," he returned almost sternly. "Are you trying to tell me that you yourself have ceased to care? Elena, tell the truth. You and I have got to be honest with one another."

Of course. Absolutely honest. She looked down at his hands still clasped upon her own.

"You make me terribly proud, Roger," she said unsteadily. "I know, because I care so much myself, how other women must have cared for you—clever, beautiful women who would make me seem insignificant by comparison. And yet I can't be



insignificant. There must be something wonderful about me that you should love me."

They smiled at each other.  
"You are wonderful. I loved you before I had set eyes on you. When I saw the reproduction of the Vandike I thought to myself, 'When that little girl grows up I shall marry her—or no one.'"

"But, Roger, the little girl grew up and died hundreds of years ago—"

"So people think. I knew better. Some instinct stronger than reason sent me in search of her. And when I saw I knew—"

"I knew too—"

"Knew that I loved you?"

"Knew that you were the man I'd been waiting for all my life. It broke my heart."

He nodded. "I think I knew the very moment. You were as pale as death. I didn't understand. I thought it was because of the picture—because of something that Fremont had done. Then when you fainted I seemed to understand absolutely. Perhaps Fremont knew, too. He tore you out of my arms. He was like a tiger—"

"He knew that he couldn't deceive me any more. But for me it was more than that. It was as though everything I had ever dreamed of had come true."

He bent towards her, his fiery eyes half closed in whimsical amusement.

"Oughtn't you to tell me those dreams? You know—I've got to live up to them—"

"You've reached beyond them already. And yet they were so fantastic—the dreams of a romantic child. Sir Galahad was not nearly so wonderful."

The light died out of his face. He said coldly:

"So you married Fremont Levier."

"THAT'S cruel, Roger."

"I know. It's cruel to me that you should have ever belonged to him. It makes me cruel to you."

"You have the right. But you don't know what my life has been. If you did you would understand how easily the girl I was might be deceived."

Her eyes wandered to the dimly-shining clock on the mantelpiece. It was French and ornate. It didn't go with anything else in the room. But Fremont had bought it because he knew its value and the owner didn't. Poor dead Fremont, with his passion for values that didn't really matter and to whom nothing mattered any more.

"Six o'clock, Roger. In a few minutes you'll have to go. It's the children's time—"

"Let the beggars stay up an extra half-hour. And even then—can't I join the party? Haven't I a share in them now?"

"Of course. They love you. You're Dick's favorite hero—"

"Well—then. You see, you can't get rid of me easily—"

He stretched out his hand. She knew that he wanted to draw her to him—that he wanted her to understand and appreciate his feeling for Fremont Levier's children. And not for the world would she have let him know her unreasonable, unjustifiable flash of resentment. It was as though Fremont Levier were in the room, helpless and silent, a poor, denied ghost, insulted by their warm, living love for one another. Something chivalrous in her had risen to shield him.

She withdrew her hand quickly. But he was very patient and understanding.

"Dearest, don't tell me anything. You don't need to. I had no right to taunt you like that. You were a child. You didn't know what you were doing. He cheated you—"

"Hush!" she pleaded. "He is dead, Roger."

"A cheat's a cheat," he answered with his stern honesty, "dead or alive."

## A CHEAT.

No, she couldn't defend him against that, for it was the truth. And the strange, bewildering thing about it all was that she had always known—right from the beginning—that it was the truth. Her knowledge of his unscrupulousness dated from the moment when she had seen him bribe her uncle's servant—meanly, treacherously, like any petty, dishonest tradesman. She had witnessed and understood the incident quite clearly and yet she had put it away from her—hidden it somewhere where she couldn't see it. It was like an unsinkable object held down at the bottom of her conscience by some powerful magnetic force that had gradually released its hold. And then, quietly, inevitably, it had come floating to the surface.

She had been so in love with him. That was the real explanation. He had looked so handsome—so brilliantly alive, the only really living thing in that dead and decaying house. He was unlike all the other men she had ever met—her uncle's profligate friends who had treated her with ironic indifference, or the cold, business-like dealers who had bowed vaguely to her with vacant eyes. And far back in her father's and mother's lifetime there had been no men at all. They had been too poor to mix with their own kind, too alien in spirit to mix with their economic equals.

"We were so poor," she said, gazing into the twilight. "You see, my uncle never forgave my mother for marrying my father, and my father didn't know how to make money. He didn't care. He was just a dreamer—"

She smiled faintly. "I'm afraid dreaming is a family complaint, Roger—"

"All women dream," he commented. "It makes them hard to deal with—especially for men like myself, Elena. Their dreams blind them—knock ordinary judgment to pieces—"

She nodded.

"I hadn't any judgment. I hadn't any standards. I just fell in love—headlong. He was the first man."

"You don't know how lonely it was at Ravensdale," she heard herself saying aloud. "When my father and mother died everybody who knew us thought it wonderful for me to live in such a place with such a great man. They didn't understand. Sometimes days would go past without my speaking to a soul. Or if ever people did come it was worse. I prayed to be alone."

## POOR CHILD!

Owen murmured. He pressed her hand to his cheek. Somehow his gentleness made him seem remote and unreal as a shadow. She tried hard to realize him—as a lover—as the man who was to be there always—sitting opposite her in the firelight—in Fremont Levier's place. "You must have hated it."

Yes, she had hated it. She had hated even Ravensdale with its beauty and the lovely things which had seemed to threaten her with their own ruin. She had hated the portrait of the girl-child who had mocked her with her rich dress, her jewels and her story of love and fulfilment. (A noble husband and five sons who had been great men in the world, but who had been, best of all, little boys, little boys playing and shouting to one another in the gardens of Ravensdale—who had run to her when they saw her standing there on the sunlit terrace.)

She hadn't told Fremont of this hatred. It hadn't occurred to her. And besides, he had seemed to love these things so passionately. Afterwards, of course, she had found out that it was only for their value—for the money they meant to him. But at the time he had seemed afire with enthusiasm—a poet, an artist, frustrated of self-expression finding relief and joy in the self-expression of others. She couldn't

have hurt and disappointed him. She remembered how he had quoted the very poems which had so often wrung her heart by their story of unhappy love. They were the only poems she really understood.

Because of this young Edmunds had gone. She had driven him away from herself. It was strange and frightening how her uncle, who seemed scarcely to know of her existence, had found out that she was trying to escape. He had leant across to her at the breakfast-table, smiling with his suave and cruel good humor.

"My dear, you really must wait. I am an old man. I have only another ten or fifteen years to live. That will be time enough for you. Why, you will be only forty-two—a mere child, relatively speaking—"

And when some stammering protest had risen to her lips he had checked her with a significant gesture. "Don't let's quarrel. You and I are very necessary to one another. I should miss you, my dear, and you—well, I don't quite know what you would do. But perhaps you do."

She hadn't known. She had broken down pitifully.

"I CAN see now how wrong it all was, Roger. I ought to have been prepared, somehow, to stand alone. But my father and mother were so proud of me. They loved me so. They couldn't bear my going away from them—"

"They knew you weren't fitted for the rough and tumble of the world," Owen said. "I couldn't bear it either, my lovely sweetheart—"

That rung lover-like and gallant. She smiled at him, and in the twilight he could not have seen that the smile was tinged with an unusual irony. But in fact he was not looking at her.

"It's easy to talk like that now, Roger. But what should I have done?"

Something faintly impatient in her tone stirred him to a quick, firm answer.

"Waited."

"For whom—for what?"

"For the man you should have married," he smiled charmingly. "For me."

"I thought you had come," she murmured. "I deceived myself."

That was it. She had deceived herself. With Fremont's face and bearing, his gallant and fiery temper, it had been easy. When other men had come to the house she had trembled secretly, and hope had lifted a pale, eager face to whisper, "Is it he? Is it he?" But he had never come, and hope had almost died. And then suddenly, in a moment, it had happened. A stranger had swung round on his heel, facing her, and hope had blazed up—not hope any more, but certainty, splendid and shining. His bobbery of old Andrews was swept under. He was the deliverer, the hero, the perfect lover. He had to be.

"Yes, people deceive themselves, Roger. They cheat themselves, you know."

"Perhaps," he admitted.

Their conversation had become broken, desultory. It was wonderful the way he listened with such quiet understanding. Even in the long pauses in which she plunged into her own thoughts he gave no sign of impatience. And he was a man of action and direct thinking, who might have been irked by her woman's deviousness.

She had dreaded giving her uncle's message, asking this stranger to stay the night. The thought of one more indifferent witness to her helplessness under Ravensdale's satire had seemed more than she could bear. But as Levier stood there, devouring her with his white-hot admiration, the twenty-four hours had become too short for all they had to say to one another. Oh, if it were not long enough! If he had not understood!



As though he knew of her discomfort and uneasiness, Owen glanced up keenly. "Still, even now I don't quite see how you did it. Why, in a week you were married?" "Roger, it was like being swept away by a tornado."

"Yes, yes, I know. That was his way of business. With you at least he might have displayed some decency."

She bit her lip. She had wanted to say something sharp—almost angry. But, after all, he was only echoing her own words. "I was as much to blame."

"No—I won't admit it. He was a man of the world. He knew what he was doing."

**B**UT Elena was remembering the sweet, cruel impatience of that first day. She had moved about the house like a restless, uneasy spirit, creating tasks which might have brought him across her path. Towards evening a kind of sorrowful resignation had come over her. She had drifted out on to the terrace and, watching the chill mists cover the neglected garden, had felt herself become as grey and shadowy as a ghost. She had seemed to herself already long since dead with all her youth and love and life buried with her in this dank and decaying grave.

"You're lovely itself," Owen went on. "Nothing has moved me more than your loyalty. But I'm not a fool, dear. I've pieced things together, and I can guess pretty well what happened that time at Ravensdale. Levier must have thought himself in luck getting you on his side. Tell me, was it you who persuaded Sir John to accept this offer?"

"No," she said. "my uncle could never have been persuaded—not by me."

"How was it Levier knew to a hundred pounds what to offer—how to outbid his rivals? Who told him?" He broke off to laugh softly. "My dear, I can guess that too. How easy and cheap for him."

"Yes, I told him," she admitted. "He did not ask me."

"I have already said—you are very loyal, Elena."

No, not loyal. She had had to see him again. She had had to prove to him what she already knew—that he was destined to belong to her. Yet even when she had stood on the threshold of the library she had not really known what she meant to do. The closed door had become suddenly unusually significant, as though beyond it lay a new world—a tremendous adventure. She was trembling and breathless. She could not have raised her hand. Then as the door had opened and she and Levier had faced each other, she had become absolutely assured.

She had known what she had to do. She had to give him everything that she had and was. And in the end she had clung to him, crying back into his fierce kisses, "I love you, too."

"You never loved him," Owen asserted. "Not the real man."

"No," she murmured, "no—never."

Yet how hard she had pretended, even until a few minutes ago. All through that weary honeymoon she had piled up one illusion upon another, playing up to his vision of her, forcing him to play the man she had determined him to be, with moments when the body and soul of her cried out in protest. Those dreadful days trailing through the galleries, those evenings on the Grand Canal, when his passion had risen about her like a smothering tide—the desperate struggles by which she had held him—sometimes for days—at bay, chafing and frustrated.

Then the first certainty.

After that she hadn't cared—not for anything on earth until Owen came, and then only briefly—fantastically. It was like the sweet resolving of a discord. Fre-

mont could no longer trouble her. In some obscure and rather terrible way he had been an enemy, whose secret power she had beguiled from him. At least he had ceased to be significant. For she was to become a mother.

Owen raised himself, moving stiffly like someone who has grown cramped under confinement. It was wonderful how patient he had been.

"When did you know—when did you realise you didn't care?"

"That first day I saw you—when I knew he had never meant to keep his word."

"You are so honorable, Elena. You must have suffered frightfully."

No—not frightfully. But how could she explain even to herself the infinite relief with which his duplicity had flooded her? It was as though some debt between them had been wiped out. They were quits with one another.

Owen stood up.

"You never loved him. But you behave as though you did. He has been dead a year. Why do you keep me waiting?"

"My dear, I don't know." She smiled faintly. "Perhaps I'm growing old. No, don't be angry. It's true. One does grow old."

"Some people grow more beautiful," he said.

"Do I? But tired, too, Roger. And I've been so ill. It seems to have weakened my will even to be happy. It's left me fanatical—superstitious. I can't believe even now that he is really gone. He was so passionately, pathetically alive. It wasn't like him to do a thing like that. He would have clung to life—he loved it so. And then that last letter—"

"He was a coward," Owen interrupted impatiently. "A coward can do anything."

"Roger, I never saw him afraid."

**I** KNEW him better. I saw him the night that he believed you dying. At first he was insolent—truculent—hard as nails. Then I told him the truth. I told him what he was and what he had done to you, and he broke down—cried like a whipped schoolboy. He made me sick to look at him."

His hand had been resting on her shoulder. Very gently she drew herself free?

"Then he knew? You told him?"

"You had told him yourself. You were delirious. You kept calling for me."

"Roger—what did he say?"

"I tell you—at first he blustered. Then he offered you freedom—divorce. I said you were not that kind. Besides, it seemed too late. He let me see you. It was from that moment the fever broke. You held my hand all night. Have you forgotten?"

The tears came into her eyes. She stood up, and with a quick, resolute movement he put his arms about her, holding her lightly, yet firmly, like a trapped wild thing.

"Sometimes when I'm very proud, Elena, I tell myself that you owe me your life. Won't you pay your debt? Won't you give me an answer?"

"Give me time, Roger. Just a little longer. Just one month—"

He hesitated. A hard, adventuring look had come into his bright eyes. It was as though suddenly he had envisaged a new hazard and laughed secretly to meet it.

"A month. Well, will you marry me in a month?"

"Oh, my dear," she murmured piteously, "my impatient dear—"

"Have I been impatient?" he demanded. "Be fair, Elena. What are you waiting for? Haven't time proved us both? Don't we know everything there is to know of

one another? Consider my pride a little. If nothing else, Give me the right to tell the world—"

She tried to free herself. She knew she was being unjust and cruel, but the sense of Fremont's presence was overpowering.

"Roger—it can't be here—I must get away—away from this house—"

"I know. I ask you to come. I give you a month. I'll go ahead—to the Riviera—Paris—anywhere—and you shall follow me. In a month's time. Only promise—"

"I promise."

"I trust you," he whispered. "Thank God, I know that I can trust you."

He kissed her passionately. But she was very tired—so tired that she didn't care. And when he forgot about the children and left her with the impetuous gallant gesture of a knight setting out on a final act of devotion, she was strangely, almost hysterically, glad. She ached to be alone. The click of the front door was like a signal of release.

**S**o he had known. The room had grown dark and rather cold. The fire was dying out. By its last glow she saw her own face in the Venetian mirror, and it was like meeting a friend after many years, seeing the ravages and changes with a sorrowful clearness. It was like meeting the girl-child in the Vandeyke picture after life had stripped her of her dreams—when she had faced death and suffering and disillusionment—yes, and herself.

It was long past the children's bedtime. Elena remembered that they had been to a party and would be tired and perhaps fractious.

So he had known.

The thought followed her as she made her way slowly and wearily to the night nursery. Yet he had said nothing. She remembered now how gentle he had been in those days of her convalescence—so different from his former fiery, demonstrative self, asking nothing of her, giving with a new, delicate timidity. Why, he had never even kissed her. Yes—just once, when he was starting on that suddenly planned and fatal holiday, he had kissed her queerly, violently, like someone on the verge of a terrible breakdown, who doesn't trust himself.

He had known. And had gone to his death.

The night nursery was in darkness, save for the faint light from the open door. The two boys lay side by side in their white beds, lost in the warm deep sleep of childhood. Usually the sight of them like this called the old primitive happiness awake in her. In their sleep they were hers again, helpless, dependent, flesh of her flesh. But to-night they seemed lost to her. She had bought them with a lie, and in some strange, terrible way the lie rose against her like a forbidding, warning spectre. Oh, if they had been less vital to her—if they had been the fruit of a great, all-giving love, how close they would still be to her, how sweet their individualities, their growing independence of her. But she made them her gods to whom she offered up life and honor, and they were not gods at all. They were men and women, and they were failing her.

They were Fremont's children. They were dark and slender, wayward, loving and lovable as he too must have been in those sombre days in the Welworth Road. For the first time she thought of him as a child. She could imagine his playing in the foul, melancholy streets, ill-used, starving, as hungry for life, as desperately set on escape, as she had been, learning to lie and cheat as she had done.

The tears came into her tired eyes. At



another time she would have kissed the children, but now she crept away, closing the door softly, guiltily, like a thief.

She was so tired. But she could not rest. On the stairs she stopped nervously. She thought she heard Fremont's key in the lock. She half expected to see the front door fly open and Fremont himself on the threshold, so pale and fiery and eager, carried on the wings of his relentless energy. She could almost see his eyes, which never—as she remembered now—had ceased to be the eyes of a lover. They had cheated others. But they had not—in the very essence of things—cheated her. To the very end they had said, "I love you."

To the very end. At the very end he had known.

She caught her breath, imagining that final scene between the two men. She could see them facing one another. Owen was the man she loved. Why, then, did she feel this sudden anger against him? Why did she want to throw herself between his upright indignation and the crying, broken man whom she had almost hated? Was it possible that, after all, the years counted—that in darkness and silence something besides their children had been born to them?

**H**IS library had not been touched. She went in, switching on the lights and looking about her with a beating heart as though she expected some fresh revelation. The room was chill, melancholy as a tomb. His things lay where he had left them—his pipes, his books, his pens—out of them gold with his initials set in diamonds shone like a bright small bar of light on his table. How silently scornful she had been of the thing's flamboyant vulgarity. Now it seemed to her infinitely touching. He had been like a child, hungry, unwise, pathetic. He had grabbed at life, not knowing its real values. If it had been true that she loved him—if she had taken him in her arms—if she had laughed at him as loving people may, wept with him, walked with his hand in hers. But she had drawn farther and farther away from him, leaving him to his blinders, rejoicing in them as a justification, mean, self-righteous and profoundly guilty.

She sat down at his table. Some deep, irresistible instinct was driving her. There was something more than herself to know. That last letter of his. She recalled it word for word. Even at the time it had read false—strained, as though beneath the coldly formal words the man himself was crying aloud to her. He had written that he was killing himself to escape death. It wasn't true. He wasn't that sort. He was brave, after his own fashion. He would have held out, fighting to the end.

Bills—old letters—some snapshots. She turned them over with trembling fingers and half-blinded eyes. Only little by little did she come to realise what they really were—her scant letters to him, pictures of her, bills for the presents he had bought her—the absurd lavish presents which had been as exasperating as rough pressure on a wound.

And then thrust far back into the drawer she encountered something cold and hard that blazed splendidly like a handful of green flame as she drew it out into the light. For a moment she stared at the stones incredulously. Their magnificence, the staggering carelessness with which they had been flung aside, paralyzed her. Then she saw the card that had lain with them: "To my beloved wife—"

And the date.  
She heard herself call his name aloud in unendurable distress. For in that moment she knew everything. She had felt his agony cut through to her own heart. She saw the gesture with which he had flung

aside for ever the things that had once seemed so vital. Jewels, luxury, display, success—they had turned to dust and ashes because he had been cheated of his one vital treasure—because she had never loved him. Only one thing remained in that bankrupt hour—his love for her. That he had to hold fast at all costs. And so he had set her free in the only way that she would accept freedom. There was something devastating in his tenderness for her tradition of honor—she who had treated him less honorably than a woman of the streets.

He had known. And so he had killed himself.

She sat tensely still. She tried to call Roger Owen to her aid, summoning his memory as a last defence against the furioso invaders who were breaking into her ordered, self-respecting city, pillaging and destroying. But he would not come. He was less real than a dream. Had he ever been more than a dream? Had he ever been more than a refuge for her thwarted romanticism? He had been wonderful out there in the frozen wilderness, wonderful in his inaccessibility. But here—now—for all the time to come, what did he mean to her? He had given her years of faithless, quixotic love. Had she cheated him too?

She dared not move. She felt that if she did something terrible might happen—that she would break through into some final understanding. A chair creaked in the desolately silent room. If she turned she might see Fremont sitting there, gazing at her with his ardent, tragic eyes, asking her, "Then you have nothing for me? You never really loved me?"

And suddenly she fell forward, brushing her face on the chill hard pile of precious stones, and weeping bitterly.

**R**OGER OWEN stood on the steps of Fremont Levier's house, his coat collar turned up against the dark winter's wind, and shivered and yawned wretchedly. He was incredibly tired. The last hour with Elena in the quiet, restful firelight had seemed to suck the last drop of vitality out of him. It had been only by a magnificent effort of the will that he had been able to play the ardent, impetuous lover to the end. He knew what she expected of him. And, thank God, he hadn't failed her.

But for the rest of his life—

How had it happened? He couldn't deceive himself. It was his own fault. All his life he had had this fatal passion for the picturesque—the romantic, heroic gesture. His physique, his wealth, his very manner seemed to have predestined him to the role of knight-errant. Ordinary life was of no use to him. Whereas he would scarcely bother to cross the street for a friend, he would dash gladly into a burning house to save a kitten. From the same cause he had avoided marriage. It was too obvious—too prosaic. It would put an end to adventure. "Affairs" he had had in reasonable profusion, because "affairs" were part of the ritual of a man's life—gallant, often charming excursions into the pays du tendre. But there had been nothing that could be reasonably considered permanent—that could hinder the coming of that eventual magnificent romance.

And then Elena Levier—

No, he couldn't have helped himself. He could no more have prevented his temperament running away with him than he could have helped breathing. The circumstances of the Vandyke picture of their meeting, of her fainting in his arms, had been sparks to gunpowder. And then she was beautiful, married to a vulgar parvenu, and obviously unhappy. From the first moment the thing had been inevitable. He had dedicated himself to her. He had seen himself as a cavalier sans peur et sans

reproche attendant on a hopeless passion. He had not even tempted her, being a man of unblemished honor, but had gone on desperate adventure. As to whether he had ever really loved her or not he hardly knew.

**I**T was true, of course, that when he had heard she was dying he had dashed to her bedside. But then he had been half-dying himself, and the idea of a desperate race against time and death had appealed irresistibly to his imagination. If she had really died she would have crowned the most beautiful episode of his life. But it was Fremont Levier who had died instead.

Fremont Levier, who had cried like a whipped schoolboy, and killed himself because he was afraid to die. A fellow without honesty or breeding or decent courage.

Roger Owen's thoughts took another turn. He lighted a cigarette with a hand that shook a little and walked on down the deserted street. He was desperately unhappy. Well, thank God, he was man enough to bear the consequences of his own actions without whining. He knew now that he didn't want to marry Elena Levier—had never wanted to marry her. He had wanted romance. But she loved him—loved him. That was the outstanding feature of the case. For ten years the thought of him and his unswerving fidelity had been the light by which she had walked. It moved him even now to think how the touch of his hand had brought her back from the jaws of death. The very inflexibility of his attitude towards her, so rigidly correct and blameless, had only heightened her pride in him. He had been her ideal made real—miraculously perfect. He could not and would not spoil her vision of him.

Besides, he was a man of tradition who had never done anything in his life to offend his code. On Levier's death he had had no more idea of evading his responsibility than he had had of running away with another man's wife. There were things a gentleman simply did not do.

He tried to comfort himself. They would settle down. Sooner or later everyone had to settle down. An elderly bachelor was a pitiable, rootless object. Only it hurt to realise that he was elderly—elderly and so deadly tired.

And anyway there was a month left. He had behaved perfectly. He had made Elena very happy. Now it only remained for him to set his house in order. He would cross to Paris to-morrow and go to No. 11 rue des Marchands, and explain why it was that from henceforward the haven at the end of all his exploits would have to be permanently located elsewhere. She would be terribly upset, but after all she had always known that such might be the outcome—it lay implied in the nature of their relationship. He would be upset himself. They had had wonderful times together. But he owed it to his future wife to do the honorable thing. And he had always been the soul of honor.

He sniffed the air. He fancied he smelt already the faint elusive perfume of the little cosy apartment where she would be waiting for him. If he sent a telegram she would make those bouquets de la Reine that he liked so much.

Paris! Would Paris ever be the same again? He fancied not. With a little chill upon the heart he thought that nothing would ever be quite the same again.

**H**E had always told himself that of course he didn't really love her. A man of his type fastidious romantic could never really love such a frank child of the boulevards. In spite of herself she was always doing and saying things that offended his good taste, and he



had kept the finer side of his nature intact from her—out of reach of her godless, respectless fingers.

She was an episode—that somehow had lasted fifteen years.

For she made him laugh. She made him comfortable. She made no demands. It didn't matter how long he had been away, he could always be sure that she would be there unchanged for him. Curiously enough, on that last almost fatal Arctic expedition, it was the thought of her, of this warm, welcoming little room, of the kettle singing on the hearth, of the smell of her delicious cooking, which had given him the strength to go on. He had forgotten Elena altogether.

He looked down at her, crouched like a loving, happy dog against his knee. It was his third day in Paris and he had said nothing. It couldn't go on like that—he would have to tell her—explain that this had been their last evening. But he found it more difficult to begin than he could ever have imagined. Not that he felt guilty in any way. It was partly laziness. He was so comfortable—so relaxed. For a year he had been kept at such high tension. Here he could let himself go—be himself—whatever that was. He didn't have to pretend anything to anybody. And next month he would have to be the romantic lover, day in, day out, and he wasn't so young any more. There were moments, as now, when he felt acutely, almost shabbily, old.

He bent down, whispering:

"Yvette, I've got something for you. Open your hand and shut your eyes—"

She obeyed him, smiling as at the caprice of a child, and at the word of command she tore open the thin envelope he had given her, and he heard her cry out. Somehow the cry hurt him more than he had ever been hurt in his life. It ran the gamut of amazement, delight, and unformed, terrible fear. She turned, kneeling beside him, looking into his face as though she were trying to reach down into his very heart. And to his consternation he felt himself faltering. He was behaving correctly—even generously—and he was miserably ashamed.

"Fifty thousand francs, Roger. Why should you give it to me? What should I do with so much? What does it mean?"

HE freed himself very gently from the tense grip of her hands upon his shoulders.

"I want you to be independent—it's only fair."

"I have been independent—of everyone but you."

"Well, you must be independent of me, too."

She stood up suddenly, violently, as though he had struck her across the face. She wasn't young either. The pretty child he had picked up so casually at the Bal Bullier had become a faded, wan-looking woman, with little left her but the lingering indefinable charm which French women can keep to the end. And it came to him in a flash that she had grown old waiting for him.

"That means you are going away for a long time?"

"Yes, dear."

"For ever?"

"I am to be married," he explained simply. He had meant to say it—he had the right to say it. But he found himself with his face hidden in his hands. The gesture was sincere, unpremeditated. He felt too tired—too unhappy—to meet the storm. But no storm came. It was queer and touching how the undisciplined child had grown to self-mastery in these empty years. He could feel her looking down on him—gravely, sternly, almost with pity.

"Who is she, Roger?"

"No one you ever heard of."

"How long have you known her?"

"Ten years."

"And you have loved her all that time?"

He lifted his head, sighing deeply. It would be a relief to tell the truth, naked and romanceless as it was.

"No."

"Since when then?"

"Yvette, I don't know how to explain it. I never loved her. I don't even really know her. When I first met her she was young, beautiful and unhappily married. She appealed to my chivalry—my imagination. I let myself be dragged into a secret romance; I dragged her in with me. And now the husband is dead—killed himself. He was a poor thing. And in a month we are to be married."

"And you have told her that you do not love her?"

He got up.

"Do you think me such an utter scoundrel, Yvette?"

"Have you told her about me?"

"No. Why should I? What have you to do with her?"

HE hadn't meant to say it. It was crude—brutal. But he was flustered out of his usual decency. He saw that she had gone grey as death. The fine, ironic smile that flitted across her face made her look old with an ancient and bitter wisdom.

"Nothing. I don't count. From your point of view I'm hardly a woman—not as she is a woman. I'm an episode. And yet if she knew—"

"She must never know," he broke in sternly. "If you are trying to threaten me—"

"Oh, I'm not threatening you. I'm telling you the truth. You've deceived her for ten years—"

"It's not true—" He was stammering in his self-vindication. "I've been faithful—absolutely faithful. No, don't dare to laugh like that. I tell you—a man's life is different. He is open to temptations a woman doesn't understand. No reasonable woman could expect—"

He was quelled by her laughter. Though it brought her with every gust nearer to a deluge of tears, it was genuine, irresistible. To his amazement he realised that she saw him as funny—and still loved him. To Elena he was the consistent, faultless hero. To Yvette he was laughable. She forced him to see himself as she saw him—as a child who put on airs, who made pompous, grown-up gestures, who did heroic things in order to be heroic, who was at heart a romantic schoolboy. It was an outrage. He looked down at her bent and shaking shoulders. He wanted to beat her. He wanted to kneel down and bury his face in her lap and hide himself. In some amazing way their positions had become reversed. He was at her mercy. He had to gather all his dignity as a man, to remind himself of the absolute rightness of her case in order to hold his own.

"Don't! It's no use going on like that. I know how you feel—I do too. It's a ghastly business, but it can't be helped now. We go into these relationships with our eyes open and we've got to take the consequences. The—the lady who is to be my wife loves me—trusts me. She has built her life on me. I should break her heart—"

"And my heart? Do you owe me nothing?"

His glance wandered involuntarily to the cheque that lay on the floor between them, and in a flash she had her foot on it as though it had been a serpent about to strike. And now she was not laughing any more.

"Are you such a beast as to count that?" she asked, scarcely above a breath. He was bitterly resentful—utterly bewildered.

"WHAT do you expect me to do? You have no right to treat me like this. I have been perfectly fair with you. I never promised you anything. I never deceived you."

"No, you never promised, but you deceived me all the same. You loved me; you came back to me—year after year you came back to me. And I waited for you. I didn't expect you to be faithful. I knew you wouldn't be. But I was faithful. One day, I thought, he'll get sick of playing the fine dashing fellow and come home to me. One day he'll grow old and tired, and be glad to settle down quietly and be good."

He caught his breath. Marry her. She had actually thought of it. How could she? A man in his position. And yet—she had conjured up a picture that was warm, with firelight, with peace, with freedom from the curse of his own romantic posturing. With her he could throw off the trappings of the hero and step into the careless ease of his dressing-gown and slippers. He would be at home—he wanted to be at home.

He could feel her waiting, tense, expectant. He gathered all his courage to face her firmly.

"It's no use. Don't make it difficult for me. I've got to go through with it; there's no choice—"

Suddenly, with all the abandonment of her youth, she flung herself into his arms, clinging to him.

"You can't go—you belong to me. I claim you. I've given you all my life. If you go there will be no life left; I shall kill myself!"

He tore himself free. He was outraged. He was almost a married man.

"For God's sake, Yvette—behave!"

"Tell the truth. You love me—at least, tell me the truth!"

"I can't. How can I tell the truth? I am to be married. Have you no decent feeling?"

She let him go. She watched him in bleak, terrible silence as he struggled with his coat and groped blindly for his hat. He was panic-stricken—helpless. He had only one desire—to escape from her vision of him; to hide himself somewhere where he could take breath—reform himself—adopt some attitude.

At the door he made one last effort. He stood very upright, conscious of his magnificent figure, his fine and manly bearing.

"You don't understand," he said. "I couldn't expect you to. You and I have different standards. But I have to act as I think right. You have been very good to me, I thank you. And I shall never forget."

She cut him short with a gesture that made him wince. It was brutal—almost vulgar. It seemed to tear from him the last shred of dignity.

"If you were honestly unfaithful to me," she said, "I'd forgive you. I'd let you go. But you're not—you're just a cheat and a liar. And God help the woman you're cheating into marriage with you!"

"Yvette—"

"Please go," she said between her teeth. "I can't bear it. I love you—and—you make me sick."

HIS bewilderment and anger carried him like a tide through the streets of Paris. He walked fast, jostling people with a relentless purpose; but it seemed to him that he came back at last to his hotel by the merest chance. And even when he stood in his own rooms with



Elena's telegram in his hands, he hardly realised what had happened.

Very gradually he came back to the immediate issue. He spread the telegram out on his table, lapping it with exasperated fingers. So she was coming—without explanation; but he knew what it meant. Her own stipulation had proved too much for her. She couldn't live without him.

He went to the window and stood there, looking out on the fantastic streets, hearing and seeing nothing. He reiterated aloud, "I've got to go through with it." But first he wanted to punish Yvette for what she had said to him. She had no right. He had done the only possible decent thing. He had behaved like an honorable gentleman, despite what she had said.

Automatically he took down the telephone receiver. Yes, the hotel clerk told him, a lady had rung up. She had given no address, but she might be calling in later. If so, Roger ordered, she was to be announced immediately.

He went back sulenly to his own thoughts. It was typical of Elena to act like that—like a romantic schoolgirl—not warning him, not even letting him know where she was.

He clenched his hands. Something was stirring in him that he had never felt before. He felt like a trapped animal that turns and rends everything within reach. He wanted to say to Elena more and more violently, "Leave me alone. Let me go. Let me go—do you hear?" And suddenly he knew—knew quite definitely, as though it had already happened—that one day the whole magnificent facade of his devotion would crumble, and that cost what it might, he would tell her the truth. "I don't love you. And I never loved you."

The door had opened. Someone spoke his name. He turned panderly. The room was in part darkness, lit only by a lamp over the writing-table, and the man's figure standing by the door had a queer, ghostly look—a waiter, probably. Yet he was too shabby for a waiter. And he had closed the door and stood with his back against it—with a fixity of purpose that had in it a definite suggestion of menace.

"I didn't ring," Roger began. "What do you want? You have no right to come in like that—"

"I know you didn't ring—at least, I hope you didn't. I found the number of your room and came up unannounced. They wouldn't have let me come, and you wouldn't have seen me. You would have required an explanation."

**R**OGER'S hand fumbled for the switch. His mind had emptied itself in an instant. He had become a network of faint overdrawn nerves. He had never been afraid in his life; but then he had never faced anything more terrible than danger. This thing was intangible—outside the range of human experience.

The flood of crude, matter-of-fact light brought no relief. It could not mitigate the fact of the dead man's reality. It was Fremont Levier—and yet not Fremont Levier, but something that had been him—something recognisable. The black beard—and Roger's reeling intelligence remembered that men's hair grew after they were dead—disgusted him. But it was more than that—he had been dead so long. There was a skeleton under the worn clothes—yes, and the clothes themselves were sodden. He had crawled out of the water—out of his grave—with nothing living but his eyes.

Roger gasped. He was shaken by a frightful physical nausea. He had suffered too much. It was his mind that had given way.

"Levier—"

"I'm sorry to have startled you," the distant exhausted voice interrupted. "I have just dragged a woman who wanted to kill

herself from the river. I have only one suit of clothes. I walked about until I was reasonably dry. I had to see you."

"Levier—you're alive—I'm not dreaming?"

"No, you're not dreaming. I'm alive for this moment. Give me something to drink."

Roger obeyed. He was horrified to see how his hand shook. The thin, blue-veined hand that took the glass from him was quite steady.

"You see, I've been living an honest life," Levier murmured. "It has not been a conspicuous success, except that it has become a habit."

"Levier, for God's sake, explain—"

**H**E steadied himself. Now that terror and incredulity had subsided he was bitterly angry. He had been made ridiculous—afraid. He had been made to cringe before a fake—phantom—to believe for a moment in a resurrection. Yes, and even now in a queer, distraught sort of way, he still had to believe in it. There was something about this scarecrow figure. It was as though the Fremont Levier who had dressed too well, had loved life and power too well, had stripped himself and gone down into the depths, and had fought and shouldered his way out at bitter cost into a new freedom.

"It was the woman who ought to have been your wife," Levier went on. He sipped the liquor gratefully, and a faint glimmer of warmth showed under his ashen skin. "When she heard that you were never coming back to her she didn't want to live any more. Fortunately she passed the little shop where I work, and I suspected something. As a matter of fact, I had been expecting something to happen. You see, ever since I found out about you, I'd been on the watch."

"Spring!" Roger broke in passionately. He brought his fist crashing down on the table. He had to assert himself, recover his hold upon his own confidence even at the price of violent gestures.

"So the whole thing was a put-up job, Levier, a trick, a sort of practical joke. May I ask for what purpose you played it? Were you afraid of someone finding you out? Were the police after you?"

"Do you really pretend to believe that, Owen?"

"I know your methods. Anything is possible."

"You're a fair swindler yourself," Levier commented quietly. "A swindling gentleman, whilst I am—shall we say?—a gentlemanly swindler. Well, perhaps we're all swindlers in our way. I'm not here to judge—"

"You of all men!" Roger commented, with bitter irony.

The fiery eyes considered him.

"You haven't even asked me whether she's alive or dead. Aren't you even interested?"

"I'm not responsible for what she did," Roger returned. He was on firmer ground now. He could speak with dignity and decision. "I gather that you saved her life, and I am glad. But I am not responsible for her recklessness. I treated her generously. I never deceived her. She did what she did with her eyes open."

"Are any of our eyes open—do any of us know what we are really doing?"

"Those of us who are honest."

"Ah, yes, those of us who are honest."

Roger threw back his head with a movement of indignant impatience.

"We stand here philosophising in this intolerable, incredible situation. You have brought it about, Levier. Perhaps you'll make it clear how and why—"

"The 'how' hardly matters. As to 'why,' that is very simple. My wife loved you—you told me you loved her."

"Well?"

"You made it clear to me—and I knew it was true—that there was only one way to set her free. I took it. I got out. I quite realise that a real gentleman would have killed himself. To do you justice, I believe you, in my place, would have carried the thing through. But I haven't got the right instincts. I'd cheated her of her freedom and I cheated her back into it. But I felt I had a right to live somehow—to find out how to live."

"You never thought of what you were doing to her?"

"I did," Levier returned simply. "That was all she or anyone would ever have known. I covered my tracks absolutely. I planned everything to the last detail. Even if someone I knew had seen me, they wouldn't have believed it. In the end I had meant to hide myself at the other end of the earth. But I hadn't reckoned with you—"

"With me?"

"I came across your tracks by the merest chance. I found out the sort of man you are. You look fine, Owen. You act finely. But you're a fake—a figurehead. You're empty-headed and disloyal. You didn't even love her. You wouldn't have run away with her if she would have gone. You wouldn't have borne the responsibility or scandal. You don't love anybody but yourself. I failed her. I wasn't what she wanted. But you would break her heart. To-night I was sure of it; and I had to save her from you—"

**Y**OU—you dare to speak to me like that? God, man—what right have you? Because I have behaved with absolute correctness? From the moment I know definitely that I was to be married I broke with that woman!"

"You broke her—as certainly as you will break Elena when the time comes." He made a curiously uncertain gesture as though for a moment his self-control were failing. "I at least loved her."

There was a brief silence. Roger Owen considered the man in front of him with a bitter curiosity. Yes, there was love in the suffering face—a quiet, steadfast thing like an inner light shining through. He was a common upstart fellow who had stripped himself of everything—gone out into the wilderness without glamour or heroics for the sake of an emotion that he Roger Owen, had talked of all his life. He had pursued it, and never once attained it. He had wanted to love magnificently, and he had never loved at all. Levier had said it, and it was true. And he wanted to kill Levier—to kill the thing that was in him.

"I may have done wrong of course," Fremont added quietly. "It's likely enough. I expect my morals will be pretty mixed to the end of the chapter, but I wanted to make her happy."

Roger shrugged his shoulders.

"Whatever your motive," he said, "you've done a crazy and disastrous thing. And now what are you going to do? Go back? Well, I've got to warn you. She'll kill herself rather than live with you again. She hated you. She was loyal and it's only since your supposed death that I've known what she suffered. She couldn't begin it again. She isn't strong, and the very thought that you are still alive and might claim her would break her utterly."

He had the satisfaction of seeing Levier's feverish eyes close; but he answered without faltering.

"I know all that. I'm not going back. Perhaps I'll really make an end this time. I don't know. But I'm not going to inflict myself on her. I've done what I meant



to do. You know how things stand, and I know you. You're a man of honor—after your own fashion. You won't run the risk of marrying her. You'll find a decent excuse."

Roger thrust back.

"You ignore one thing. She loves me, that's true at any rate. I tell you she's not strong. She'll die without me."

"She'll die with you. She's been disillusioned once—tied to the wrong man—and that's enough. It's not got to happen again. Better for her to think you had ceased to love than that she should find out too late what you are."

The telephone broke, screaming venomously between them. Roger snatched off the receiver. In complete silence he let it slip back into its place. The face that he turned to Levier was colorless and fixed in expression like a mask.

"I'd forgotten. It's Elena. She's in Paris—here—coming up now. I'd given orders. What in God's name are you going to do, Levier?"

"What I intended to do," was the rough answer. "Get out. Try not to lose your head, Owen. You're the last to want a catastrophe."

He went swiftly to the door, but came back again. He took Roger by the arm, holding him with a hard, compelling strength.

"The elevator has just come up. I don't know—it might be her. I can't risk it. What is that other room there?"

"My bedroom."

Fremont Levier made his decision.

"I'll stay there until she's gone. It's dark. I shan't make a sound. You can trust me."

Roger threw off the controlling hand. "It's impossible. Have you no sense of fitness?"

"None—none. She's not to know. That's all either of us has got to care about."

"The thing's indecent—"

"Damn your decency!"

Roger's blue eyes were glacial.

"Take your chance. I've warned you. As far as Elena knows we are to be married in a month. We love each other. Don't forget that."

Fremont Levier turned his back.

"Do you think there's anything in life I can't stand?" he asked.

He stood for a moment at the threshold of the inner room, looking towards the door as though with an intent and hungry anticipation of some vision. He added gently, almost pityingly: "If you had only loved her, Owen."

THE curtains fell smoothly in their place like the curtains on a stage scene, and the room emptied itself of tragic conflict. If it had not been for the lingering smart of an almost physical humiliation, Roger Owen would not have believed in what had happened. His own figure, dimly reflected in the long glass opposite, seemed a denial of its possibility. The light was kind to him. He was still handsome, noble-looking. It wasn't possible that a man like Fremont Levier should have made him feel mean and insignificant.

He lit a cigarette and threw it into the grate. No man of decent feeling, he reflected, had ever been placed in such a position. Levier was a blackguard without principles. He deserved to suffer. Yes, and he should suffer. For one moment Roger caught a clear glimpse of his own purpose. It was like a flash of lightning, illuminating a whole landscape. Fremont Levier had made him contemptible, and he would wring Fremont Levier's heart.

The door opened. A waiter fluttered like a black moth against the light of the corridor, mumbled a name and vanished. A breath of warm, fragrant femininity was in the room. Roger Owen held out his hands. She looked pathetically frail and—as he thought quickly—almost old in her rich furs. He spoke her name, calculating what chord it would strike in that dead listener, but she did not move, but stood there looking at him, her hand pressed against her breast as though it hurt her.

"Forgive me, Roger. It wasn't very discreet of me, I know. But I couldn't bear it any longer. I had to see you."

"It was intolerable for both of us," he answered ardently. (He wondered what it was like to be a ghost and to listen to the wooing of a woman who had been loved as Levier loved her.) He dropped the hands that lay limply in his own. He put his arms about her. He could almost see Levier, cringing and wincing in the dark. Even if he closed his eyes and ears, his imagination would illuminate the silence.

"Elena."

TO his utter bewilderment she freed herself. She fought him off with a violence and a despair that overwhelmed his simulated passion. He stumbled back, stammering, outraged.

"She made a piteous gesture of apology. 'I'm sorry. I lost my head. I'm terribly unhappy. Please be gentle with me. Let us sit down.'"

Stiffly, in silence, he drew a chair to the fire and stood opposite her, leaning against the mantelpiece, his arms folded in the familiar attitude of strong self-reliance. His heart was beating thickly. It was like fear. But he had never been afraid. He said with difficult calm:

"Aren't you going to explain?"

"Wait! Give me time, Roger. I'm so tired—I've been walking—walking, trying to clear my own thoughts, so that I could make you understand."

"But I think I do. When I got your telegram I guessed. The separation was intolerable. You had come to marry me." (Yes, and he would marry her. Or if Levier showed his hand he would force her to run away with him. He was reckless. Reputation, scandal, were as shadows compared to this desperate urge to renege his own vision of himself, and to strike back at the man who had tried to shatter it.)

He bent over her tenderly.

"Elena—am I that ill?" he asked.

She shivered.

"No—no—"

"What is it then? Tell me!"

"Don't you know? Haven't you felt what has happened? Can't you guess?"

"How should I guess?" he murmured uncertainly. He wondered for one amazed moment if she knew, the face she lifted to his was so wan with misery.

"Indeed, how should you? Oh, Roger—you've been so faithful—so wonderful!"

"Don't—don't! Let's leave that aside. I loved you."

"That's what's so terrible. You've given your life to me. And I'm failing you."

"Failing me?" he echoed.

"Dear, I'm trying to tell you. God knows how I shall find the courage. But I've got to. I'm failing you because I don't love you."

It was as though she had struck him full across the face. He staggered and went white, and she cried out in pity:

"Roger—oh, my dear, my dear! I can't bear it. I wish I had died first. It's been an intolerable burden of guilt ever since I realised the truth. It came to me that night you left me. I couldn't shut my eyes to it any more. The whole thing had been a dream—a fantasy—"

He interrupted her violently.

"You love someone—if it's not me it's someone else. It's written on your face. Who is it?"

"I know that, too."

She was crying. The tears ran unheeded down her cheeks. They were in her voice.

"Roger, one deceives oneself all the time. We're all looking for something—perfection. God perhaps—we don't know what. But we're always pretending that we do know and that we've found it. And then something else comes along and breaks up our make-believe, and we begin again. I thought I wanted Fremont, and I didn't. I thought I wanted children more than anything else in the world, and it wasn't true. I thought I'd grown to hate my husband for cheating me. But I'd cheated myself and him. And all this time, in the darkness of my heart, something else was growing up—something that hadn't anything to do with romance or passion—something I'd never thought of—the kind of thing that grows up between people who have lived together, who have suffered daily life together, who have learnt—almost without knowing it—to rely on one another."

"Elena, it isn't true; it isn't possible."

"It happened, Roger; in ten years things do happen. Glamour, romance—they fade under one's hand, but the other things—the daily, absurd little things—they bind one; one doesn't know how much until it's too late. And then he loved me. No one has ever loved me like that—not even you."

"Elena, is that just?"

"He died for me!" she cried out in bitter anguish.

"You've deceived me all these years."

"I know—I know!" She wrung her small, frail hands. "I can't forgive myself. I seem to have deceived everyone. And yet I can see how it all happened. Just as we want perfection for ourselves, so we want to be perfect to someone else. We want so much to be loved—not to be alone. And so we pretend—we deck ourselves out in all kinds of wonderful things that don't belong to us, as Fremont did, as I did. And then we get found out. We find ourselves out, too. And that's the worst of all. But underneath, sometimes, there is something real. Fremont was real. When it was too late I found the real Fremont."

He did not interrupt her any more.

"It's no use now. But I won't cheat anybody any more. I won't cheat you. I don't love you. I love my husband. He'll never know. But I've got to live my love for him."

"Elena, if he had never died?"

SHE did not answer. She held her hands to the fire, and something came into her face that Roger Owen could not bear to look on.

And he himself was queerly satisfied; even whilst she had been speaking a sense of relief had come to him. He was free. He could go back to the little apartment in the rue des Marchands.

"Elena, I want you to be very brave. I want you to think of the most amazing, wonderful thing that could happen—that couldn't happen. Have courage to meet it."

She looked up at him. She could not have guessed—could not have dared to imagine what lay behind his grave secrecy.

Roger Owen went towards the inner room. After all, it was a wonderful dramatic business—a wonderful romance. And he had a fine part to play.

He pushed the curtains aside.

"Levier," he said, "your wife is waiting for you."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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